September 19, 1962
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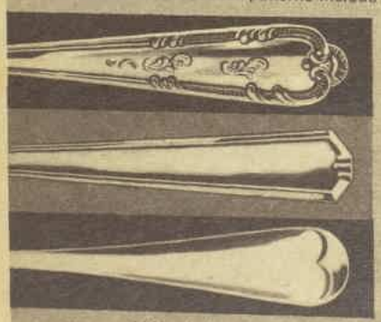

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Spine-chilling stories are just what you'd expect from the author of the short story "The Pin" (Page 19).

HE'S Robert Bloch, who wrote "Psycho," the book on which the Alfred Hitchcock film-thriller was based.

"The Pin" is one of a recent collection of short stories entitled "Blood Runs Cold."

Well, "The Pin" may do exactly that to you.

The other American author in this issue, William E. Barrett, is of the more romantic school.

His story, "The Theory of Women" (page 17), has all the ingredients of romance—a beautiful girl, a handsome young man.

And young Sydney artist John Petersen conveys their charm in his elegant illustration.

Our third author this week is an Australian housewife, Ruth Macfarlane, of Hawthorn, Victoria.

Her short short story, "That First Dance" (page 31), is the first she has had published.

IN this issue are four more specially sized pages to add to your gardening book.

We started this new gardening feature last week — expert advice for the home gardener printed on miniature pages to cut out and paste in an exercise book.

In this issue: Four good annuals (page 59) and four good perennials (page 63).

★ ★ ★

SINCE the TV section in this issue went to press, Graeme Bell's jazz programme (on the back cover) has been renamed "Trad Jazz."

The original jazz-cellar atmosphere also has been discarded and the show's new look is described as "jazz-in-the-round" — the band is surrounded by the studio audience.

★ ★ ★

FROM Mr. Alan Frost, of Albury, N.S.W., came a letter—about honey.

In a recent issue we reported that Kaia Stanford, the lovely Sydney mannequin in our All-Australian Fashion Parades, was "a great believer in honey."

Mr. Frost and his wife, Rheita, run a honeycomb farm. Their business slogan is "Sweeter By Nature."

They recently returned to Albury, Kaia's former home town, after three years in Canada and the U.S.

● *Mrs. Alan Frost, of Albury, N.S.W., with model bees she made for a store display.*

★ ★ ★

PICTURES we have published will decorate posters for the Festival of Arts to be held at the Cronulla High School next Saturday.

Mrs. R. Forrest, who wrote to tell us about it, said the pictures would include several from our popular feature "Collectors' Corner."

The festival is being organised by the ladies' auxiliary of the school's Parents and Citizens' Association.

Our cover

● Australia's 25-year-old folk singer and TV star Lionel Long and his fiancee, Carole Newgrosh (19).

Lionel stars in "Sing, Sing, Sing" on the "Four Sevens" network. He has known Carole, who works in a Sydney shipping office, for about three years.

"We were introduced at a charity function," he said, "and afterwards — we were at opposite sides of the room — we couldn't take our eyes off each other."

Now Carole is wearing a solitaire diamond and white gold ring and they plan to marry in about 12 months' time.

Lionel has already written and dedicated a song to his fiancee, "The Girl With the Auburn Hair."

His long-playing record "Waltzing Matilda" — the largest-selling LP made by an Australian — is to be released in America later this year.

Cover picture by staff photographer Adelie Hurley.

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Four nursing sisters for Pakistan

(and they're sisters, too)

LANSDOWN SISTERS Joan, twins Nanette and Freda, and Mary (right), senior of the four, who will be matron of the new hospital 160 miles from Lahore, in Pakistan. The picture was taken at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lansdown, at Bundanoon, N.S.W.

Family medical team will man a "jungle" hospital

FROM the quiet N.S.W. country town of Bundanoon, four attractive sisters — trained nursing sisters all—Mary, Joan, Nanette, and Freda Lansdown have gone to Pakistan to man a new hospital.

The 100-bed hospital is being built "in the jungle" 160 miles from Lahore for employees of Kaiser Industries Corporation, a large American construction company which is building a canal in the area.

The Australian girls and an English doctor, Dr. W. Gegg, will be the only trained medical staff.

"Of course, we'll have other staff," Mary told me. "Probably Pakistani girls, and we'll train them ourselves."

Mary, the eldest at 34, and Freda and Nanette, 29-year-old twins, recently spent three months with friends in East Pakistan on their way home from a working holiday in England.

"We had a wonderful time," said Freda. "We went everywhere, on safari, and on a tiger hunt."

During their visit all four were offered jobs at the hospital with Dr. Gegg, who had worked with them in Sydney.

The family, ex-Army father Joseph Lansdown, Mrs. Lansdown, and brothers, David, Lindsay, and Bert, are very proud of the four girls.

And from the way the girls chat and joke among themselves, it's obvious that they get along well together.

"We've never squabbled," said Mary; "maybe because we're part of a big family—we've got three brothers—and we've always had to look after each other. We were at school together here, and trained together as nurses at the Berrima District Hospital."

"Of course, we're very excited," said Joan, 31, who stayed at home nursing at the Berrima District Hospital while the others were away last time. "The contract is for two years, and after that we may go on to America."

Mary, as the senior sister, will be matron of the "jungle" hospital, and the other sisters, all with wide training in general nursing, theatre work, and obstetrics, will fill in where needed.

The girls chose nursing because, as Nanette explained, "In the country you can either do nursing or teaching, and that's about all."

"With nursing you can go anywhere in the world and get a job," added Freda.

Their mother, Dorothy Lansdown, was a nurse in her native England before marriage.

Throughout their nursing career the girls have seldom separated. When they have split, working at hospitals between Sydney and Cooma, they've worked in pairs.

Apart from the recent trip of Mary, Nanette, and Freda, the girls have all twice been to England on working holidays, and, when they weren't working in English hospitals, toured the Continent together.

"We're quite used to setting up a home-away-from-home," said Joan.

—CAROL TATTERSFIELD

Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow

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NEXT WEEK

HOW TO MAKE YOUR PARTY A SUCCESS

—Eight-page section

• Whether you want to invite four or 40, an eight-page section in our next issue is packed with practical ideas and appetising recipes to make the evening a wonderful success.

And what's important, the advice is designed to help you enjoy yourself too.

So whether it's a group for drinks, a smaller number for a buffet meal, or a quiet dinner, there are recipes for savory and sweet dishes to serve, how much to spend, a buying guide, and a programme planned to take a lot of the hard work out of the party day itself.

As well there are four menus for important-occasion dinner parties — for young brides, young marrieds, and unexpected guests, and to acquaint overseas visitors with Australian food.

This is a section you'll want to refer to time and time again.

• City gardens in bloom

—Five color pages

In superb color, spring-time pictures of Australia's botanical and other city gardens.

Gardens in all the capital cities are shown, making the section one children will keep for school project books; adults will want to send to friends overseas.

• To sew for summer

Six smart but practical designs to make for summer days are in a special two-page pattern section.

Included are the easy two-piece (at right), the belted silhouette, and the new-again coat-dress.

Each budget-priced pattern has expert, easy-to-follow making instructions.

• Pregnancy calendar

Because readers have asked, we reprint our Pregnancy Calendar — a month-by-month guide designed to help women understand the course of pregnancy.

NEIGHBORS crowd to the fence to watch Mavis Knott (Morna Jones) off to hospital to have her first baby. Husband Harry (Wayne Anthony) is speechless with concern.

Life in "Sarsaparilla"

• Adelaide, where Australian author Patrick White's play "The Ham Funeral" had its world premiere last year, will see another White world premiere on September 14.

EAVESDROPPERS. Pippi Pogson (Elizabeth Steel (right) and Deedree (Bronwyn Courtney) hear fascinating bits of conversation from their hideout under the house. They keep quiet, even when Pippi's mother calls her.

PRESENTED by the Adelaide University Theatre Guild in association with the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust, "The Season At Sarsaparilla" will open in the University's Union Hall for an eight-day run.

Described by its author as "a charade," the play is about life in "Sarsaparilla" (pronounced "sarsparilla"), a Sydney outer suburb.

Zoe Caldwell, noted Australian actress recently back from England and Canada, stars as Nola. The other 14 members of the cast are Adelaide actors and actresses.

"This play takes the lid off suburban life," said producer John Tasker. "It shows the lives, the heartbreaks, laughs, and tenderness of three families.

"But please understand it's not sending up suburbia.

"It's set in three kitchens and three backyards, and the dialogue flows from one to the other.

"It's rather like Dylan Thomas' 'Under Milk Wood' in the way it gives a picture of a place.

"And it's more fluid and dynamic than 'Ham Funeral.'"

The three families in the play are:

THE KNOTTS. Newlyweds, the husband is "in men's underwear," and they are expecting their first child.

THE POGSONS, Clive and Girlie, who have two daughters, Pippi (11) and teenager Judy. Clive, a car salesman, and Girlie, who can't overcome nostalgia for her past youth, face the daily job of getting on with each other. To Girlie, things always seemed better when she was a girl in Rosedale.

Clive, deep in the morning paper, says, "Something's happening in Laos . . ."

Girlie, far away, says, "The Rosedale eggs didn't break if you dropped them on the floor."

Clive: "Yes, we know all about Rosedale."

THE BOYLES. Ernie Boyle, a nightcart man, and his wife, Nola. Their home is disrupted by Ernie's wartime mate, Digger.

Mr. Tasker believes this play is a great advance in Australian drama.

"In it," he said, "we have a very real portrait of ourselves as a community. But it's not a kitchen-sink drama. It's warm and funny, not sordid — after all, most life in suburbia is not sordid."

BICKERING and boredom fill the lives of Clive Pogson (John Haynes) and his discontented wife, Girlie (Carmel Millhouse), who lives in the rosy past, dreaming of her girlhood at Rosedale.

"HOW DID YOU get on with Dig here?" asks Ernie Boyle (Cliff Neate, right), home from night-shift on the sanitary cart. Wife Nola (Zoe Caldwell): "Oh, we had a yarn." Digger (Leslie Dayman) remains asleep.

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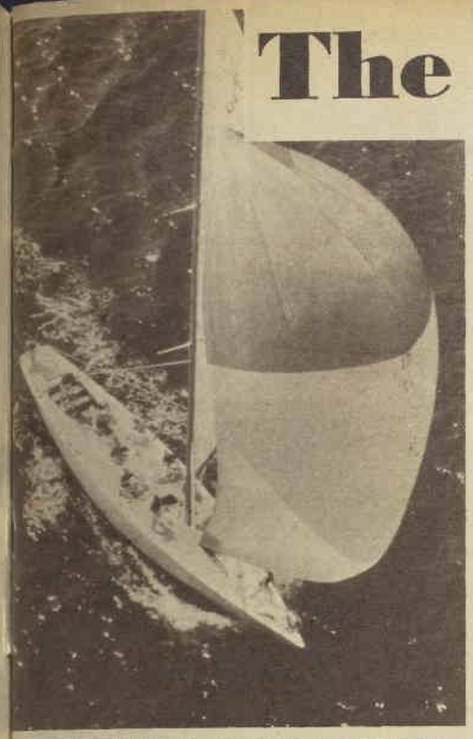
The America's Cup

An easy guide to the racing



WEATHERLY, America's champion 12-metre yacht, which will defend the Cup.

GRETEL, the Australian challenger, on a spinnaker run, with the wind coming over her starboard quarter. At right, her skipper, Jock Sturrock.

● Next Saturday, September 15, Australia's first 12-metre yacht, Gretel, will begin her bid to win the 111-year-old America's Cup from Weatherly, the American champion. This is Australia's most spectacular challenge ever made in the sporting field.

By PAUL MOLINE

THE story of the long and intensive preparation for the America's Cup is well known.

Not so well known are some of the rules of the match and sailing terms which will be used in describing the races. So to help you follow the reports here are some explanations.

The challenge will be decided by the best four out of seven races. After the first race on Saturday there will be a break on Sunday, and the racing will resume on Monday.

Normally there is one race on each succeeding day, but at the end of each race the Race Committee asks each contestant if he is willing to race the following day. If either replies that he isn't, the next race is postponed for one day.

All the races will start and finish from a boat anchored nine miles south-south-east of the Brenton Reef lightship, just off the entrance to Newport harbor.

The races will start at 11.10 a.m. each day (2.10 a.m. the following day Sydney time) unless the Race Committee postpones the start because of fog or because it believes the wind is too light or too strong, or the sea too rough, to test the relative speeds of the two yachts.

All races will be 24 miles long and sailed alternately over a windward-leeward course and a triangular course.

The **WINDWARD-LEEWARD** course (used for the first race) is set by placing a mark six miles from the start in the direction from which the wind is coming at the beginning of the race. The yachts sail around this mark, back to the starting boat, then sail the course a second time.

The **TRIANGULAR COURSE** is sailed over three legs, around marks placed eight miles from each other, and each eight miles from the starting boat. The first mark to be rounded is placed to windward of the start.

This means that the first leg of each race will be directly into the wind, but because a 12-metre yacht can sail no closer than 35 degrees from the direction of the wind, they have to reach the windward mark by a series of zig-zags.

This is called **TACKING,** and to keep as close to the direction of the wind as possible, the bottom of the sails are hauled as close to the centre line of the boat as possible. The yacht is then **CLOSE-HAULED** and is said to be **THRASHING, WORKING,** or **BEATING** to windward.

When the wind is coming from the **STARBOARD** (right-hand) side the yacht is on a starboard tack; when coming from the left-hand side the yacht is on a **PORT** tack.

When a yacht changes from one tack to the other it **GOES ABOUT** by turning into the wind, and the bottom of the sails swing from one side of the boat to the other.

To do this it must have enough speed to carry it through the dead spot when it is pointing straight into the wind and the sails flap and lose their driving power.

On the windward-leeward course, when the windward mark is reached the yachts go about and head back to the starting boat. The wind is now behind them and they are **RUNNING.**

If the direction of the wind hasn't changed they will be on a **DEAD SQUARE RUN,** but if the direction has shifted slightly they will be running with the wind on their port or starboard **QUARTER.**

While beating to windward the yachts will use only two sails—the **MAINSAIL** attached to the rear of the mast and to the boom, and the **HEADSAIL,** or **JIB,** attached to the front of the mast and the bow.

The position of the sails is controlled by **SHEETS** (ropes) attached to the boom and to the bottom rear corner of the jib. The sheets are tightened or loosened by **WINCHES** mounted on the deck.

As they round the windward mark the yachts will haul down (or **DOUSE**) their jibs and replace them with **SPINNAKERS,** the huge colorful sails used when running before the wind.

These balloon-like sails have an area of about 3000 square feet, compared with the mainsail's 1300 square feet and about 600 square feet of the jib.

One of the bottom corners of the spinnaker is attached to a **SPINNAKER POLE** fixed to the bottom of the mast, while the other corner is controlled by a sheet.

On the triangular course, when the windward mark is reached the yachts, instead of heading straight back to the starting point, will head for the second mark eight miles away.

The wind will then be astern, but not dead astern, so the yachts will be running with the wind coming over the port or starboard quarter.

According to the strength of the wind and its exact direction, the boats will use a big genoa jib or a spinnaker.

If the wind changes direction, so that it is coming from dead astern, this leg would then become a dead square run, but if the wind altered in the other direction and blew from a right angle to the direction of the boat's course, they would then be on a **BROAD REACH.**

In changeable weather the wind could even swing round so that it came from a direction in front of the mast. The yachts would then be sailing on a **FREE REACH** or a **CLOSE REACH** into the wind, similar to the close-hauled position when tacking on the first leg.

When rounding the second mark to head for the finishing line the yachts would normally **GYBE** instead of going about.

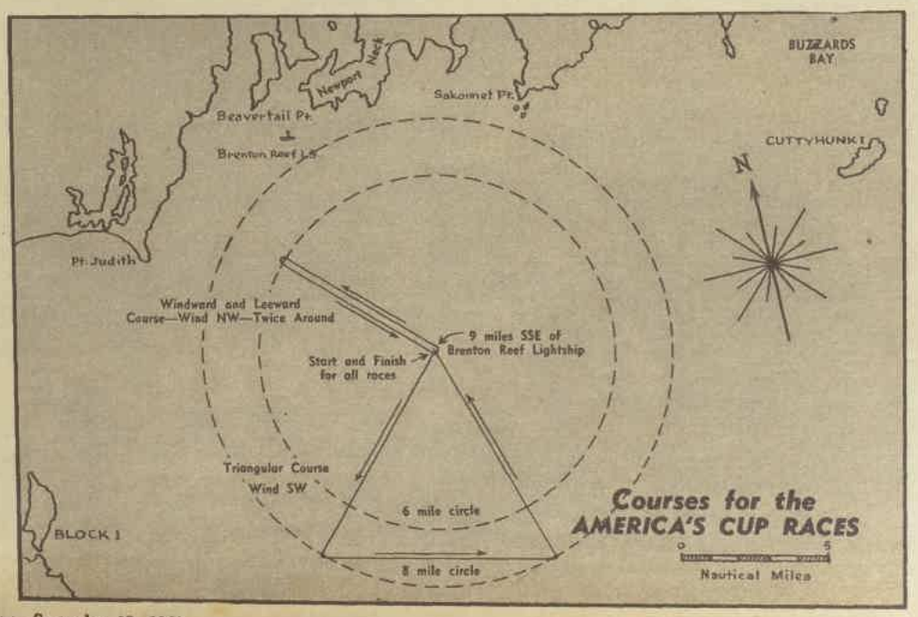
In both these manoeuvres the yachts change direction so that the wind is coming from the opposite side of the boat, but when going about the wind is coming from in front of the boat, and when gybing it is coming from astern.

Other terms in reports of the racing may include:

BLANKETING — when one yacht to windward of the other takes the wind out of its opponent's sails.

OUTFOOTING — when one yacht sails faster than the other on the same course.

OUTPOINTING — when one yacht sails closer to the wind than the other.



Courses for the AMERICA'S CUP RACES

● *Cup telecasts, see page 15*

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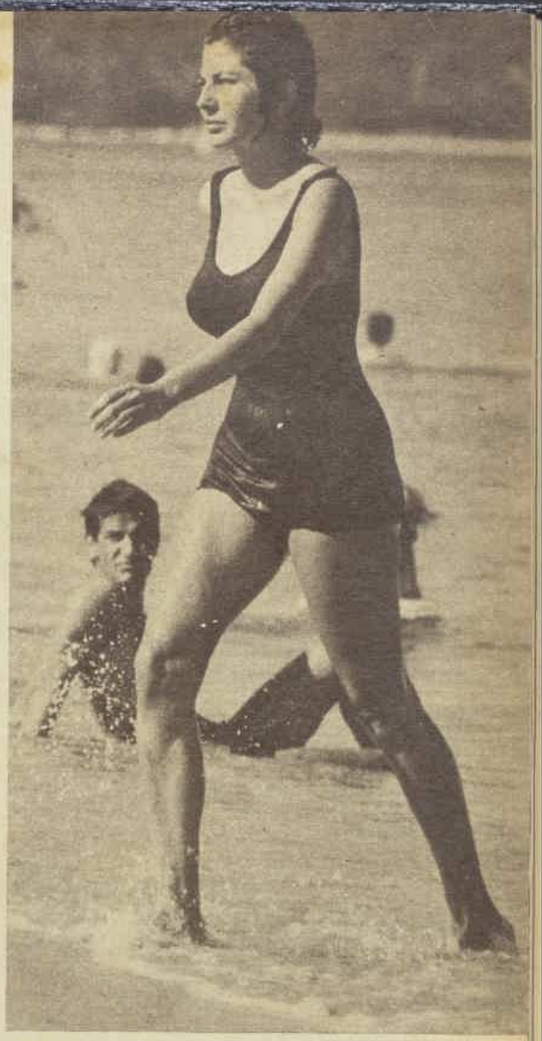
Soraya in the sun

● *Soraya, ex-Queen of Iran, and fiance Gunther Sachs von Opel in his car when she holidayed at his villa in the South of France. Soraya, 30, is a divorcee, Gunther, 29, a widower.*



● *Hair in strings (above) and wearing a practical swimsuit, Soraya still looks beautiful as she strides from the water at a St. Tropez beach. Below: With fiance and friends.*

Betrothal after beach holiday

● Princess Soraya, ex-Queen of Iran, who is to marry rich German car-manufacturer Gunther Sachs, 29, a member of the international set, recently holidayed with friends at his villa at St. Tropez in the South of France.

SORAYA and Sachs met three and a half years ago in Munich, less than six months after Soraya's divorce by the Shah of Iran because she could not bear him a son.

Gunther had just lost his French-Algerian wife, Marianna.

She died in 1958, leaving him a child, Ralph, now six years old.

Formal announcement of the engagement was held up because of the earthquake disaster in Iran.

Soraya might still have been Queen of Iran if producing an heir had not been a matter of supreme national importance.

Since her divorce Soraya has moved restlessly round the world's pleasure resorts.

Her name was constantly linked with possible suitors—Italian Prince Raimondo Orsini, Hollywood cowboy Hugh O'Brian (TV's Wyatt Earp), international playboy Baby Pignatari, and others.

She was labelled "Sad Soraya" and "Tragic Princess." Cameras caught her in the social whirl—skiing at St. Moritz, gambling at Las Vegas, or dancing at nightclubs—but seldom smiling.

This summer at St. Tropez photographers found a laughing, happy Soraya motoring, swimming, and speedboat-riding with Gunther Sachs.

"I fell in love with Soraya when we first met," said Sachs. "But there were so many obstacles to overcome I didn't dream that one day we might marry.

"I'm glad that Ralph will soon be getting a new mother."

In Munich, Soraya's parents said, "No date has been fixed for the wedding."

But it is expected to be October — a quiet wedding, unlike the great State occasion of her marriage to the Shah.

● *A hoist into her fiance's boat for Soraya; standing by, the French tennis player Jean-Noel Grinda.*

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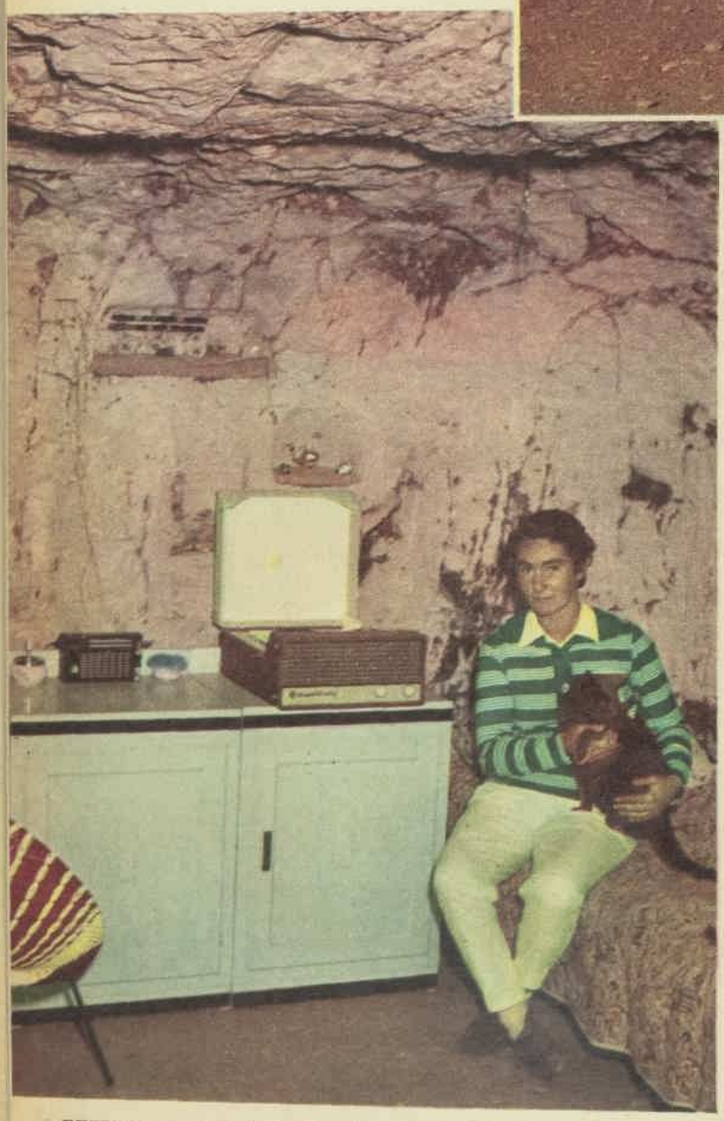
The lure of the opal keeps five women miners in Coober Pedy

Pictures by ADELIE HURLEY, story by BILL DALEY.



ETTY HALL, one of the five girl miners of Coober Pedy, nurses Stupid the cat in her dugout, which stays a pleasant 70 deg. when it's 125 outside. Most of the dugouts are in the hills near the town, and the main opal workings are several miles out, with many shafts over 60ft. deep. Some people work mining claims 20 miles away.

LIFE in the DUGOUTS

● Coober Pedy, the opal-mining centre on the arid northern plain of South Australia, looks like a riproaring little frontier town of the old American Wild West. But the men don't have it all their own way there.

IN this place where you have to live underground to escape the heat, several women operate their own mining claims profitably, with no male assistance.

Etty Hall, one of the five women miners at present working the fields, considers setting gelignite charges and blasting sandstone all part of the day's work. To keep title to their claims, she and the other girls must work eight hours a day and five days a week in their mines, as required by mining law.

Etty went to Coober Pedy for a holiday three years ago and has been mining ever since. As she put it, "You become opalised into staying after a while."

Home to a Coober Pedyan is a hole in a hillside, locally known as a "dugout." Here, through the blistering summer, when the temperature sometimes soars to 125 degrees, the people take refuge from the conditions outside.

Very few new dugouts are made these days, and there are always plenty of prospective tenants for any that become vacant.

Rents are the cheapest part of living costs at Coober Pedy: an average fee of £3 is paid annually to the Lands Department for the privilege of occupancy.

Should a family require more space, the cave may be extended by digging another room; new cupboards come the same way.

The flues of the wood-fuel stoves in the dugouts are gouged through the roofs and poke cheekily from the hillsides, belching smoke like miniature volcanoes.

During the winter people move to their caravans, if they have one, because the climate, except for the continual swirling dust, is almost pleasant, and when the sun sets even the most hardened miner could not fail to appreciate the brilliant star-studded sky that wraps itself around the town.

Important as the opal is to the Coober Pedyans, the severe shortage of water takes priority in their thoughts. Valuable opal chips can be picked from the dust in the street or from the nearby rubbish heaps, but a water tap is never seen, and the small (25 gallons a week) water ration is carefully guarded.

Each week the citizens line up with their water-ration card to collect it. The rationing continues winter and summer, as rain is a rarity in this parched area.

The cost of living is high and the chance of making a fortune small. But, disregarding the hardship and dangers involved, the white population has grown from 20 people 16 years ago to the community of 300 today.

They are united in one common purpose—the search for the elusive "parcel."

This is their term for an opal strike. Hidden haphazardly, with no clues to its whereabouts, it is found sometimes deep in the ground, and occasionally so close to the surface that a stubbing of a toe could turn up a fortune.

Inhabitants say that "coober pedy" is aboriginal for "white man in a hole." This could be so, and no doubt while the chance continues of finding the big "parcel" it will always remain that way.

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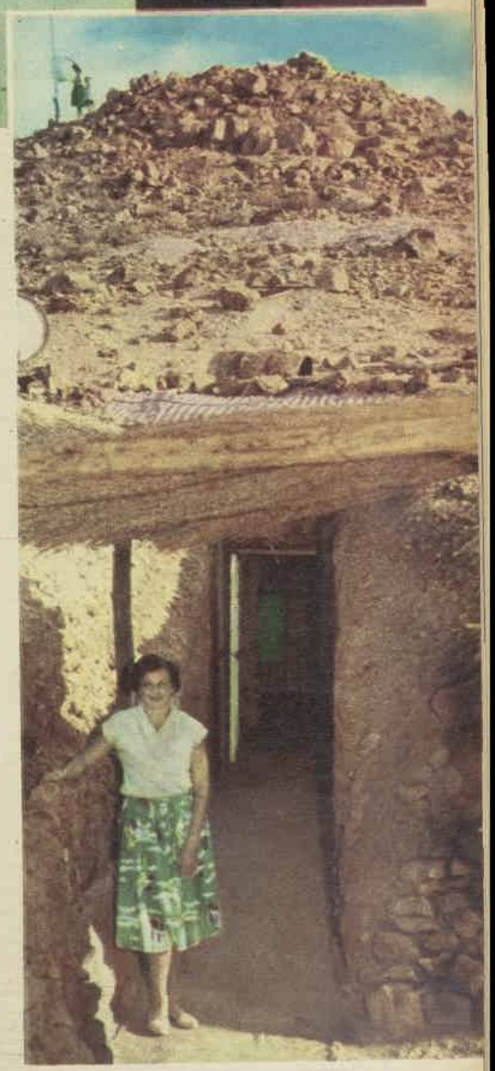
IN THE MAIN STREET aboriginal children play marbles. No one has that hemmed-in feeling in Coober Pedy.

IN A GEM SHOP for tourists, Mrs. Lyn Field, with Carmen, 3 years, and Donna, 17 months, shows Bill Daley some of the opals her husband has cut. The Fields settled 16 years ago and have their own electricity.



LEFT: Mrs. Joan Ayton shows her comfortable home with its electric light, stove, and washing machine powered by her own generator. ABOVE: She stands at the thatch-shaded entrance. For winter living a comfortable caravan provides sleeping quarters. Mrs. Ayton is the assistant postmaster and helps distribute the mail to the ever-changing population.

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MAGIC CIRCLE in Singapore gave charity concerts before World War II. Mrs. Earl (right) is pictured at a performance. Since 1940 she has lived in Perth.

Magic is her hobby

(But you can't wave a wand over washing-up)

● In 30 years of sleight-of-hand, only one trick seems to have stumped magician Mrs. Mary B. Earl, of Western Australia.

SHE has trouble convincing other women that magic as a hobby is something out of the box.

Mrs. Earl and her husband, "Tec," a retired sea captain, live in the Perth suburb of Mount Lawley.

"Women have tackled just about every other field previously dominated by men," she said, "so why not magic? They have good, supple hands for it. I'd like to train children, too."

Even the Earls' daughters, Lorraine and Patricia, never wanted to become magicians.

Mrs. Earl discovered the fascination of magic while a teenager.

She lived and worked as a secretary in Singapore, where her father was a British civil servant, and one day in 1935 she and a journalist friend heard that a club, the Malayan Magic Circle, was about to be formed.

It sounded a promising new form of entertainment, and they decided to join.

The then Mary Benjafield showed such aptitude for magic that she was asked to perform at the club's official opening by the Governor of Singapore.

"I had six weeks to train and I spent hours practising," Mrs. Earl said.

"But when the big night came and I realised I had to present a 20-minute act in front of about 400 people I began to shake so much that I had to have a drink of whisky to steady me!"

In 1937 she took the exams of the London Magic Circle, and was awarded its gold star.

World War II broke up the Malayan Magic Circle (it was re-formed in 1951). Mrs. Earl moved to Perth in 1940.

She seems to have a great many irons in the fire besides magic wands.

She is a self-taught artist and puppeteer, has studied jewellery-making and china painting, and attends briefing classes as a voluntary driver for the Commonwealth Games.

Does she enjoy being the only woman among the 15 or so male members of the Western Australian Branch of the International Brotherhood of Magicians?

She chuckled and said, "Yes, of course, in a way I do — but one always needs feminine support sooner or later."

For instance, when the wives don't accompany their husbands to the monthly meetings the men are inclined to leave her to wash up after supper — out of thoughtlessness.

She said, "I tell them to wave their wands over the dishes instead of expecting me to do them!"

But apparently nothing happens — except that the men help to dry-up!

MRS. MARY EARL, a member of the International Brotherhood of Magicians, performs her specialty, "The Linking Rings."

Mary Coles' SOCIAL

IT'S a coincidence that the opening day of the yachting season here this year falls on September 15 — the very day of the beginning of the America's Cup trials — and yachtsmen are hoping this is a lucky omen for the Australian challenger Gretel's chances in the great race.

At the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron the season will be ushered in with ten sailing events and a garden party for 400 guests.

They will be welcomed by Captain W. L. Fesqu and his wife, deputising for the Commodore, Lord De L'Isle, who is still in England, and Vice-Commodore R. L. Dickson and Rear-Commodore Alexis Albert, who are both at Newport with their wives to cheer Gretel on her way.

★ ★ ★

AS a curtain-raiser to the America's Cup, the Lake Eucumbene Yacht Club has arranged a film night and supper party at West Camp Hall, Cooma, on September 14, to watch movies of previous challengers Shamrock and Endeavor, as well as films of Gretel "warming up" for the Cup with Vim. The chairman of the sailing committee, Mr. Robin King, says that guests (who will be received by Sir William and Lady Hudson) will include a party from the American Embassy in Canberra to link the night with events at Newport. Incidentally, holidaying with Mr. and Mrs. King at their property, "Sherwood," Nimmitabel, this week are Mrs. Shirley Wharton, of Darling Point, and her schoolboy son, Ross.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the Queen's two military aides-de-camp during her Australian tour next year will be Brigadier Don Jackson, of "the fighting Jacksons." He is the son of Mrs. R. E. Jackson, of Elizabeth Bay, and the late Major-General Jackson, and a brother of Colonel Dawn Jackson, Director of the W.R.A.A.C., and Colonel David Jackson, Director of Infantry at Army Headquarters in Canberra. Don and his wife, who was formerly Anita Urquhart, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Urquhart, of "Wallaroy," Humula, are living at Mt. Eliza, Victoria, where Don is Chief of Staff at Southern Command in Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

NOW in its springtime glory, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davis' wonderful garden at Cammeray will be open for inspection on Sunday afternoon, September 16. Another red-letter day for flower-lovers will be on September 21, when flower arrangements by Mrs. James Payne will be presented at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hobbs at Warrawee. Both functions will aid Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

THE change from brunette to light-brown-cum-blond hair currently featured by Mrs. Neville Morgan, of Darling Point, dates from a visit to a Fifth Avenue, New York, beauty salon during her recent trip abroad. Although she requested a blue rinse to follow a shampoo the hairdresser absentmindedly used the wrong color and turned her locks a vivid carrot hue! She then "went blond" to repair the damage. Mrs. Morgan says skirts are down an inch to an inch-and-a-half in London, Paris, and Rome — everything is cut with a sleek, "unfussy" line—but smart hairdos are more bouffant than ever abroad. And plain gold k'd court shoes and matching gold kid bags, worn with exaggeratedly simply styled dresses, are the vogue in the United States for day wear.

★ ★ ★

DURING her visit to Moree with the Governor for the final festivities of Centenary celebrations there, Lady Woodward will open a garden party arranged by the Moree branch of the Red Cross at "Combadello," the home of the branch president, Mrs. Alastair Leitch, on September 28. "Combadello" is one of the prettiest old homes in the north-west, with a lovely garden on the banks of a lagoon. Miss Mary Throsby, of "Kooroogama," says one of the attractions at the garden party will be a "small zoo" of pets, including emus and kangaroos, belonging to families in the district.

★ ★ ★

THERE'LL be a gala matinee of "Greengage Summer" at Hoyts Coronet Theatre, Bondi Junction, on September 19, for the Woollahra Branch of the Family Welfare Bureau. President of the committee, Mrs. John Broinowski, says there will also be stalls in the foyer stocked with goodies and Christmas gifts.

★ ★ ★

MRS. ALEC SIMPSON, of Double Bay, almost became the owner of a stud bull during her recent month's stay in Brisbane. Arriving at a stud-cattle sale up there, she glimpsed her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Simpson, of Gulargambone, and gaily waved to her. The auctioneer temporarily accepted her gesture as a final bid of three hundred guineas for a young bull under the hammer!

YOUTHFUL Elizabeth Ann and Belinda Remond (at right) attended their uncle, Mr. Barney Remond, and his English bride, formerly Miss Catherine Wootton, of Sussex, at their marriage at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay. They were pictured at luncheon given by the bride's mother, Mrs. Stanley Wootton, at the Belvedere after the ceremony. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Remond, of Paris and Vaucluse. Mrs. John Dacres-Manning, Miss Peggy Wootton, Mr. Paul Remond, and Mr. Clive Hall were also members of the wedding party.

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ROUNDABOUT

CHEERY TRIO. From left, Miss Patricia McDermott, Mr. David Ross, and Mrs. John Maher at the State Opera Company Social Committee's reception at the Rural Bank in honor of Sadler's Wells Opera Company artists starring in "Orpheus in the Underworld." Guests were welcomed by the president, Mrs. Walter Bunning.

ABOARD IBERIA. Mr. John Roberts (second from left) welcomed Miss Jennifer Coleman (at left), of "Boomey," Molong, Miss Susan Hill, of Double Bay, and Mr. Lloyd Coleman on their arrival in Sydney in Iberia. Miss Coleman, who has just completed 18 months at finishing school in England, was joined by her brother in Fremantle, Miss Hill returned from a six months' world tour.

ABOVE, from left: Miss Lesley Bryce, Miss Pat Haygarth, Miss Robyn Bargallie, and Miss Leonie Haygarth at the fashion parade arranged by the Surfside Younger Set of the Spastic Centre at the Carlton Rex Hotel.

GRACEFUL sari was worn by Begum Choudhury, the wife of the Trade Commissioner for Pakistan, chatting with the United Kingdom High Commissioner, Sir William Oliver, and Lady Oliver at the delightful cocktail party they gave at their flat at Point Piper in honor of members of the Diplomatic Corps. Sir William and Lady Oliver have been spending a fortnight in Sydney from Canberra.

AT RIGHT. Mrs. Harvey Albond (on the left) chatting with Mrs. Bruce Flatin at the Sixteenth Birthday Luncheon Party of the American Women's Club, which was held at the Hotel Metropole.

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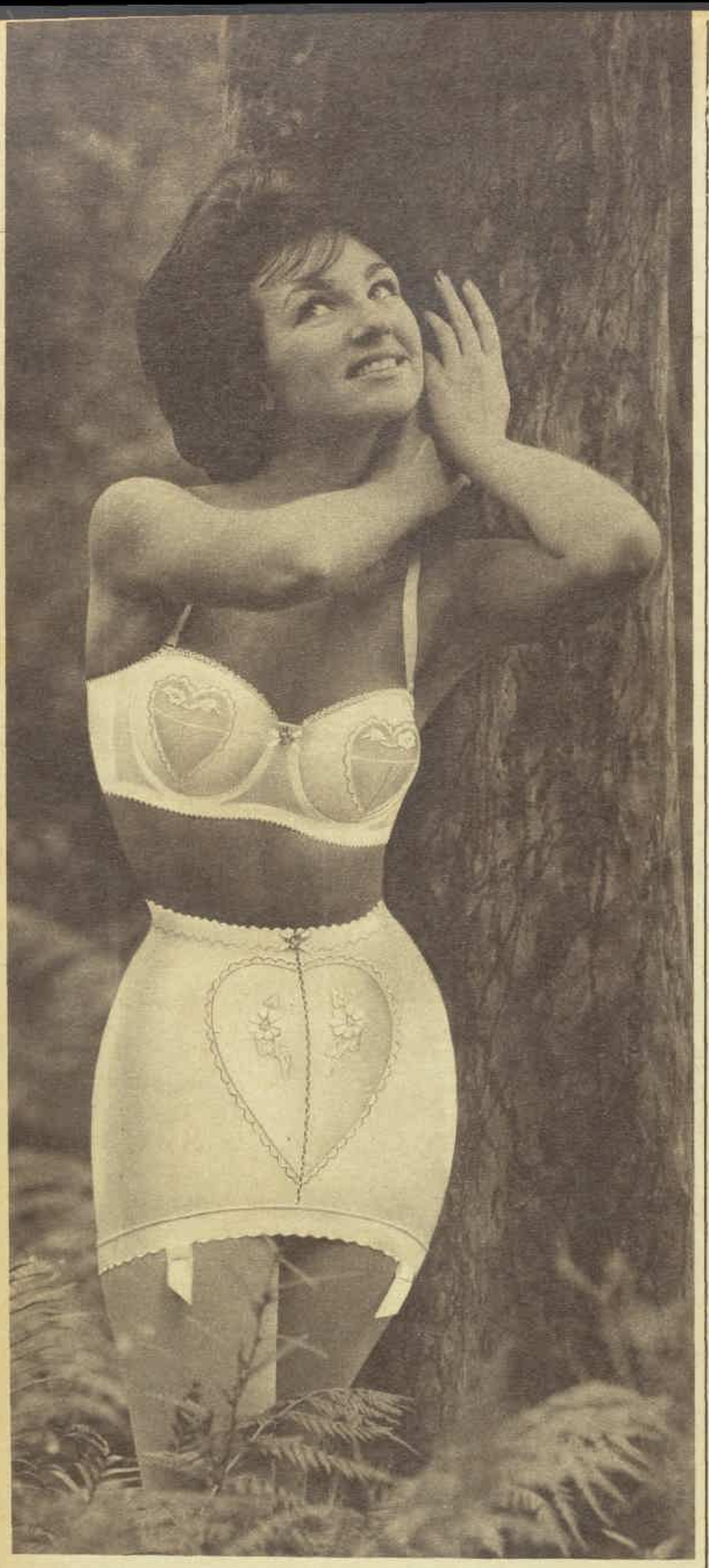

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"Next time don't insist on coming along!"

"They won't pick up their things after them . . . And I won't pick up their things after them . . . So what do you do?"

It seems to me

By

WORRIED by a scarcity of passengers, an executive of a big overseas airline has suggested reduced prices for seats which would otherwise be vacant.

He didn't describe in detail how this would work, but presumably he has given it some thought. He would hardly make such a proposal if it were as unworkable as it sounds.

At first thought it seems as if a majority of overseas travellers would delay in making their bookings. And there would be considerable resentment among the full-fare types as the breathless, bargain-rate travellers flopped into seats beside them.

The average cautious traveller would be torn between the desire to save some money and reluctance to adjust to an indefinite date of departure.

The idea crystallises some of the resentful thoughts I've harbored lately about home-going buses.

Those who stand ought to travel at a cheaper rate than those who sit—say, fourpence for a sixpenny section. The rate could be further reduced when the bus is jam-packed. This economy price, say, twopence a section, would have to be left to the discretion of the conductor. It would undoubtedly lead to argument, but it would introduce some variety.

There might be disadvantages. The rare male passenger who offers his seat to a lady would become an extinct species. He might be afraid that his motive would be construed as not chivalry but economy. But these characters are now so few and far between that the aspect is hardly worth considering.

★ ★ ★

THE other day in an unfamiliar part of the city I was looking for a cup of tea and a sandwich and saw the sign "Light Refreshments."

It would do as well as the next one, so I settled on it. And having nothing to read I started to think about the old-fashioned term "refreshments."

It has a genteel sound, as if the original users veered away from such coarse thoughts as "food" or "meals."

Nowadays it survives mostly on railway stations and racecourses. Very often it means tea from an urn and dry sandwiches.

Not that the search for the euphemism was confined to one particular age. We pride ourselves on our frankness, but we never talk about dyeing hair any more. "Tinting" did for a while, but it has been replaced by "coloring."

★ ★ ★

THE subject was the current worry about the over-use of certain drugs, and a doctor joined the discussion.

"When I go to visit a patient," he said, "I always look in the medicine cupboard when I'm washing my hands in the bathroom. If it's cluttered with rubbish I take the opportunity of throwing some out."

LATELY there has been an increase in the number of magazine articles urging women to be feminine.

When you see the girls clustering round the spring windows and poring over the jewellery counters it hardly seems necessary. But there is evidently some widespread worry about the effects of increasing independence.

The other day I was reading a piece which advocated the cultivation of various gentle traits, among them the avoidance of dogmatic expression of opinion.

I was brooding rather guiltily about this as I started to get Saturday lunch. Grabbing the tin-opener I cheered up. Whatever the battle for earning a living may do to one's prettier ways, there are some feminine characteristics which survive unscathed — such as opening tins the wrong way round.

★ ★ ★

AN American zoologist, Miss Helen Forrest, has discovered that ants talk to one another.

She doesn't know what they say, but I can make a guess. Probably: "Go to the human, thou sluggard," and "Look at us, all rushing to and fro and wearing ourselves out in the struggle just like people."

★ ★ ★

A LONDON taxi-driver-turned-novelist spoke gratefully of the people who had helped him. One was a woman author. "Knowing my problem of finding a quiet place away from the vacuum-cleaner at home, she lent me a small room to work in," he said.

"Why must you do that now?" An ancient cry!
Protesting males through centuries as one
Have uttered words like that, and heaved a sigh,
Wondering why women's work was never done.
If one goes out and one stays home it's wise.
That set-up, though, is getting out of date,
And modern pairs must work some compromise
To make endurable their married fate.
And yet a truth remains, a thought to keep:
That men must work and women still must sweep.
A quip that, when examined, can't be new.
The odds are all against it. Still, it's true.

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WORTH REPORTING

NEWS that the dear old player-piano is making a big comeback in the United States made us wonder if it could happen here.

The answer — obtained mainly from Brash's, which is celebrating its 100th birthday this year and whose pronouncements can be regarded as correspondingly weighty—is "No."

Although the same conditions which sparked the player-piano revival in America operate here (people feeling they should do more than watch TV and yearning for music they can make themselves), player-pianos are harder to find.

They haven't been made here for years. You can pick up a second-hand one for about £20, but reconditioning would cost about £165.

An imported player-piano —or pianola, to use the more popular trade name—would cost approximately £900.

Player-rolls cannot be made here in any great quantity, so they, too, must be imported. Altogether, it's cheaper to learn the piano, no matter how many lessons you pay for.

However, the chord organ has had a big rise in popularity.

From July last year, 2743 have been sold in Australia, mostly in Victoria and New South Wales.

This is a small upright instrument that sounds like an accordion but is played with one finger, by numbers, and retails for about £40.

You don't pump as you play. Instead of bellows, the chord organ has an electrically driven motor.

All you do is set your numbered music on the stand—be it a hymn, a twist number, or a singalong selection, press a button to select the chord, and hammer away with your trusty middle finger.

It is not a teenage craze—teenagers (Mr. Brash, the third, reports) don't "dig" an instrument that can't be used in a band, but fifty-and-overs, with fond memories of those old sing-songs round a piano, are mad about it.

There is a chord organ at the Eva Tilley Memorial Home, North Balwyn, Vic.

"I don't play it well," Matron Gladys Gill told us, "but nobody seems to mind. Not a day passes without us having a sing-song" (see below).

A WOMAN'S hand, nails painted, was waving on other cars in the heavy traffic, but the only occupants were a man and two small boys, and the hand was an artificial one hinged to the door.

At the traffic lights our cars drew level.

"That's a good idea," we called. "Do you find the extra hand useful?"

"Yes, very," the driver replied. "It stops the children from being car-sick."

We're still trying to work it out . . .

JIM . . . honored guest at the Melbourne Royal.

An honor for Jim

HONORED guest of the Royal Agricultural Society at the Melbourne Show will be 21-year-old Jim Birtles, of Essendon, Victoria's most pinned-up cat since his picture appeared in our July 25 issue.

Jim and his mistress, Mrs. Elsie Birtles, have been invited to be present at the Cat Show on September 29.

Mrs. Birtles' first thought on receiving the invitation was to take Jim to the vet. for a check-up.

"Seeing that he has never been outside the yard, I thought the crowd might be too much for him, but the vet. says he is in wonderful condition and by all means to show him," she said happily.

Jim will make his journey into the world by car in a locked basket and will then be transferred to a wire cage. Mrs. Birtles will stay with him all the time.

Mrs. Birtles intends hanging our color pin-up of him (see miniature, left) on the cage.

Jim is still getting letters and cards from all over Australia. So many cards came from Sydney that Mrs. Birtles put a "thank-you" notice in a Sydney newspaper.

But wherever there is an address on a card, she replies at length.

One three-page letter was written immediately from Essendon to Mrs. F. Rossiter, owner of Joe, Jim's 22-year-old "rival" in New South Wales.

★ ★ ★

A GRAB-BAG of Overheards:

One woman to another, leaving the concert hall after a celebrity piano recital: "I'll say this for him — he knew it."

Waiting at an intersection: "Mavis can make a bunch of poppies go farther than anyone I know."

Man on telephone: "Yes, dear, I rang for an appointment, but the dentist had the most frightful toothache."

THE BARRACKS, well-loved Perth landmark, threatened with demolition.

Will the Barracks live?

"THIS is almost the last straw," said Senator Agnes Robertson in Federal Parliament last February . . . "destroying a beautiful building like the Barracks in order to build a road leading up to Parliament House."

The Barracks, nearly a century old, is at the top of Perth's lovely boulevard, St. George's Terrace.

It is a romantic and well-loved building, and its threatened demolition has caused heartburning in Perth.

Questions have been asked in the House, and an association, the Barracks Defence Council, has been formed to save the building.

Professor Walter Murdoch, essayist and man of letters, says he sees red every time the demolition is mentioned.

While visiting Australia this year, Lord Euston, chairman for the Society of the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, flew to Perth from the Eastern States at the instigation of poet John Betjeman to see Perth's historic buildings.

Lord Euston said he was charmed with the Barracks, which had evidently been designed along the lines of the Gate House at St. James' Palace, London.

The Barracks Defence Council looks as though it would compromise on the box-like buildings at the back going to the wreckers.

"But leave the towers and the arch to the city," they say.

MATRON GLADYS GILL plays "Daisy" on the chord organ at the Eva Tilley Memorial Home, North Balwyn, Vic., for (from left) Mrs. E. R. Miller, Mrs. T. Bond, Mrs. F. Lowe, Mrs. E. R. Simpson, Mrs. E. Burrough, and Miss S. Palmer.

SQUEAKY PRAMS REALLY WORRY HIM

ON September 23 73-year-old Charles Bohler, handyman, retires from the Melbourne Royal Women's Hospital after 20 years on the staff.

His eye is as clear and his hand as steady as ever, but a new rule necessitates retirement at 65.

"I'd have gone on a year or two yet," he said. "Still, I've things to do at home now."

The Women's Hospital covers three acres and has 497 beds, each one having four castors. These castors plus the castors on other hospital equipment add up to more than 2000 castors and every one of them has been Mr. Bohler's responsibility.

He has developed an ear for a squeaking castor that has been carried, somewhat inconveniently for him, into private life.

If he hears a pram squeak past when he is working in his garage at home, he begs the mother to bring in her baby-buggy to be oiled on the spot.

In this spontaneous manner he has oiled many a pram plus a number of children's tricycles.

At the hospital it takes him about 18 months to go through all the castors — then he starts on them all over again.

And it's not only castors. Piled up on his work-bench were repair vouchers for broken filing-cabinet doors, torn lino, loose broom heads, broken door locks, automatic door stops, and squeaking doors.

"I've never known a time when there wasn't something that needed fixing in the hospital," Mr. Bohler said, but not, you feel, with any regret.

His keenest pleasure is to walk the hospital, tracking down the telltale squeak, watching for that loose handle or that recalcitrant lock.

As well as the wards, he has been Mr. Fixit for 48 different departments.

Mr. Bohler arrived in Australia as a young German seaman in 1910. He worked in many occupations, then joined the hospital workshop as a trained carpenter and fitter.

In those days most of the maintenance was done by outsiders. The hospital maintenance staff consisted of three electricians, two cabinetmakers, and Mr. Bohler.

Thirty men now keep the hospital running efficiently.

Mr. Bohler moved recently to a new house at Hampton, where a lot of odd jobs are awaiting his retirement.

Not that he intends to retire. He has been busy all his life and he doesn't see why he should stop at 73.

"So," he said with a smile, "if you know anyone around Hampton who can use a good handyman . . ."

"HANDYMAN" Charles Bohler, 73, oils a squeaky tricycle wheel for Kenneth Anderson, 4, of Hampton, Vic.

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Betty King says: "Good nutrition is important. That's why Deb is so wonderful. You enjoy the pick of Australia's finest potato crops in Deb Instant Mashed Potato. The flakes of pure potato retain all the delicate flavour cells intact. Just follow the directions on the packet to make real mashed potato, in seconds. Creamy-white and fluffy—the finest you ever tasted. Try easy-to-make Deb soon."

Betty King — *Australia's leading home economist*

DEB-made from the best Australian-grown farm-fresh potato

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By Dawn James

How TV will cover the America's Cup

● Australian television stations have America's Cup fever, too. Their months of preparation and organising will speed films from Newport, U.S.A., to local TV screens within almost 24 hours of each race.

IN Sydney, both commercial channels have announced an extensive coverage of the Cup, with documentaries and films of the Gretel-Weatherly duel. The A.B.C., so far, plans news coverage of the races with a series of ten-minute films to be shown —as soon as they arrive —on ABN2.

TCN9's news cameraman John Gillis left for Newport last week.

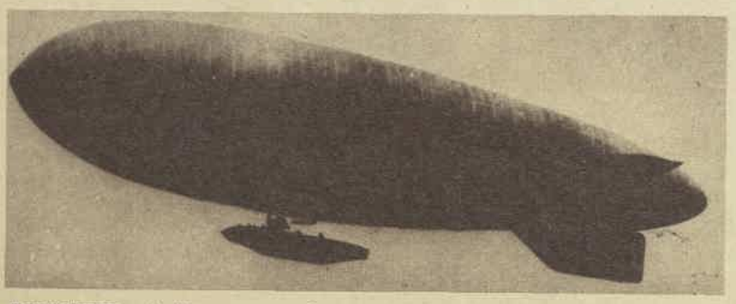
"We have American cameramen, of course," said Alex Baz, the station's manager, "but we were only getting their angle.

"We wanted more human interest, the Australian angle, showing the crew not only on the yachts but at their 'home,' the Castle Hill Hotel."

Gillis' films — he'll be on one of the Australian tenders Sara or Offsider — will be rushed (unprocessed) by charter plane from Newport to New York to catch the earliest flight for Australia.

In Sydney the films will be processed and TCN hopes to be screening the first race on Monday, September 17.

As well, C.B.S. cameras will cover the races from start to finish for TCN from boats, planes, and—in startling contrast to the sleek lines of the yachts—from a chartered dirigible.



DIRIGIBLE, similar to one above, will carry cameras over the races.

CASTLE HILL HOTEL, Newport "home" of the Australian crew.

History, too

As a curtain-raiser to the race reports TCN have scheduled their half-hour documentary "Gretel" for Saturday, September 15, 9.30 p.m. It includes Gretel's arrival and welcome at Newport, training runs, and trials for the selection of the American defender.

The history of the "ould mug" itself will be told in an N.B.C. documentary, "The America's Cup," on Thursday, September 20, at 9.30 p.m.

ATN7 have sent Sydney yachtsman and writer Bill Ryan to Newport, and their international director, Len Mauger, will be there, too. They will interview Cup personalities and send back race commentaries.

These telecasts will begin this Wednesday, September 12, at 6.55 p.m.

★ ★ ★

SINCE everyone seemed to slam "The Dickie Henderson Show" (ABN2, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.) on seeing its opening half-hour, I decided to watch a few more shows before venturing an opinion.

I wish I hadn't bothered.

Clock needed helping hand

MR. ALEXANDER ARCHDALE should be ashamed of himself.

He is that lordly (almost noble) managing editor in the ABN newspaper series, "Deadline Midnight" (Tuesdays, 10.10 p.m.).

And he had the temerity to appear and turn in a completely convincing performance as a (I hardly like to mention the word) *baddie* in ABN's live play "The Criminals" last Wednesday.

I salute the cast: specifically Mr. Archdale (Crawford), Mr. Ken Goodlet (Dorell), and Mr. Lou Vernon (the nightwatchman).

But I hope the next time the A.B.C. produce a live play they'll keep an eye on the time.

In "The Criminals" the camera swung on to a clock —and the large hand was hurriedly moved from 20 past 10 to five past. A few minutes later—oops, it was 10.30.

However, it is undoubtedly unkind to carp — this was (most of the time) a *well*-produced play.

★ ★ ★ ★

IF A.B.C. sporting commentator Mr. Norman May isn't careful he May (sorry) catch that spine-tingling wordiness disease which afflicts, notably, English race descriptions.

Last Tuesday ABN2 screened a film of the Prior-Cowburn welterweight title fight. And Mr. May threw crisp comment in for a K.O.

He apparently decided to add some vocal color with comments like, "Prior stalks him (Cowburn) with an air of ominous certainty."

Come, now. The boxers were — well, boxing. Let's calm down and concentrate on the uppercuts and jabs and hooks and things.

Slacks gold, show leaden

AN A.B.C. Press release broke the news: English singer Miss Vikki Hammond was going to wear "four glamorous costumes, including a pair of gold drainpipe slacks," when she starred in the Melbourne - produced variety show "Personally Yours" (ABN2, last Wednesday).

Gold drainpipe, eh? I began to twitch slightly. (As a disappointing matter of fact, the slacks were made of gold *fabric.)*

Miss Hammond began by staggering a little under the weight of Mr. Horrie Dargie's introduction. If there was an atom blast, he said, and only one man was left in the world, he felt sure Miss H. would be the choice of most men in Australia.

Unnerved by the prospect, I presume, she produced a yelping version of "This May Be The Start Of Something Big" (which almost started me switching to something big on another channel) — and then gave a pleasant presentation of three other numbers.

Oh, but the "variety." And the script. It suffered from a very bad attack of appundicitis; puns absolutely littered the show.

★ ★ ★

THERE seemed to be a weird whirring noise in the background while ATN7 screened last week's edition of "77 Sunset Strip" (Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.).

It was undoubtedly Mr. Sherlock Holmes revolving in his grave.

The show was called "The Baker Street Caper" and starred Mr. Efrem Zimbalist, Jnr., being Holmsey and Mr. Louis Quinn as a sort of waggish Watson.

Mr. Quinn had a go at English idiom. "I'm wearing my flopper," he said at the races. "TOPPER," corrected an Englishman, wincing.

It was, I suppose, an English version of that ghastly "Down Under Caper," which turned an inaccurate eye on Australia.

But the English have done rather better than we did. Their show was ghastly and ghostly, too. Poor Sherlock!

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

With Miriam Fowler

OUR GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No Star — Poor

★★★ JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG

With an ace cast, skilled camera-work, and moving plot, Stanley Kramer's drama comes as an all-round sensation. For three "short" hours there is a realistic, dignified clash of emotions, centred in a war crimes courtroom.

Vital Maximilian Schell (defending counsel for the Nazi judges standing trial) stirs with his efforts to salvage respect for his people. As the prosecutor, Richard Widmark is surprisingly dynamic. As a small-town American judge thrust into the limelight of presiding at the trial, Spencer Tracy shows purposeful strength. Prosecution witnesses Judy Garland and Montgomery Clift could bring lumps to the toughest throats. Nazi's widow Marlene Dietrich is as glamorous and exciting as ever. — **Century, Sydney.**

In a word . . . IMPRESSIVE.

★ ONE, TWO, THREE

This Berlin "frontier" farce is a confusion of deafening dialogue and wacky action, with a disappointing lack of comic talent. James Cagney sets the pace as a Germany-based American company executive suffering as host to his boss' wild daughter, Pamela Tiffin. — **Regent, Sydney.**

In a word . . . WEAK.

★ ★ ★

SIR ALEC GUINNESS has agreed, after much thought, to appear in one of Samuel Bronston's epics. Bronston, who made "King of Kings" and "El Cid," is currently engaged on a film with Charlton Heston about the Boxer Rebellion. His next will be "Fall of the Roman Empire," which Anthony Mann will direct from Philip Yordan's screenplay. This massive spectacle will be filmed mainly in Spain and the Middle East. Sir Alec will play the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

★ ★ ★

MARIE McDONALD, who was formerly married to Debbie Reynolds' current husband, Harry Karl, didn't lose out when she recently wed again—this time to executive Ed Callahan. Under the terms of her property settlement with Karl, Miss McDonald was to receive 2000 dollars (£A1000) a month for life, whether she married again or not.

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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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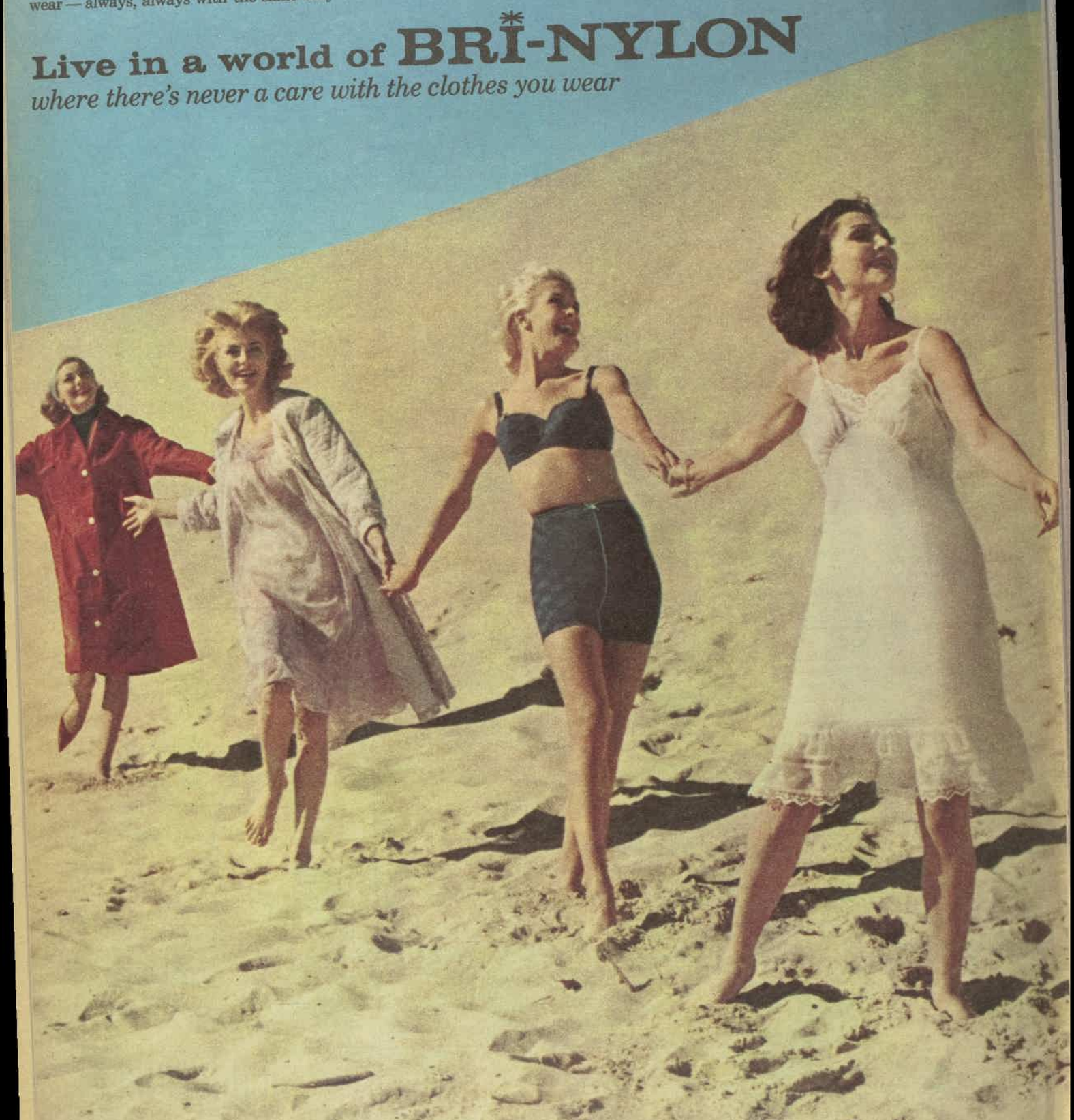
Live in a world of BRÎ-NYLON*

where there's never a care with the clothes you wear



BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., A NEW AND VITAL AUSTRALIAN INDUSTRY

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The theory of women

Everything can be disproved and she was just the one to do exactly that . . . a short story with a charming moral.

By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY PETERSEN

ON the night of his thirtieth birthday, Craig Jordan decided to dine alone. He had an idea that thirty constituted an important milestone and that he should think about it. Why, whence, whither? That sort of thing. A man his age should take stock.

He was, indeed, a fortunate young man. He was the Washington correspondent of a small but powerful newspaper chain. He was the author of a moderately successful book about politics and a dismally unsuccessful play about women.

The failure of the play baffled him, because he took his knowledge of women for granted, as he took for granted his knowledge of politics. Washington, a city in which women far outnumber men, is a wonderful place for research on the subject. A hard-working correspondent has no time, of course, to be a Casanova or Don Juan, but he got around.

At thirty, Craig Jordan was tall, deceptively athletic in appearance, dressed well, belonged to two clubs, maintained a bachelor apartment with a good address, and had more invitations to parties, dinners, and glittering social events than he could accept. The gods, having given him everything any reasonable man could want, added the inevitable last gift: dissatisfaction.

Craig Jordan wanted to write better than he did, wanted a better and more rational world for all men to live in, wanted towering figures in government where he found pygmies, wanted some personal, indefinable thing that forever eluded him, hovering on the edge of his sleep, defying definition, a want unnamed and unnameable.

He was restless with wanting; humble, conceited, sentimental, hard-boiled, and idealistic by turns. On the whole, however, Craig Jordan always had found life good.

Now he entered his favorite restaurant, on Connecticut Avenue — small, intimate, restful. This was one of the good things — to be recognised, to be treated with deference, to be given a choice table as a matter of course. He looked at the menu, frowning slightly. Tonight's dinner must be, in some way, memorable. One does not reach important milestones every day.

He did not notice, in time to rise, the girl who approached his table. She moved the facing chair without assistance and sat down. She was an exquisite girl, in a green cocktail dress, her hair perfectly coiffed, soft-skinned, firm-chinned, angry. "Tell me, Mr. Jordan," she said coldly, "why do you dislike Senator Brade?"

Craig Jordan laid the menu aside. "Stoddard Brade," he said, "is a wealthy amateur in the professional game of politics. He represents nothing, not even money. He has an office with poll analysts to inform him what is popular with the people, researchers to provide him with the facts that he should know and doesn't, writers to write speeches that are safe according to the latest polls.

His solitary personal gift is his knack of building rhetorical escape hatches into the speeches written for him. No man alive can ever prove, positively, from his speeches or his statements that Stoddard

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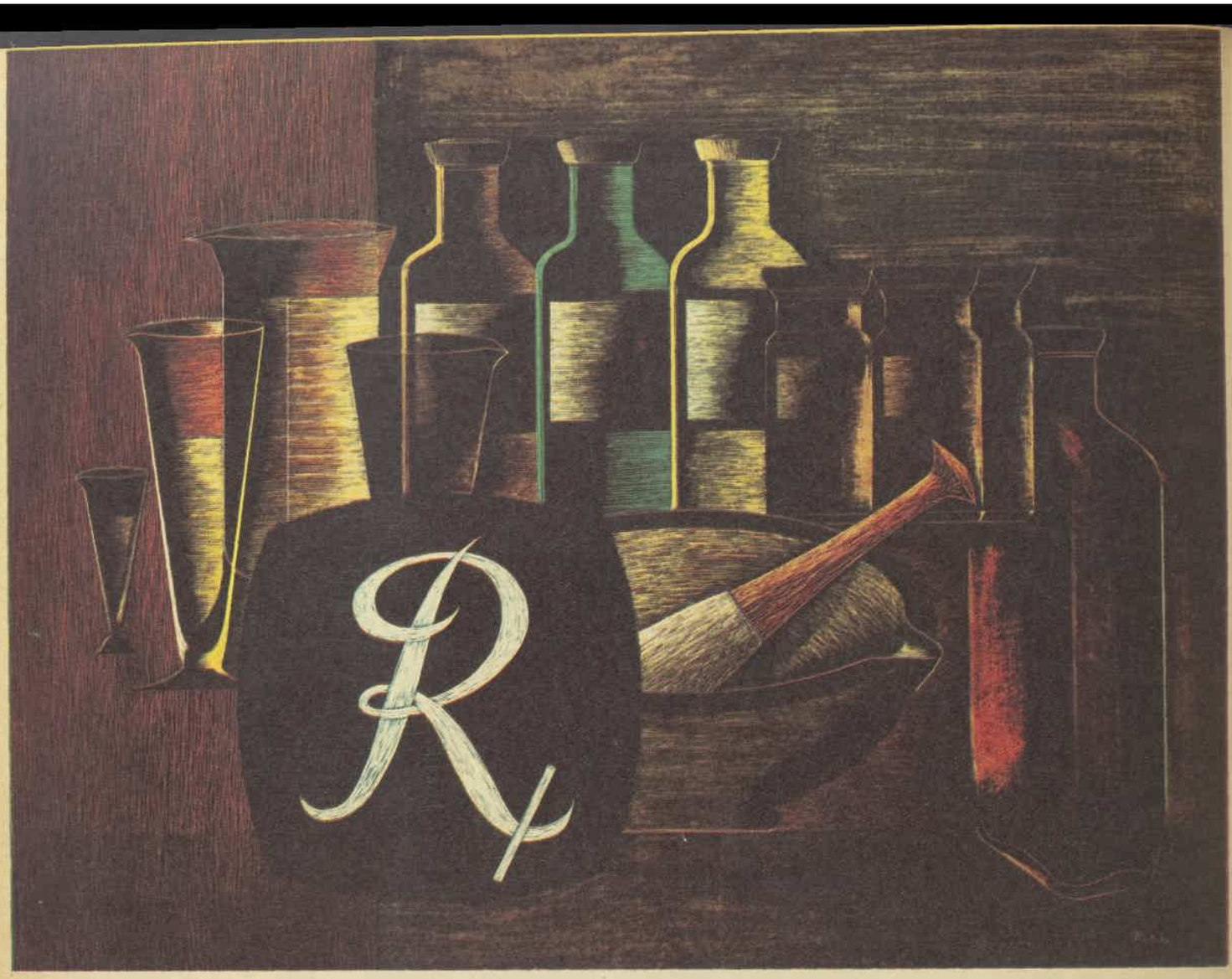

SYMBOL OF HEALING

This symbol is written by your doctor on every prescription dispensed by your Guild Chemist. Traditionally it is an abbreviation of the Latin "Recipio" — recipe. It is believed the use of the inclined stroke upon the tail of the R dates back to this sign of Jupiter, ♃ which was employed by the ancient Romans as a prayer to their favourite deity for favour and healing. Gradually the letter R replaced the sign, but the inclined stroke has remained.

Whether it is filling your doctor's prescription urgently, carefully, faithfully . . . or recommending the latest products to relieve minor ailments . . . your Guild Chemist is trained to care for your health — to be concerned with the welfare of your community. The benefits of his specialised knowledge and training are available just for the asking. His advice costs not a penny, while shopping with him brings many advantages without extra cost.

Sign of a Guild Chemist

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His macabre task would never be ended until someone else picked up . . .

The Pin

By ROBERT BLOCH

Dramatic short story by author of "PSYCHO"

SOMEHOW, somewhere, someone would find out. It was inevitable. In this case the someone was named Barton Stone. The somewhere was an old loft over a condemned office building on Bleecker Street. And the somehow . . .

Barton Stone came there early one Monday morning as the sun shone yellow and cold over the huddled rooftops. He noted the mass of the surrounding buildings, rearranged them into a more pleasing series of linear units, gauged his perspective, evaluated the tones and shadings of sunlight and shadow with his artist's eye. There was a picture here, he told himself, if only he could find it.

Unfortunately, he wasn't looking for a picture. He had plenty of subjects in mind. Right now he was looking for a place in which to paint. He wanted a studio, wanted it quickly. And it must be cheap. Running water and north light were luxuries beyond his present consideration. As for other aesthetic elements, such as cleanliness — Stone shrugged as he mounted the stairs, his long fingers trailing dust from the rickety railing.

There was dust everywhere, for this was the domain of dust, of darkness and desertion. He stumbled upward into the silence.

The first two floors of the building were entirely empty, just as Freed had told him. And the stairs to the loft were at the end of the hall on the second floor.

"You'll have it all to yourself," the rental agent had promised. "But remember to stay in the loft. Nobody'd ever bother looking up there. Inspectors come around — they keep telling us to raze the building. But the floor's safe enough. All you got to do is keep out of sight — why, you could hide out there for years without being caught. It's no palace, but take a look and see what you think. For twenty bucks a month you can't go wrong."

Stone nodded now as he walked down the debris-littered hall toward the loft stairs. He couldn't go wrong. He sensed, suddenly and with utter certainty, that this was the place he'd been searching for during all of these frustratingly futile weeks. He moved up the stairs with inevitable —

Then he heard the sound.

Call it a thud; call it a thump; call it a muffled crash. The important thing was that it sounded from above, from the deserted loft.

Stone paused on the second step from the top. There was someone in the loft. For twenty bucks a month you can't go wrong—but you could hide out there for years without being caught.

Barton Stone was not a brave man. He was only a poor artist, looking for a cheap loft or attic to use as a studio. But his need was great, great enough to impel him upward, carry him to the top of the loft stairs and down the short corridor leading to the entry.

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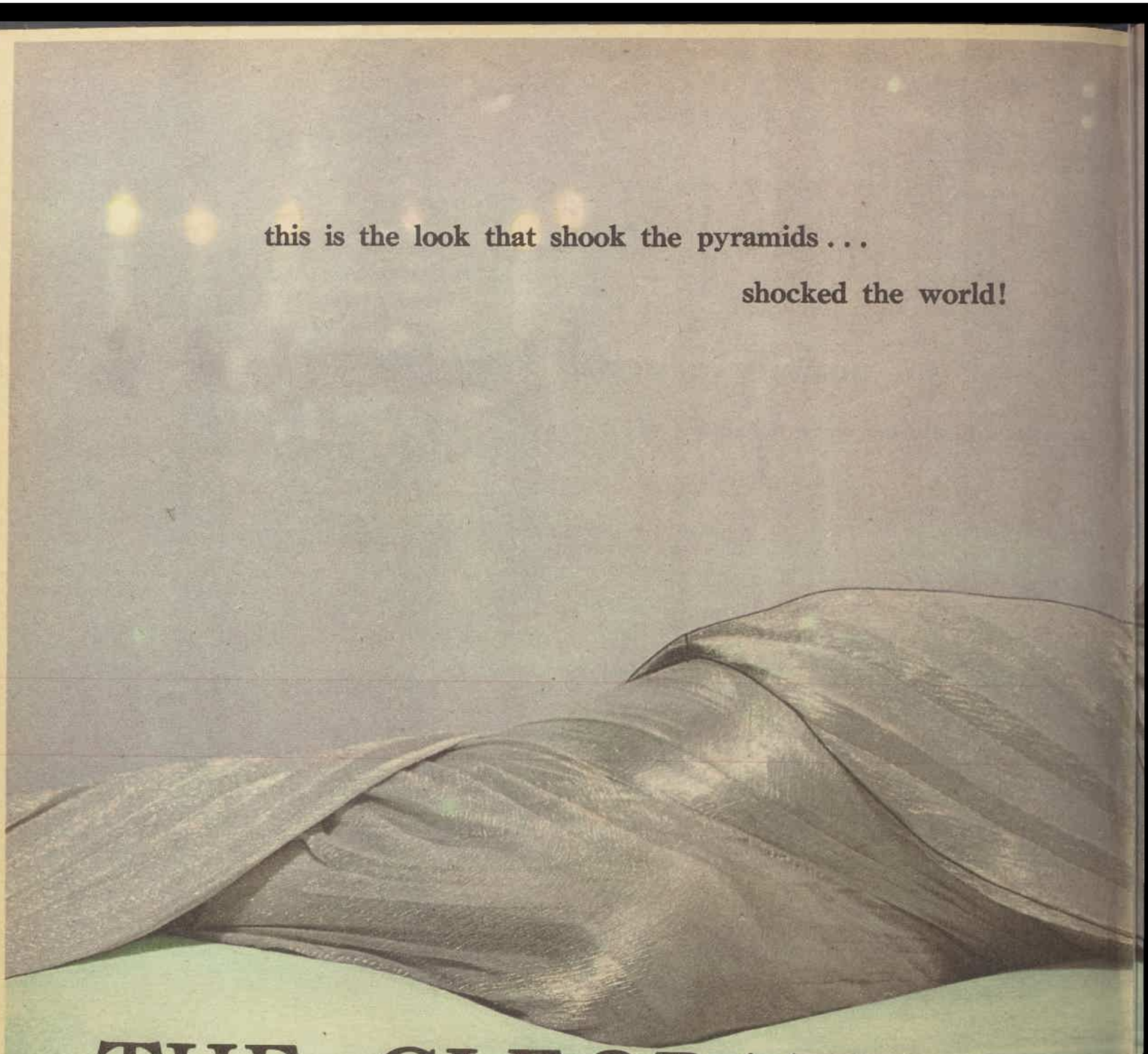

THE CLEOPATRA

A little more than 2,000 years ago, a legend was born. So beautiful was the woman who nurtured this legend . . . her image has remained undimmed. ***Who was she?*** Who indeed but Cleopatra, the raven-tressed, sloe-eyed Siren of the Nile. What made her beautiful? Was it her feline grace, her wit, her charm? Or was it her "Look". . . sultry, silken, madly mysterious . . . that transformed her face and made her eternally unforgettable. It was said that this look could never be recaptured. And until today, it was so. For today, Revlon brings this centuries-old look of sorcery brilliantly — and wearably — up to date with Sphinx Pink and Sphinx Eyes. ***What fate awaits the woman who wears the Cleopatra Look?*** Empires at her feet? Rare jewels in glorious profusion? The love of great men? It happened once. It may happen again!

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LOOK as only *Revlon* does it!

'SPHINX PINK': The most teasingly provocative, potent pink in 2,000 years. A vividly light, bright-at-night *passion pink!* In Lustrous and Lanolite lipstick with matching nail enamel. Could anything be more temptingly appropriate! . . .

SPHINX EYES tell all! Mysterious eyes that mesmerize...sultry, sloe-eyes...newly elongated, smokily shadowed, excitingly feline. Eyes highlighted with new beige shadow on languorous lids.

'SPHINX EYES' kit: Desert Beige Accent Shadow, Misty Grey Kohl Eyeshadow, Brown Ash (or Black) Cake Eyeliner and two applicator brushes.

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IT'S AN ASTOR... *that's the difference*

LOOK AT THE DIFFERENCE IN REFRIGERATORS SINCE YOU BOUGHT YOURS!

*ASTOR fully automatic clothes washer *209 gns.*

** Slightly higher in W.A. and North Queensland.*

*ASTOR 'Barclay' TV * 209 gns.*

** Slightly higher in W.A., North Queensland and Tasmania*

Two compartments, two doors, open up a multitude of fabulous ways to give your kitchen and your food a world of difference, in variety, in freshness and value. The brilliant new ASTOR '2 Temp'. makes ordinary refrigerators as outdated as the ice-chest. There's full size family storage in the 'Frost Free' section for all your day-to-day needs, plus the wonderful extra of a separate spacious 'Deep Freeze' section. Buy when food prices are low, store for months, serve fresh as the day you bought—just when it suits you. There's ample space for everything from poultry to peas!

Add to this glamorous styling, the exclusive, yet wonderfully practical butter zone that lets you serve butter firm or easy-to-spread as you wish! Gliding roll-out shelves, a complete set of all trays tailored to fit, the gleaming lifetime service of genuine vitreous enamel. Here's a refrigerator you'll never have to de-frost, ASTOR design takes care of that.

Above all, it's an ASTOR, a name backed by 40 years of electronic leadership and a nationwide network of spares and service. A name that has won its way into the hearts and homes of Australia. It costs nothing to see your ASTOR retailer... and you'll be truly surprised how so much luxury can come at such a common-sense price.

ASTOR *'2 TEMP'*

A PRODUCT OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED

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SEWING FOR SUMMER LEISURE

6-page section

● In this special six-page sewing supplement are designs representing the best and newest in beach, sun, and holiday fashion.

THE section is planned for the home dressmaker.

Our paper patterns all have step-by-step instruction charts. They need a minimum of skill to draft and sew.

There are two special multiple patterns, budget-priced at 3/6 each. We show one at right (four-in-one); our other (three-in-one) brainchild, the breeze cap, is on page 27.

The beach-towel cum muu-muu on page 26 is quick and easy to make. No pattern is needed; it can be drafted from the diagram and instructions published. On page 29 are full drafting and making details for an irresistible white organdie cape hood.

The crochet-minded, please turn to page 25 for a high-fashion Italian-designed bolero and easy-to-make bag. Crochet instructions are given for bag and bolero.

Start your summer sewing right now. It's later than you think.

—*Betty Keep*

HOW TO ORDER

● *Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Be sure to state pattern number and size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

HERE is one of the slickest fashions around—a short tunic-top worn with tailored pants. The three versions (above) and a pair of tailored pants are all wrapped up in one pattern. The pattern, number 7670, comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust.

TUNIC (above left and sketch A) requires 1⅞yds. 36in. material and 1⅛yds., 1⅜yds., 1⅝yds. bobble braid. Design centre (sketch B) requires 2⅜yds. 36in. material and design right (sketch C) 1½yds. 36in. material, ¾yd. 36in. contrast, and 7yds. braid. Slacks require 2⅜yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

More designs overleaf

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THE NEW *Glove soft*

vinyl foam
FURNITURE COVERING

This is 'Vynex' 91, the new and revolutionary upholstery material. Retaining all of the features which have made 'Vynex' famous, 'Vynex' 91 has something **extra** — the 'glove soft' feel associated with luxurious comfort.

Available in a glorious range of fashionable muted colours, and in use displays those folds characteristic of the finest leather. The beauty of 'Vynex' 91 is enduring — soap and water easily remove normal household stains.

Ask to see 'Vynex' 91 at your favourite furniture store — it will surely enhance any room in your home.

Look for this black and gold tag — it identifies genuine 'Vynex' 91.

'Vynex' 91

so beautiful—so comfortable

Made in Australia by
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD.

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Pretty designs in crocheted straw

● Here are two delightful hand-crocheted designs to make for summer in the exciting new washable straws and in the attractive colors featured for spring.

CROCHET the handbag below in light and dark blue squares to tone with this year's high-fashion color—navy-blue—or blend colors to your own design. The bag has detachable handles to fit a variety of different bases.

You'll be cool, comfortable, and pretty through spring and summer in this beautiful sleeveless jacket, which is massed with rosebuds crocheted in silky straw in a rainbow color effect.

Materials: 20 skeins (4 each of 5 colors) Villawool "Capri" (Italian straw); No. 8 Crochet hook; net jacket as foundation. (A pattern for this jacket is available. See diagram at right.)

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; h.tr., half treble; tr., treble sl-st., slip-stitch.

Five colors are used to make the rosebuds which are handsewn to the foundation jacket of nylon net. It takes approximately 170 rosebuds to cover jacket; 1 skein makes 10 rosebuds.

TO MAKE ROSEBUD

Make 4 ch. Join into a circle with sl-st. Make 12 h.tr. into circle, turn with 1 ch. Work 4 tr. into base of 3rd h.tr. Cont. until 4 petals have been made in this way. Finish off with sl-st.

TO MAKE UP

When rosebuds are completed, sew on through centres to net jacket. Sew on each rosebud through the centre with a contrasting color for added effect.

THE JACKET

A jacket of this type, without the rosebuds and made in heavier material such as linen, cotton, or silk, would be ideal to wear with summer dresses.

You could make it in the same material as your frock and so create an elegant summer frock-and-jacket ensemble, or in a patterned design, such as big spots, for a smart contrasting effect.

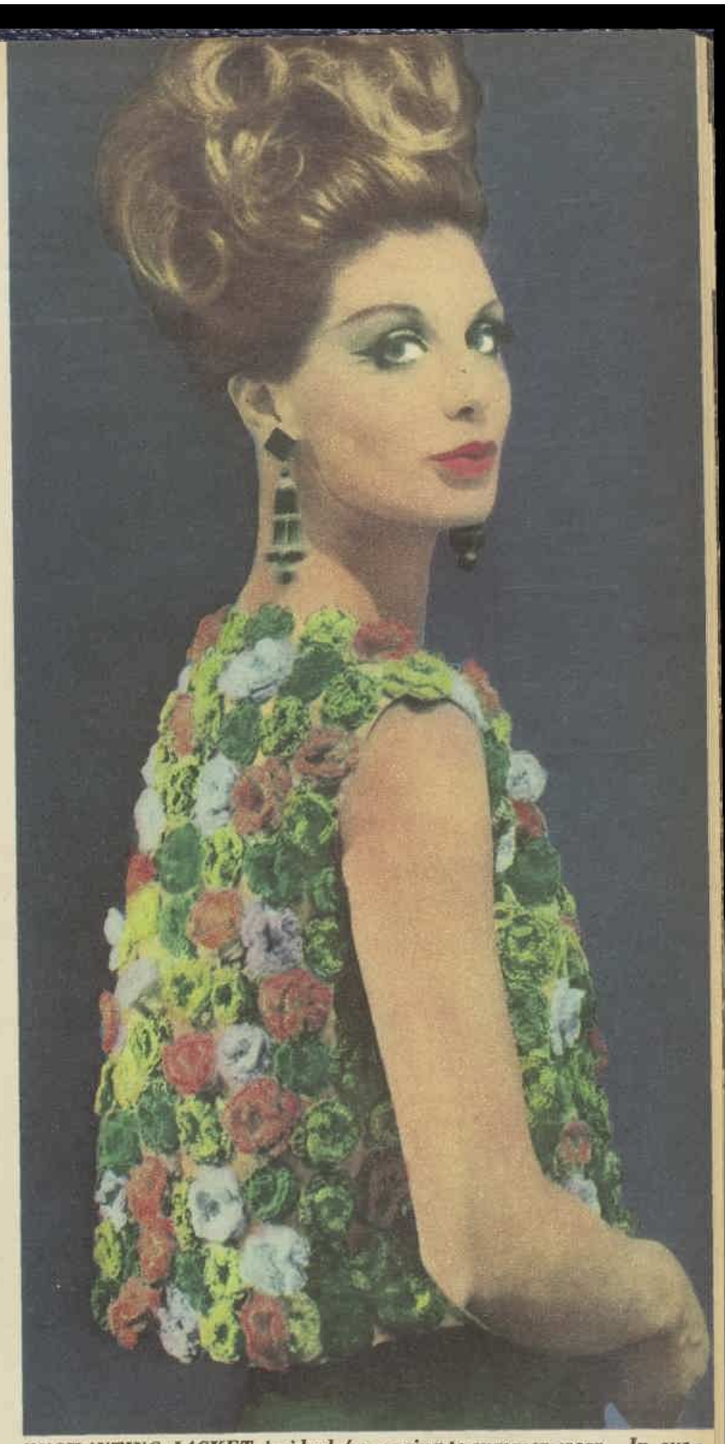
Or make it in a plain vivid linen or cotton to wear with pants or shorts as a beach outfit.

The pattern is available from Fashion Patterns. See address in the panel on the first page of this feature.

Short Jacket, No. 7598. Requires 1¼yds. 54in. nylon net. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 3/-.

FRONT VIEW of the same rosebud jacket in another color scheme. The foundation is net.

7598



ENCHANTING JACKET is ideal for spring-to-summer wear. In eye-catching color combinations, it teams well with pants or a skirt.

Handbag made in two tones of blue

SEPARATE squares of pale blue and darker blue straw are joined together to make this crocheted bag. The handles can be removed when the bag is to be washed.

Materials: 6 skeins pale blue, 6 skeins darker blue Turabast Brilliant Swiss raffia; No. 6 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; sp., space.

MOTIF

Commence with 4 ch. and sl-st. into ring.

1st Round: 3 ch. (to stand as 1st tr.), 2 tr. into ring, 1 ch., then 3 tr., 1 ch. into ring 3 times, making 4 blocks of tr. sl-st. to 3rd ch. at beg.

2nd Round: Sl-st. into each of next 2 tr. and into sp., then 3 ch. to stand as first tr., 3 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. into same sp., 4 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr. into next and rem. sps. Sl-st. into 3rd ch. at beg.

3rd Round: 2 ch. to stand as first d.c., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 tr., 1 d.c., 1 ch., 1 d.c. into corner sp.

Continue d.c. round square, inc. as before at each corner. Finish with sl-st. into 2nd ch. at beg.

HALF MOTIF

(At top of bag)

Commence with 9 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, miss 1 ch., 3tr. into next, 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 3 tr. into next, miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. into next. Turn with 3 ch.

2nd Row: 3 tr. into sp., 1 ch. Into next sp. work 4 tr., 1 ch., 4 tr., then 1 ch., 4 tr. into next sp. Turn with 2 ch.

Finish off with d.c. all round as for motifs.

Make 15 motifs in darker blue and 12 motifs and 4 halves in pale blue. Stitch together as shown in picture.

Sew up sides of bag, line with suitable material, and attach to handle by crocheting over bar with d.c.

More designs overleaf

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933299

Beachwrap — and towel

HERE it is, easy as pie to make and takes only 2¾yds. of material, plus lining. Follow the diagrams below.

● ***Here, for you to make quickly and easily before you go off on a holiday, is a muu-muu cum beach-towel.***

YOU WILL NEED

Two-and-three-quarter yards of 36in. cotton or terry-towelling (patterned).

Two-and-three-quarter yards of 36in. terry-towelling (plain) for lining.

Six yards of 1in. tape, ribbon, or bias binding for edges and tie tapes.

The wrap is made from four pieces of material, two patterned and two plain (for the lining); plus 1in. tape or ribbon for binding edges and two tie tapes.

The wrap fits all sizes from 30in. to 38in. bust.

Half-inch turnings are allowed on all seams.

WORN muu-muu style (above), the wrap is excellent to wear to and from the beach.

HOW TO CUT

If the material has a one-way design (as illustrated), cut it in half from selvedge to selvedge and place the two halves together, wrong sides facing, with the design on both sides running in the same direction. Otherwise, simply fold the material back double.

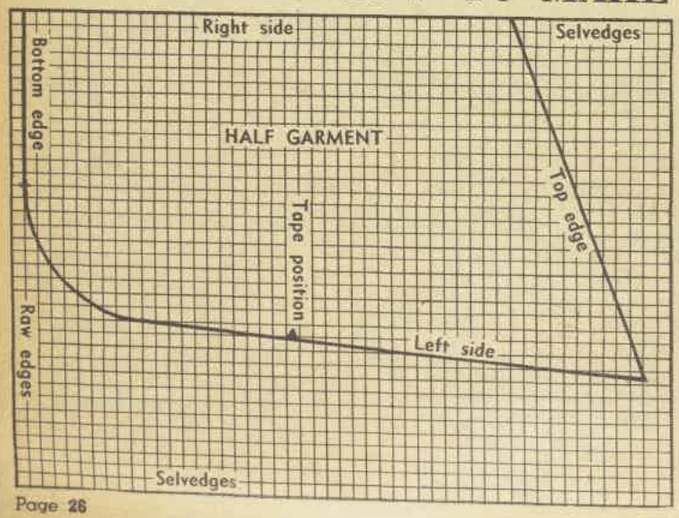
With tailor's chalk or pencil, mark the half garment shape on the material, following the diagram (below left). Each square represents one inch.

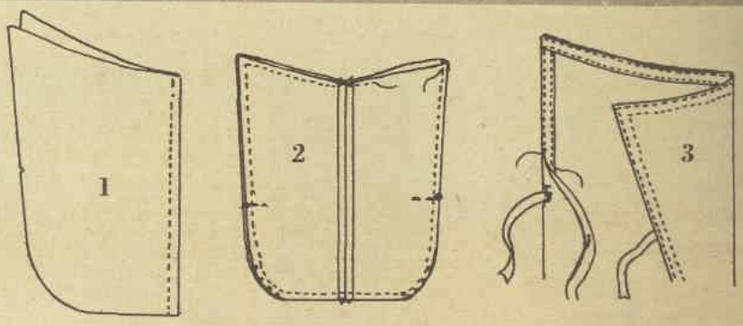
Pin the two thicknesses of material together and cut around the lines and into the notches indicating tie-tape positions.

Cut out the lining in the same way.

NOW it's a towel; can also be used for sunning or just beach-sitting.

HOW TO MAKE





1 With right sides of material facing, sew the two patterned pieces together down the right side seam. Repeat this with the lining. Press seams flat.

2 Place the patterned piece against the lining (with right sides of material facing), matching seams and notches. Stitch together round the outer edge, leaving a small space at the top to turn right side out. Trim the two corners and cut notches around the curved edges.

3 Turn right side out and slip-stitch open seam edges together. Press all edges flat. Cut two 13in. lengths of tape for ties, tack into position at right angles to the material, as illustrated. Tack tape down sides and lower edge of the garment, and machine into position at both edges, covering and holding in place the ends of the ties. (Stitch on the tape side, using cotton to match the tape in the needle, and cotton to match the lining in the bobbin.) Sew remaining tape along top of wrap.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933300

BREEZE CAPS

3-in-1 pattern

● Here we present our three-in-one spring cap pattern, budget-priced at 3/6. The three versions, all chic and easy to make, are designed to keep hairdos smooth or hair-rollers concealed. Panel below tells how to order.

More designs overleaf

DRAPED CAP (above) designed to cover bouffant hair or rollers. The material is coin-spotted cotton. Requires ⅝yd. 36in. material. No. 7592, three-in-one pattern, price 3/6.

OUTMANOEUVRE spring breezes in the close-fitting cap above. Cap requires ½yd. 36in. white cotton.

FETCHING Dutch bonnet (right) designed to keep hair prettily in place. Cap requires ⅝yd. 36in. material.

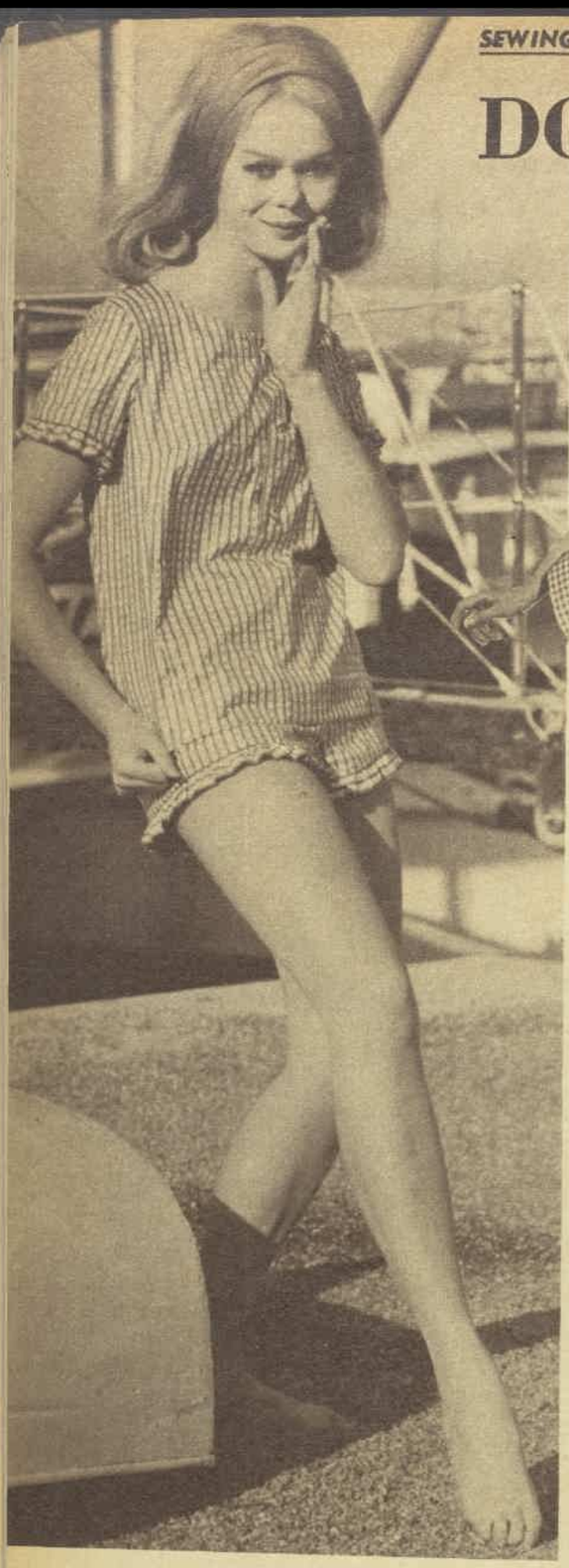
HOW TO ORDER

● *Orders for our three-in-one cap pattern No. 7592 should be addressed to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. When ordering please quote pattern No. 7592. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933301

DOWN TO THE SEA IN FRILLS

● The feminine look has reached the beach, and some of the prettiest beach and sun fashions are ruffle-trimmed. The beach slip-over is news, and that perennial favorite—top and matching shorts—is again a summer basic. Paper patterns are available for each of these three designs. See how to order below.



7684. — Beach slip-over and matching head scarf (above). The slip is outlined back and front with a self-ruffle, the scarf with cotton eyelet edging. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3¼ yds. 36in. material and 2yds. white cotton eyelet edging. Price 3/9.

7665. — Play it cool for summer in a slim tunic-top and brief matching ruffle - trimmed shorts (above). The suit is in striped and dotted cotton; would look wonderful, too, in a splashy flower print. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

7667. — Sleeveless frill-trimmed dress for the beach (right) has a figure-flattering silhouette. The dress is pretty enough to wear dancing, too. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material for dress and 2¾yds. 36in. material for frilly skirt trim. Pattern price 3/9.

HOW TO ORDER

● Address pattern orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Be sure to state pattern number and size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933302

THE PARTY CAPE-HOOD

● **News for partygoers is this glamorous misty-white cape-hood. Can be worn two ways, over the head or around the shoulders as a light summer wrap.**

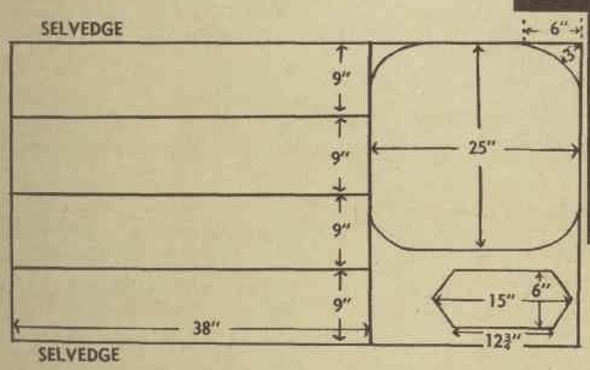
***WHITE ORGANDIE** cape-hood timed for twilight as an entrance-maker. Other colors to consider: orange-ice, sky-blue.*

YOU WILL NEED

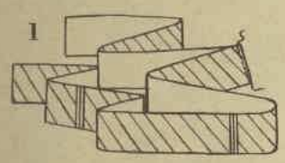
1¾yds. 36in. organdie.

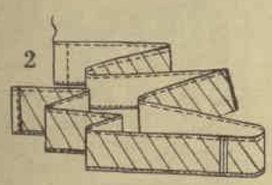
HOW TO CUT

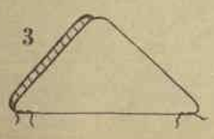
(Scale of diagram below is half inch to 9in. material.) Open out material to single width. Cut four strips 38in. long and 9in. wide for the frill. Cut centre piece 25in. by 25in., shaping each corner for a depth of 6in. at sides and 3in. at centre of curve. Cut bow piece 6in. wide, 15in. long at centre and 12¾in. long at each side, forming a point at each end. Quarter-inch turnings are allowed on all seams.



HOW TO MAKE







1. Join four frill pieces in one length.

2. Turn a narrow double hem around one long edge and two short edges of frill, and machine. Gather remaining raw edge.

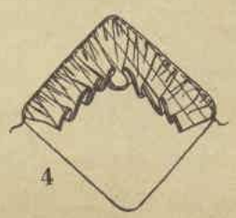
3. Fold centre piece in half diagonally, bringing folded edge on true bias of material. Mark fold at each corner.

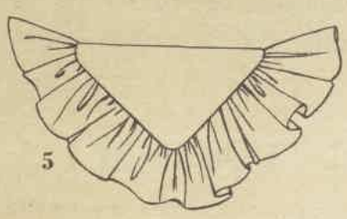
4. Place frill over outside edge of one half of centre piece, with right sides of material together. Draw up gathering on frill to fit between marks on centre piece, and stitch frill to centre piece.

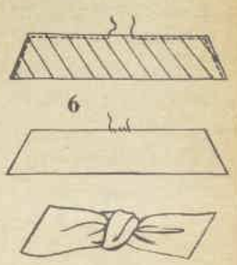
5. Fold loose edge of centre piece over so that wrong sides of material are together, turn in raw edges, and hem to cover raw edge of frill.

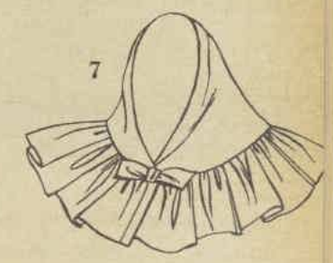
6. Fold bow piece in half, right sides of material together, and stitch around outer edges, leaving a small opening. Turn right side out and close opening. Loop to make a loose knot at centre.

7. Sew bow to right-hand side of cape-hood at junction of centre piece and frill. Cross right front over left and fasten with hooks and loops.









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That First Dance

A short short story

By RUTH MACFARLANE

HER father opened the door of the car for her. "I don't suppose you want me to come in with you, Sally?" A shiver of embarrassment went through her at the very thought. She smiled an airy smile at him. "Really, Dad!"

"Well, have a good time, dear, and don't forget—ring up if you want me to call for you." It was kind of him to leave out "if no one asks you."

The school lights shone strangely in the dark and she looked for a girl-friend among the chattering groups walking up the stairs. All the way in the car she had pretended not to be going to the dance. Instead she was twenty and sophisticated, a little bored with her hectic social life, and out for a drive to see how the rest of the world lived.

She was undecided for a while whether to wear her red silk dress with a strap on one shoulder only or black lace with a straight skirt. She eventually decided in favor of the black; it seemed more mysterious. A man waiting for the traffic lights stared at her as the car went past him, and she turned to her father with a low, haunting laugh, though all she had said was, "It's funny, but it doesn't seem long since my first school social."

Now she could pretend no longer. Her dress was pale blue taffeta, with both shoulder straps securely anchored, and her cheeks were burning furiously under the light touch of powder her mother considered sufficient. They had nearly had a fight over her make-up. Her mother had exclaimed in horror over the gold-dust eye-shadow she had bought. "You're not going looking like a kewpie-doll," she said. "You look lovely just as you are." But she remained convinced that fourth and fifth form boys would rather dance with a kewpie-doll than a mouse-pretty girl.

In the cloak-room clusters of girls were excitedly complimenting each other on their appearance. "Sally!" screamed her best friend. "Quick, help me! My petticoat's showing a mile!" Dorothy had been to three dances before —twice with a real partner. Dorothy knew lots of the boys at school, too. They spoke to her as they passed in the corridor, and laughed and talked with her at sports meetings. Sometimes they said hello to Sally, too, but that was only when she was with Dorothy. By herself she used to pretend she hadn't seen them. Mostly she was a dedicated authoress with no time for men.

The girls came in a rush through one door of the cloak-room, the most daring tripping down to the other end of the room to sit. Sally and Dorothy sat together on a bench, smoothing out their skirts and patting their hair.

The school band started to play and then the boys drifted in the other door, afraid to stay outside any longer, the headmistress was giving them such looks. Those who had been to the dancing class walked purposefully up to the girls they knew, and the dance began. The girls who were left moved closer to each other for protection and smiled their congratulations to the lucky ones, who weren't really looking anyway.

Still Sally sat, keeping up her sophisticated look. It consoled her somewhat. She managed a wry smile for Dorothy as she danced past with David Peters, captain of the junior football team. If Dorothy told him how nice she was and he came and asked her for the next dance, she'd kill Dorothy! But the dance ended and David went over to another girl, who had on a thick coating of blue eye-shadow.

She stared at the floor in front of her till a pair of black, shiny shoes and red socks stopped in front of her. Sudden hope dawned, till she saw Bill Evans' face. At the last dance he had followed Dorothy round all night, like "a red-faced lobster," Dorothy said. Sally had given her advice on how to get rid of him. Still, it was better dancing with him than sitting under the consoling gazes of the teachers and her friends.

Sally was lost in a world of sheer enchantment as she danced with John.

When it ended, he left her on the wrong side of the room. Before she could make her way back a tall boy standing near her said hesitantly, "Would you dance with me next, Sally?" The world suddenly became gay and beautiful. John Herman was a sixth-former!

"I'll be over the other side," she said, and beamed at him. No one could label John Herman as "a drip." Sally sat in the centre of a group of girls and smiled. "I think John Herman's going to ask me to dance." She might have said "the headmaster and I are going to elope" from the looks on their faces.

"But he's a sixth-former!" Her best friend looked embarrassed for her. The others smiled kindly, but unbelievingly. Their awed faces as she danced off made up for all the agony of the first half-hour.

Sally decided never to mention that her father and Mr. Herman worked together. They had probably talked about the dance at work. She tried not to notice that John danced a bit jerkily and avoided all mention of parents. She kept her brightest smiles and conversation for the side of the room on which her girl-friends sat, and clapped with real enthusiasm when the dance was over.

The glow lasted through another sat-out dance, and even through another with Bill Evans. She began to feel kindly toward him. Not many boys had supper with the girls anyway, and an unknown boy asked her to dance straight afterwards.

When the last dance started she felt suddenly tired—it would be nice to ring Dad and go home in the car. If only it wasn't an admission of the ultimate failure.

Dorothy waltzed over. David Peters was taking her home, so when Bill Evans came and asked her she accepted. She wouldn't ask him in, so Mum and Dad could imagine him as handsome as they liked. Bill had nice manners anyway; he helped her on with her coat.

They waved goodbye to the rest and off they went on the long walk to the tram stop—the sophisticated, slightly bored young woman and her escort, she bending a little at the waist to make sure he looked taller.

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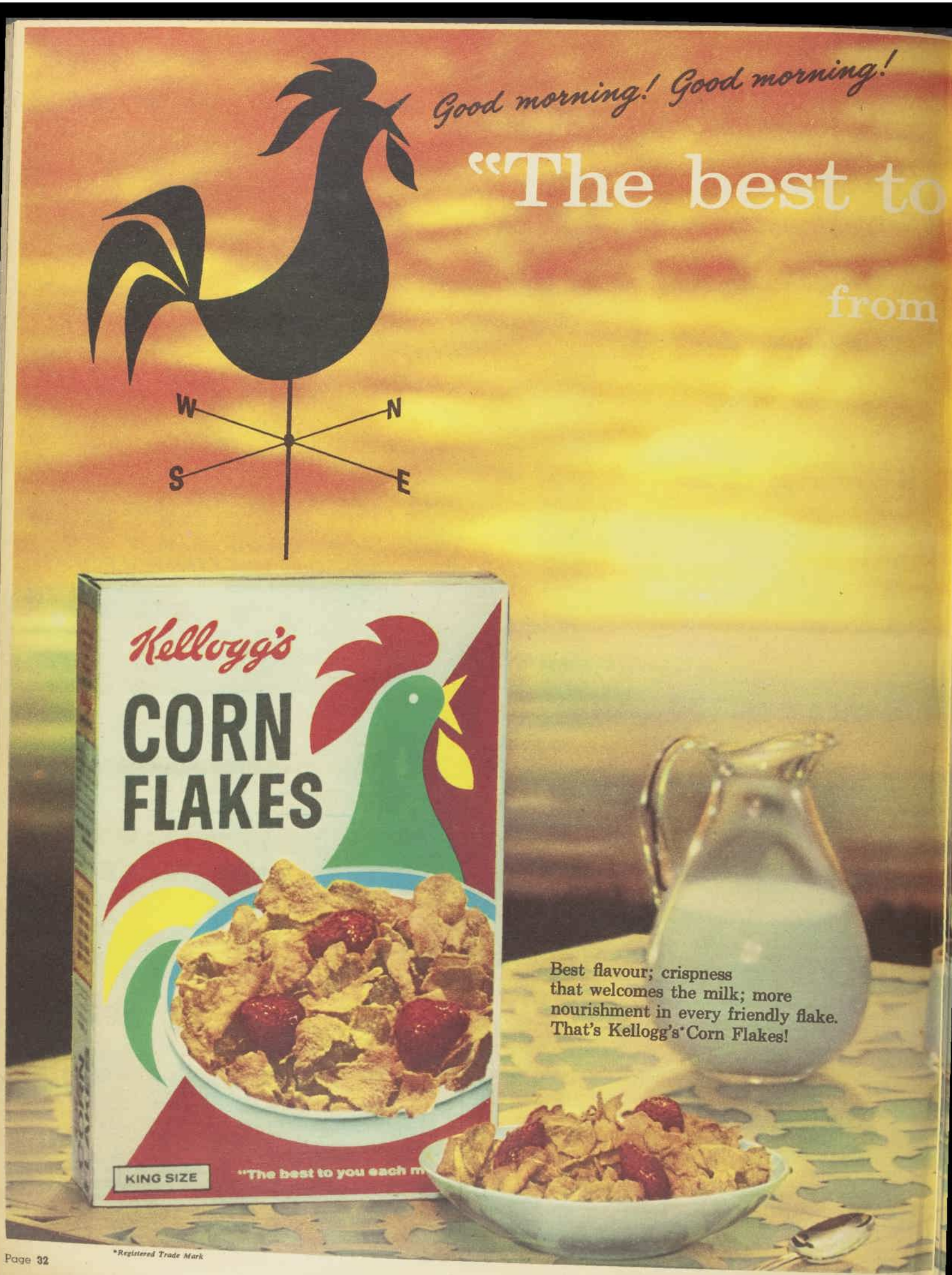

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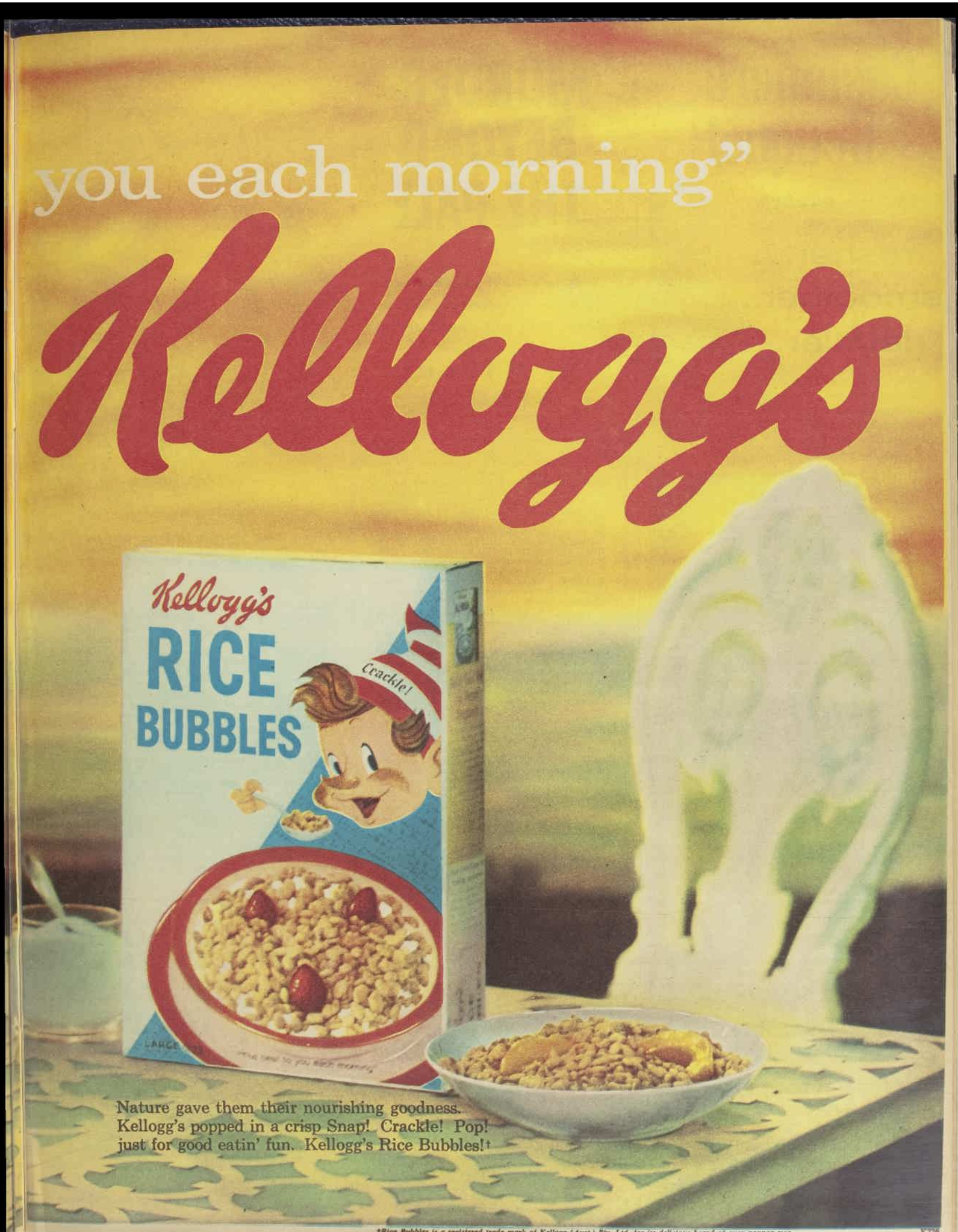
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WBD12-4

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

Grogan's theory is shattered by an unexpected report . . . part four of our serial

By MARGOT NEVILLE

THE peace of the seaside resort Bishop's Bay had been disrupted when BORIS McEVOY's body had been discovered by his young wife, VIRGINIA, in their bedroom, when ALISON BURDETT had rushed in to tell them she had found MISS ETHEL HOCKING'S alsatian, LARRY, had been drowned. As Boris had threatened to kill the dog for raiding his poultry, DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN and DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING at first suspected Miss Hocking, but later transferred their suspicions to STEPHEN TALBOT, Virginia's first husband, whom Alison had seen earlier that morning in the McEvoy's house.

Virginia had told the detectives how she had gone up to town to meet Stephen to arrange about sharing their possessions which had arrived by ship from Singapore, but they later upset her tale by saying the cargo had not been unloaded because of a wharf strike. She then admitted she had spent the time shopping, attending a movie, and visiting the Zoo. Boris had always been mean and she hadn't wanted to waste the money he had given her to go to town.

Other neighbors involved in the investigation, widower JEFFREY CORNWALL and EDWARD and JANE FRY, retired schoolteachers, gather at the home of TOBY and NORAH PRITCHARD to discuss the proceedings. Toby's secretary, Alison, had been helping to get his late mother's house ready for sale and had found a note written by the old lady saying, "Not the boatshed. Boris suspects." After Norah had showed it to the detectives Alison learns the word "suspects" had been changed to "suggests."

Later, Grogan and Manning question Toby and find he had given Virginia a lift to town twice the week before and taken her to lunch each time. NOW READ ON:

"You'd say, then, McEvoy wasn't too fond of his brother-in-law?" Grogan thoughtfully asked Jeffrey Cornwall.

THE importance the detectives placed on Toby's disclosure was shown by the flat, accusing tone in which the sergeant said: "And to the Zoo on the Friday."

Toby nodded. Grogan thought, "Larry loping like one of those wolves in their run at Taronga Park," this bloke had said yesterday, as if he'd seen 'em recently. Nice when a longshot came home!

He tried a longer shot with nothing to go on. "And the lunch you gave her was at your flat at Vaucluse?"

"Yes."

"Not at a restaurant."

"Not at a restaurant. No. Go on, old boy! My wife being absent? Yes. Shut up there, just the two of us! Fatal love affair—broken homes—broken hearts—murder to follow, etc., etc., etc." Sobering and swaying by turns, Toby burlesqued the police line.

"Fatal enough to have the both of you keep it dark from her husband," Manning observed.

"But not from my wife," Toby shouted. "The point is——" Standing behind his chair, he gripped the back of it as though for succor: "The point is," he repeated with the precision of the near drunk, "—and my wife knows it, don't you, darling?—that I've never given a serious thought to Virginia McEvoy in my life. She was waiting for the bus to take her to the station and I picked her up in my car and drove her to town. I am on holiday, but I had some business I had to see to at the office that day. She explained that her appointment with this fellow Talbot had fallen through and— Well. Right. I'm not pretending that a little jaunt like that comes amiss on a working day, but as for anything more than that— It's simply not my line of country, is it, darling?"

He stopped, and, as though ashtrays and saucers were not plentifully to hand, carried his cigarette end carefully over to the sink, trod on a plate, cracked it across, and teetered on the brink of worse disasters among saucepans and bowls. Norah winced and drew in a hissing breath between clenched teeth.

Grogan thought: More breakages! But not to prevent mention of a damning item of shipping news this time! And he thought, too, glancing at Norah, that lots of people—even old Les himself—might believe this bloke was as little interested in the girl as he claimed, but his wife wasn't one of 'em!

Norah got to her feet. She put up her arms and pulled tighter the ribbon that tied her auburn hair at the nape. Her hands were trembling and her eyes darted from Toby to the two policemen. Two hot spots of color burned on her cheeks.

"Well," she inquired, "is that all? Is this 'confession' to enter the police records as having something to do with Boris McEvoy's death? An insignificant meeting between the dead man's wife and a friend!"

Grogan pushed his coffee aside and looked up at her. "Look, Mrs. Pritchard, it wasn't that insignificant in your mind."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, it was significant enough to make you monkey about with the warning written by your mother-in-law in that book, when Miss Burdett insisted on us being shown it. To change 'Boris suspects' to 'Boris suggests.' "

Alison felt her face redden as she realised what a simpleton she'd been. Fancy imagining he hadn't noticed the brick she'd dropped and her attempted recovery this afternoon!

Norah's head jerked back as though dodging a blow. She flung a glance loaded with reproach at Alison, but instantly rallied and fought back.

"Yes, I changed it. True, I did. Whether it meant anything to me or not is beside the point. I knew the way the police's mind would work."

"And rightly, too. It's a possibility, isn't it, that Boris was suspecting someone of something, and that the intrigue—whatever it might be—led to his death?"

Manning's sad glance swivelled to Toby. "Had you been in the habit o' meetin' the young lady in the boatshed?"

"The boatshed?" Toby repeated, as though not quite clear as to what or where it was. "You mean that dilapidated lean-to filled with sand and oyster shells? Good grief! A month ago when my mother scribbled those words I was hardly aware of Virgina McEvoy's existence."

"Hardly aware of her existence?" Grogan said. "Look, Mr. Pritchard, Mrs. McEvoy's been married and living at the Bay for six months, a close neighbor of your mother and you were a regular visitor down here, weekends, and that—"

"I deny that. That's absolutely not so. I haven't slept

To page 69

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Macaroni Cheese Tropical

make it with Cheese and

MACARONI CHEESE TROPICAL

1 tablespoon butter, 1 level tablespoon flour, half pint milk, salt, pepper, cayenne, one can GOLDEN CIRCLE SLICED PINEAPPLE, 6 ozs. (1½ cups) grated MATURED CHEESE, ½ cup chopped onion, ¼ cup chopped red capsicum, ½ cup diced celery, ¼ cup cooked green peas, ¼ pound bacon crisply fried, ¼ pound macaroni cooked tender in salted water, knob of butter added.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in the flour, cook for several minutes, then gradually add the milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Season to taste with salt, pepper, cayenne. Add one cup of the grated cheese and one slice of pineapple crushed. Fry the onion, capsicum and celery lightly in butter. Mix them in together with the peas and bacon. Fold through the macaroni, pour into oven-proof dish, top with remaining cheese and bake golden brown. Then top with remaining pineapple and return to warm oven until serving time.

Try this hearty-tasting family favourite with an exciting tropic-style difference! Dramatise the satisfying nourishment of cheese-tasty macaroni with the sweet contrast of tropical pineapple. It's surprisingly delicious! A zestful, flavoursome way to add Vitamin C to a thrifty, high-protein dinner.

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A tasty taste for barbeques
TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

1 tblsp. Keen's Mustard • 1 cup salad oil • 2 tblsps. sugar • 1 tblsp. grated onion • ½ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 1 tblsp. chopped green pepper (optional) • ½ can condensed Tomato Soup • ½ tsp. pepper • 1 tsp. salt.

Mix dry ingredients in large wide-topped bottle. Stir in salad oil, add onion, green pepper and let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Add vinegar and soup. Cover tightly and shake well until thick and blended. A mouth-watering addition to any meal—indoors or out.

A zesty lift for salads
MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1 tblsp. Keen's Mustard • 1½ cups milk • 3 tblsps. sugar • ½ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 4 tblsps. flour • 2 eggs • ½ tsp. salt • 2 tblsps. butter • few grains of cayenne.

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler, slowly add vinegar and eggs (beaten). Then add milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Cook 15 minutes longer. Remove from heat and add the butter.

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Fashion slaves

WHAT has happened to woman's individuality? Everywhere one looks one sees girls and women with their hair done in the same style and their clothes as alike as is possible to get. Once the prime consideration was to be different from one's sisters; now it seems the most important thing is to look the same as everyone else. If navy is the fashionable color for the season, then you all must wear navy. If high bouffant hairstyles are in, then everyone must adopt that look. My praise will always go to the female who does not slavishly follow every fashion dictate.

£1/1/- to B. Carter, Bondi, N.S.W.

Big step for migrants

RECENTLY I was privileged to attend a naturalisation ceremony for the first time. As the question "Do you renounce all allegiance to any other country?" was put to the candidates, I couldn't help wondering how many of us would be prepared to answer, "Yes," if similarly placed. I know I, for one, will think twice in future before criticising migrants who do not wish to take the oath.

£1/1/- to "Freedom" (name supplied), Port Fairy, Vic.

At two, she's mother's helper

HAVE I a willing helper in the making? My daughter, who has just turned two, finds a teatowel, pulls up a chair, and stands there waiting to wipe every time I start packing the dishes to wash up. She loves wiping her baby brother's dishes and her own most of all. I'm looking forward to the day I can sit back and let them both do the dishes on their own.

£1/1/- to M. J. Brooks, Sefton Park, S.A.

Smoking in crowds

WHILE standing in a bottleneck at the top of a busy store's escalator, the lady next to me had the neck of her frock badly singed by a woman holding a lighted cigarette in her hand. Surely it's in extremely bad taste to go about city stores smoking.

£1/1/- to "Raffles" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

Distractions from beauty

I AM amazed that park benches are still painted in brilliant and gaudy colors. The trees and gardens should be the attraction. If the benches are in muted grey-green colors, they will not disturb the effect the gardeners have created. Other park furniture—shelters, bins, fences—should melt into the background. Let nature be enjoyed without distractions.

£1/1/- to "Jaybee" (name supplied), Balgowlah, N.S.W.

The bookworms

"ANY SOLUTION" (N.S.W.) asks what she can do about her silent, bookworm husband. As we sat down to breakfast the day after we were married, my husband gave me one of the newspapers and we had a silent and pleasant meal. Now, 10 years later, our table isn't "set" unless reading matter is at hand. Follow your husband's example; you'll feel relaxed and speak only when necessary.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. A. Noble, Saint Lucia, Qld.

★ ★ ★

TRY sitting down to a quiet night's letter-writing; it works every time with me. As soon as I begin to write my husband strikes up a conversation and I discuss all the bits and pieces I've had lined up for days. As he's in a talking mood, we usually have a cosy night yarning.

£1/1/- to "In The Same Boat" (name supplied), Canberra, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

THANK your lucky stars you have quietness to contend with. My husband is learning to play the tenor saxophone, which he practises in the kitchen as soon as he comes home from work, forcing conversation with the children to shouting level. I sigh with relief when the children are in bed and my husband has gone to play in an orchestra.

£1/1/- to "Saxie's Sweetheart" (name supplied), Bendigo, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I SUGGEST you hide your husband's reading matter. This should result in a really lively flow of words, and even an argument is better than dead silence at times.

£1/1/- to "Anything for a Noisy Life" (name supplied), Loftus, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

THE only way to worm a little conversation from your partner is to take up reading yourself. Be sure to read the same books as your husband, then surprise him with your knowledge of his reading matter. This will flatter his ego and supply you with conversation and companionship.

£1/1/- to "J.M." (name supplied), Nth. Narrabeen, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

WITH warmer weather coming, I shall have to get up-to-date with the latest names and models of ice-cream.

The changes of titles and styling have led me into many confusions in the past. I go into a shop with instructions to get Polar Pops and come out with Arctic Pies, or the other way round.

It is a tricky job taking a family-sized order for ice-creams, not to mention ice-blocks and the other cold things that come on sticks.

A waitress told me once: "I had a hectic time in the war when the manpower put me in the Railway Refreshment Rooms." I know what she went through, when I am trying to get two Cosmic Chocs, two Strawberry Sputniks, one Frosty Frog, and so on.

Ice-cream is in demand in winter as well as summer, of course. We went for a walk on the beach lately on a bleak, windy afternoon, and everyone wanted ice-cream.

It was a large party, as we had with us Millie Watt, the electrician's daughter, Mervyn McMinn, and Diana Wafflex.

I scream, you scream

The snag was we had no bib for our youngest daughter. If you have seen a two-year-old child eating ice-cream without a bib, you will understand the problem.

After brooding on it, my wife announced: "You can have ice-creams, but we'll buy them near home so we can get a bib in time."

We pulled up at a local shop and I took the order—two Chill-a-Chocs, one Double Bunger, one Frigid Heart, two Blizzard Bats, and an Arctic Pie.

Someone pointed out that Millie Watt's twin sister, Minnie Watt, would be upset if we didn't bring her an ice-cream. So would Diana Waffle's brother Henry. I added two Polar Pops to the list.

They had no Blizzard Bats in the shop, so I got Space Cones instead, on my own initiative. Mervyn McMinn and my daughter, 9, were not too happy about it.

Close as we were to home, it was not close enough. Baby spilled half an Arctic Pie on her cardigan before her bib could be tied.

Minnie Watt and Henry Waffle were pleased with their windfall Polar Pops. But Marilyn Smith and Wayne Clotwood, who were playing with them, looked mournful at missing out.

"Hang it, I can't buy ice-creams for the whole district!" I said.

So much for the winter situation. The peak period lies ahead.

Soon chaps who sell ice-cream from cars will be coming down the street on Sunday ringing bells.

Frantic yells of "Can we have an ice-cream?" I have to make a snap decision, weighing instantly such questions as: When did they last have ice-creams? Is it too close to lunch? Have I got any change? And if I refuse I am labelled a stinge, in the good old summer time.

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SMALL CAKES AND BISCUITS

● Prettily iced and decorated small cakes and biscuits are probably the most popular delicacies the home kitchen can produce. This feature contains dozens of recipes for making them in many shapes and colors.

THERE are recipes for small cakes and biscuits for every occasion, from lunch-box meals to dainty afternoon teas and suppers. Some of them are new and others are old favorites that have been given a "face-lift."

Basic recipes for mixtures suitable for small cakes and for icings begin below. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measures are used in all the recipes.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

BASIC SPONGE CAKE

Four ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, pinch salt, 3 eggs (separated), 4oz. sugar, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in 3 tablespoons warm water, 1 dessertspoon butter (melted).

Grease and lightly flour pair of sandwich-tins 7 or 8in. in diameter or lamington-tin. Sift flour, cream of tartar, salt. When separating egg-whites from yolks be sure to keep yolks whole. Beat egg-whites stiffly, add sugar gradually. Add yolks one at a time, continue beating until mixture is stiff. Stir in sifted flour, then add soda dissolved in warm water and melted butter. Mix lightly and evenly. Pour into prepared tins, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Allow to cool on wire rack.

BASIC CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon raspberry jam, boiling water, 8oz. self-raising flour, scant half cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Mix cocoa and raspberry jam to smooth paste with little boiling water; cool, add to butter, sugar, and egg mixture. Sift flour at least 3 times, add it to mixture alternately with milk. Bake in greased lamington-tin or 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins about 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven. Allow to cool.

BASIC BUTTER CAKE No. 1

Four ounces butter, 4 oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour (or 8oz. flour and 4 teaspoons baking-powder), pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla, then add eggs one at a time; mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into greased shallow lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes or until lightly browned and cooked through. Allow to cool few minutes in tin before turning out on to cake-cooler. Cool completely before cutting up into various shapes.

Variations

Light Fruit Cake: Add 6oz. mixed fruit, ½ teaspoon each spice, nutmeg, and grated lemon rind.

Orange Cake: Omit vanilla. Cream grated rind of 1 orange with the sugar.

Seed Cake: Add ½oz. caraway seeds and 2 tablespoons finely shredded peel.

Marble Cake: Divide mixture into 3 portions. Color one portion pink, fold 1½ tablespoons of cocoa blended with 1 tablespoon of warm milk into second portion, leave third portion plain. Spoon the mixtures alternately in tin, then drop tin sharply on table once or twice to dispose of any air spaces between the 3 mixtures.

BASIC BUTTER CAKE No. 2

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. flour, 2 eggs, 4oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, extra 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder.

Cream butter or substitute and gradually beat in sifted flour; beat until mixture is white and smooth. Beat eggs, add sugar slowly and beat until sugar dissolves. Gradually add to the butter and flour mixture. Stir in vanilla essence. Add the extra flour sifted with baking-powder; mix lightly through. Fill into greased and lightly floured lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes.

LAMINGTONS can be made from basic butter or sponge cake or left-over cake pieces. Vary the traditional chocolate-and-white theme occasionally with pastel-colored icing and coconut.

BASIC WARM ICING
(Glace Icing)

Six ounces icing-sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, flavoring (vanilla or any other essence or grated fruit rind), coloring.

Roll and sift icing-sugar, place it in small saucepan. Add boiling water gradually and mix thoroughly with wooden spoon. Stir over very low heat until icing softens to smooth, flowing consistency. (Icing must not be allowed to become too thin or it will run off the cake.) Add flavoring and coloring, then pour icing over cake, smoothing the surface quickly with knifeblade dipped in hot water. Allow to become quite firm before cutting.

Variations

Orange Warm Icing: Add grated rind of 1 medium orange and use some orange juice instead of water to mix.

Chocolate Warm Icing: Add 1 tablespoon cocoa, mixed and sifted with the icing-sugar. Avoid overheating, which tends to dull surface of chocolate icing.

Coffee Warm Icing: Substitute 1 dessertspoon coffee essence for 1 dessertspoon of water used for mixing.

Mocha: Add 1 tablespoon cocoa to the sifted icing-sugar and mix in 1 teaspoon coffee essence with the liquid.

Passionfruit: Sift icing-sugar into bowl and mix to a stiff paste with juice and pulp of 2 or 3 passionfruit (depending on size of fruit).

Lemon: Add grated rind of half a lemon and use half lemon juice and half water to mix the icing.

Tutti-Frutti: Use mixture of orange and lemon juice and water to mix into sifted icing-sugar. Add grated rind of half lemon, half orange, and pulp of 2 passionfruit.

Coconut: Fold into prepared icing 2 tablespoons desiccated coconut and few drops of almond or grenadine essence.

Continued overleaf

HOW TO ICE AND DECORATE LAMINGTONS

● Bake basic cake mixture (use any of the four recipes above) in lamington-tin or shallow square tin. Bake the day before required so cake will slice without excessive crumbling. A large, sharp smooth-bladed knife (right) is best for cutting.

● Depending on number of lamingtons required, make double or treble amount of basic warm icing (recipe above), using chocolate variation. Place basin over saucepan of hot water so icing won't harden while using. Place cake on fork, dip into icing or spoon icing over cake.

● Let icing set slightly on cake, then toss in coconut. Place on wire rack to dry. Use white or colored coconut (made by placing few drops food coloring in small basin of coconut and rubbing in with fingertips). Or toast coconut in slow oven to desired shade.

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CHERRY DIAMONDS.

CROOKED MILE.

ALMOND GLACE.

SNOWBALLS.

STARLIGHTS.

SUNRISE WEDGES.

RASPBERRY ROUGHS.

LAYERED BARS.

PORCUPINES.

SPRINGTIME BOUQUET: *Assortment of pastel-shaded petit fours decorated with fresh spring flowers make an attractive Victorian posy for an afternoon tea-table centrepiece. See opposite page for all these cake recipes.*

MOONBEAMS.

TWO-TONE ROUNDS.

HONEY WONDERS

CHERRY RIPE.

SPIRALS.

RUBY ROUNDS.

CHOCOLATE DOMES.

COCONUT DREAMS.

MALLOWS.

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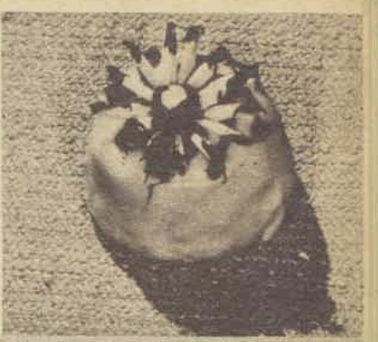
1. BUTTERCUP FANCIES

2. SNOWCAP TRIANGLES

3. FEATHERTOP WINGS



4. ALMOND SPIKES

BELOW are more cake recipes, including two basic patty-cake recipes, and the methods of making and decorating the small cakes shown on these two pages.

ECONOMICAL PATTY CAKES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until it is soft and white, then add unbeaten eggs one at a time, and beat until they are well mixed. Add the milk alternately with the sifted flour and salt, mixing smoothly and evenly without beating. Fill into greased patty-tins, a heaped teaspoonful at a time. Bake in hot oven until firm to touch and lightly browned or test by thrusting in fine steel knitting needle or skewer which should come out free of cake mixture. Quantities above will make about 2 dozen cakes.

RICH PATTY CAKES

Half pound butter, ½lb. castor-sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, good ¼ cup milk, 3 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter until it is soft, gradually add sugar and vanilla, and beat until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each one is added. Fold in milk alternately with sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt. Fill into greased patty-tins, bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Quantities above make about 3 dozen cakes.

PETIT FOURS

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 8oz. flour, 4 extra tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder.

Beat butter to a cream, gradually add sifted flour, continue beating until creamy. Whip eggs until thick, with sugar, vanilla. Gradually add to creamed butter and flour mixture. Lastly add extra flour which has been sifted with baking-powder. Fill into well-greased slab-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes.

To Ice and Decorate: Cut cake into fancy shapes with as little waste as possible. Place on cake-cooler over plate or basin to catch excess icing as each cake is covered. Spoon icing over cakes, varying colors and flavors as desired. Decorate with piped flowers, marzipan fruits, or glace fruits.

Marzipan Fruits: Mould small pieces of almond paste into apple, pear, and banana shapes. Tint fruits their natural colors with small paint brush and food coloring (diluted with water if desired).

Glace Fruits: Use strawberries, mandarin sections, grapes, or cherries. Place 2 tablespoons sugar in saucepan, add sufficient water to dissolve sugar; simmer until it turns very light honey color. Cool slightly, dip fruits in one at a time. Place on greased plate, dust with crystal sugar. These fruits will not keep long, so should be prepared as required.

Crystallised Flowers: Lightly brush small flowers or single petals with egg-white (unbeaten), then dredge with crystal sugar. Dry carefully on waxed paper in warm place.

FANCY SHAPES

Springtime Bouquet: This is shown in the centre opposite. Use a basic butter cake or the petit fours recipe above. Cut out the cake pieces, ice with pastel-shaded icing and decorate as suggested in the petit fours recipe. A ribbon, sprigs of greenery, and fresh flowers were also used in the posy shown.

Cherry Diamonds: Cut diamond shapes from basic butter cake. Ice with pastel-colored basic glace icing and sprinkle sides with contrasting colored coconut. Arrange cherry slices and extra coconut on top.

Crooked Mile: Cook economical patty-cake mixture in heated gem-irons. When cold coat with pastel-colored basic glace icing and quickly pipe zigzag design on top with colored icing which has been placed in paper cone.

Almond Glace: Using basic chocolate cake mixture, cook small amounts in heated gem-irons or round-based patty-tins. When cold cover with chocolate glace icing. Decorate top with blanched almond halves and few dots of colored icing.

Snowballs: Cut 1½in. or 2in. circles from basic sponge layer and quickly spoon warm pink icing over top and sides so surface is as smooth as possible. Roll sides in slightly deeper-colored coconut, set aside to dry.

Starlights: Flavor basic butter cake with orange or lemon rind and use diluted fruit juice in place of water for basic icing. Cut cake into squares, pour icing over, and when dry decorate tops with almond halves and dark chocolate (melted over hot water to retain its shine).

Sunrise Wedges: Place fork in base of triangular-shaped pieces of basic butter cake. Dip into pastel-colored glace icing which is kept warm by placing basin over saucepan of hot water. Swirl fork partially to set icing, then coat sides with colored coconut. Decorate tops with almonds and cherries.

Raspberry Roughs: First coat squares of basic sponge or butter cake with pastel-colored basic glace icing, then decorate on top by spooning raspberry jam (or similar berry type jam) over top and sprinkling with white or colored coconut (obtainable in small-quantity packages for decorating purposes).

Layered Bars: Cut from basic cake mixture oblong shapes, then split each into 3 sections. Coat each layer with different colored icing, allowing some to drizzle down the sides. Join together, coat top with chocolate glace and sprinkle with shredded coconut.

Porcupines: Using 1½in. or 2in. scone-cutter, cut circle shapes from basic chocolate cake. Coat each round with chocolate glace icing (containing drop or two of paraffin for extra shine, if desired). Spoon a rough mound of thick white glace icing on top, stick slivers of blanched almonds over. Use remaining chocolate icing to coat some almond tips for variation.

Cherry Ripe: Add few chopped cherries to basic butter cake, bake as usual, and when cold cut into rounds. Cover each piece with pastel-colored glace icing, decorate tops with design of slices of glace cherry. Add extra coloring to remaining icing and glace cherry slices.

Spirals: Cut basic sponge cake into circles with as little waste as possible (to avoid excess crumbling make cake day before required). Coat with pastel-colored glace icing, roll sides in coconut. Decorate tops with melted chocolate or chocolate glace icing piped in spirals.

Ruby Rounds: Cut 2in. rounds from basic sponge cake. Flavor basic glace icing with a little grenadine essence, then coat top and sides of cake. Decorate in feather design with pieces of cherry cut into irregular shapes. Set aside to dry.

Chocolate Domes: Ice small chocolate cakes (baked in heated gem-irons) with chocolate glace icing. When set, spoon on little white glace icing, allowing it to run toward sides of cake. Arrange pieces of cherry on top, sprinkle with little coconut.

Coconut Dreams: Cut 2in. round from basic chocolate cake, coat all over with chocolate glace icing. Cut blanched almonds into strips, dip each end in melted chocolate or chocolate glace icing. Stick into cake and then sprinkle top with toasted coconut.

Moonbeams: Cut 2in. squares from basic sponge cake. Spoon pastel-colored glace icing over tops and sides of cakes and while still wet press shredded white coconut on sides. Cut glace cherries into quarters, arrange on top.

Two-tone Rounds: Cut 1½in. to 2in. rounds from basic chocolate cake and cover with white or pastel-colored glace icing. Decorate top with dots of chocolate glace icing and finely chopped almonds or walnuts.

Honey Wonders: Cut 1½in. to 2in. rounds from basic butter cake. Flavor glace icing with 1 teaspoon honey, pour quickly over cake. When icing has set, pipe few irregular lines and dots over top, decorate with coconut.

Mallows: Cut round pieces from basic butter cake, scoop little out of top with teaspoon. Press marshmallow in cavity, then coat with pastel-colored icing. Use deeper-colored icing or melted chocolate to pipe irregular lines on top, then sprinkle with shredded coconut.

Buttercup Fancies: Divide basic butter cake into squares of even size. Coat all over with lemon-colored glace icing, sprinkle toasted coconut round sides. Decorate with green glace icing.

Snowcap Triangles: Cut basic cake into triangular shapes. Cover completely with white glace icing to give a smooth effect. Decorate top with chocolate curls made by shaving chocolate on coarse section of grater.

Feathertop Wings: Cut basic sponge cake into even-sized squares. Coat each with white glace icing flavored with pineapple essence; sprinkle chopped nuts round sides. With chocolate glace icing, pipe feather design on top. Allow to dry.

Almond Spikes: Ice small round patty cakes all over with pale pink glace icing. With chocolate icing, pipe spiral on top. Dip tips of slivered almonds in melted chocolate or chocolate icing and press into cake in attractive design. Decorate centre with icing and almond half.

Rainbow Fingers: Cut sponge cake into oblong shapes, then divide each piece into 3 sections. Fill with different-colored icings, allowing some to drizzle down sides. Top with pink icing, raspberry jelly crystals, and green shredded coconut.

Coffee Walnut Squares: Flavor basic butter cake with coffee essence before baking. Cut into squares, top each with fluffy coffee vienna icing and finely chopped walnuts or any other nuts desired.

MORE SMALL CAKES

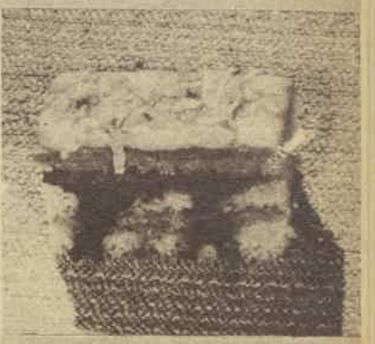
The following recipes give a wide range of small cakes suitable to serve on all occasions. Add them to your kitchen file.

ROSE CAKES

Three ounces flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 3oz. castor-sugar, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, chopped nuts, colored coconut.

Almond Paste: Two ounces ground almonds, 3 tablespoons icing-sugar, 1½ tablespoons castor-sugar, lemon juice, vanilla, water or milk to mix, pink coloring.

Melt butter or substitute, cool. Beat eggs and sugar over boiling water until mixture is pale in color and very thick (approximately 5 to 7 minutes). Fold in flour and baking-powder, then melted butter. Fill into greased patty-tins, bake in moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool slightly then remove from tins, place on cake-cooler. When cool, coat sides of cakes with warmed apricot jam, then coconut. Prepare almond paste; combine in bowl the ground almonds, icing-sugar, castor-sugar; mix to stiff paste with milk or water. Flavor with lemon juice and vanilla, color pale pink. Roll out thinly on board coated with sifted icing-sugar. Cut into rounds about 1in. in diameter, arrange circles round top of each cake to form flower. Place small dab of jam in centre, top with nuts.



5. RAINBOW FINGERS

6. COFFEE WALNUT SQUARES

SUGAR-'N-SPICE SQUARES

Syrup: Quarter cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 3 dessertspoons water.

Cake mixture: One-third cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2-3rds cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg-whites, 1¾ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Place all syrup ingredients in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Bring to boil, remove immediately from heat. Set aside to cool while preparing cake. Cream butter with sugar, add vanilla and milk alternately with sifted flour and salt, mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill mixture into greased lamington-tin or slab-tin. Trickle prepared cinnamon syrup over, cut through batter with blade of knife to produce marbled effect. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Turn out, cool on cake-cooler. Cut into squares, serve warm or cold.

APRICOT BASKETS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, vanilla, apricot halves (canned), apricot jam, coconut, ½ pint lemon jelly crystals, whipped sweetened cream, strips angelica.

Cream butter or substitute with vanilla and sugar, beat in eggs one at a time. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spoon into patty-tins, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Coat sides of cakes with jam, roll in coconut, place a drained apricot half (rounded side up) on each cake. Make apricot syrup up to 1 cup with water, bring to boil, stir into jelly crystals. Cool until slightly thick. Coat over apricot halves, decorate edges with cream. Make handles of angelica cut in 6in. strips.

More cake recipes on page 42

Biscuit recipes on page 41

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not a happy move

—and one that need never have been made had Dad had the A.M.P. behind him.
A.M.P. Family Protection Policies may be arranged to provide

- A home with the mortgage paid off
- A living income for dependants
- Money for the children's education

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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television

LORI MARTIN, of "National Velvet"

LORI MARTIN (above), the appealing 15-year-old who plays the role of Velvet Brown in "National Velvet," hates more than anything to be told she looks like Elizabeth Taylor.

Liz made her name as Velvet in the film version of "National Velvet" way back in 1944.

Those who remember the Liz Taylor of those days say there is simply no resemblance; but others are inclined to gush happily to Lori, telling her the exact opposite.

To all this comparison business, Lori says "nuts."

"I don't want to be referred to as a second Elizabeth Taylor," she said the other day. "I would never pattern myself after her. Nobody can be like somebody else. If some of my actions are like hers, it's because of my own personality, not anything I copied.

"I'd certainly like to be as good an actress as she is. She's an extra good actress. I'd love to meet her."

Lori's real-life family, photographed with her at left, are very proud of her. Father and mother are Russell and Dora Mae Menzer, of Burbank, California. Also in the picture are Lori's 18-year-old sister, Jean, and brother, Stephen, 13. Absent is Lori's twin sister, Doree, who is not the slightest bit like her.

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THE BEST TV SHOW IN THE WORLD

LEGS flying high, the Black-and-White Minstrels move happily through a routine, singing a medley of old favorites.

PENNY NICHOLLS, comedienne

Minstrel troupe for Australia

By BARBARA LAWSON, in London

● The B.B.C.'s "Black-and-White Minstrel Show," winner of last year's Golden Rose prize at Montreux for the world's best television show, will tour Australia this year.

BOB ANDREWS, comedian

THE show will open at Melbourne's Tivoli Theatre on October 5 on the first leg of an Australian and New Zealand tour.

Everything, right down to the last blackened face, will be identical to the prize-winning B.B.C.-TV show.

The show returns again to British screens in October after a record seven months' run before live audiences at the Victoria Palace Theatre, London.

Britain, probably more minstrel-mad than even the Americans, has been humming the same lilting chanties of Carolina, Alabama, and Dixie since the first American minstrels arrived in London some 60-odd years ago.

"So when George Mitchell and I produced our first Black-and-White Minstrel Show at the Earl's Court Radio Show five years ago we went off with a bang from the start," said George Inns, the quietly spoken 50-year-old producer of the show.

George (Inns) and choirmaster George (Mitchell) will fly to Australia a few weeks before the opening in Melbourne with a small specially selected cast of about 14.

Australian dancers who can also sing will be chosen to make up the 40-strong team for the show.

"We called our minstrels Black and White, because we didn't want to blacken up the girls' pretty faces," George Inns explained.

"This has never been done in a minstrel show before, where, of course, all faces are painted black. I think it's basically the secret of our success."

There's no doubt about it, the moment those girls come prancing on to the stage, their costumes crisp and colorful, their legs slender and long, a murmur of appreciation comes from the males — and the females—in the audience.

But it's the black-faced, loose-limbed men with their deep Southern voices who really bring the house down.

The quickfire, lightning speed of the show is due to George Inns' magnificent direction and the army of dressers who can get a dancer-singer in and out of her costume in 2¼ minutes flat.

Chief comedienne on the Australian tour is perky, London-born Penny Nicholls, who has been with "The Black-and-White Minstrel Show" since it first appeared as a stage show.

She has headed variety bills at the principal theatres, and has appeared as leading lady with Harry Secombe, Peter Sellers and the Goons, Dickie Henderson, Benny Hill, and other well-known artists.

On the trip she'll be accompanied by her husband-manager, Derek Harrison, who is also property master of the show.

"He looks after all the toppers and umbrellas . . . you know," said Penny, who, incidentally, is a natural blonde.

Even the natural fair-heads in the cast of nine blonde and nine brunette dancers and singers have to have their hair bleached white and bobbed short for the show.

Penny's "opposite number" in the show is experienced comedian Bob Andrews, who has already left for Australia with his wife, Ingrid, in the Oriana.

"There are two things I want most to do in Australia," Bob told me before he sailed.

"First, to see a Test match in Australia, instead of hearing it on radio in the cold, small hours of an English winter's morning.

"Second, I want to see, or hear a commentary on, the famous Melbourne Cup, and see for myself if all the buses, trams, and taxi-cabs really DO stop while the race is on."

Bob and Ingrid can hardly wait to arrive in Australia to see their sons, David (24) and Graham (21), who emigrated to Perth on their 17th birthdays.

"David works in the research and library department of one of Perth's newspapers, and is studying at the university there," said Bob.

"And Graham's a representative for a large car-manufacturing firm."

If Bob and his wife like Australia they plan to settle there with their sons.

The rest of the cast are equally as excited about their visit to Australia. Leading lady of the singers is lovely brunette Jackie Griffiths, and her "leading men" are featured vocalists Eric Whitley, Jeff Hudson, and Harry Currie.

A juggling act, "The D'Angolys," two "Pirates," and a twosome who call themselves "The Balkans" complete the 14 artists who will travel to Australia.

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: It seems that the big dream of every single girl is to marry a wealthy man; to live a life of ease surrounded by luxury—maids, butlers, cars; to turn down or keep on the string the steady hard-working boy next door in the hope of meeting the dashing millionaire. And men are exactly the same. How many times have you heard a male friend say, "I'm looking for a wealthy widow," and he can picture himself by the pool behind their beautiful home sipping a martini, with a lovely tan, just lolling around the rest of his life. I'll bet when you were young you at one time or another dreamed of the same thing. Right?

Momma's moral: Anybody who marries for money earns it.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 19, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

CANDY HARDY FROCK

● "Betty Anne" is the name of this frock specially selected for teenagers by Candy Hardy and available ready made or cut out ready to sew.

It features a slim skirt, slightly gathered at the waistline, and embroidered slit hip pockets.

In super faille no-iron poplin, it comes in a wonderful range of colors — turquoise, apricot-ice, champagne, lilac, polar-ice, pale pink, and junior-navy blue.

Prices: For sizes 32-34in. bust, £4/19/6 ready to wear, £3/12/9 cut out only, each plus 4/6 registered postage. For sizes 36-38in. bust, £5/3/6 ready to wear, £3/15/6 cut out only, each plus 4/6 registered postage.

Address orders to Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please write your name and address clearly and state size and color required (with second preference). Sorry — but no C.O.D. orders.

TEEN TV STARS TELL OF THEIR TROPICAL HOLIDAYS

—pages 4, 5

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Home economics important

I AM in fourth year at school and hope to matriculate when I pass my Leaving Certificate. One of my favorite subjects is Home Economics, but this is not accepted as a matriculation subject. My chances of attending university to qualify for the career I want are therefore lessened.

It is most disturbing to know that most people look down their noses at Home Economics and consider it to be just "whipping up some sort of meal and washing dishes."

Home Economics is much more than this, and is certainly not easy. Colloidal chemistry allows us to understand the structure of food and how it works, and nutrition enables us to calculate a balanced diet and maintain our health.

Surely this should be a matriculation subject. It is of great benefit both to the individual and our community. — *Judy Butler, Merewether, N.S.W.*

When to clap

I FIND it very irritating to have my enjoyment spoilt at the ballet by those maddening people who insist on clapping in the middle of a performance.

Clapping at the end of dances is acceptable, but to show your approval of a difficult step by clapping in the middle of a dance breaks the atmosphere and spoils the whole thing.

Surely it is the entire dance that you look at, not the individual steps, so why not show your feelings at the end of the dance?—*"Green Eyes," Caulfield South, Vic.*

New world

THE world would be such a different place if every country spoke the same language, used the same currency, had the same system of education, the same religion, the same cultures and customs.

It would end international war — but how very dull the world would be. — *Helen Barratt, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.*

Next week

• Photographed in color against the fabulous backgrounds of the Grand Palace of King Phumiphon and Queen Sirikit of Thailand, young and casual knitwear for the coming summer is our big feature next week. And on the cover is a crazy, long-line sweater you can knit for yourself.

TV violence

THERE has been a loud outcry in the Press against violence and mayhem in TV shows. Some people consider banning these shows entirely in Australia.

The critics of violence in TV programmes have an easy remedy for the problem—all they need do is switch off their sets. Those who enjoy these shows should be allowed to watch them in peace.—*"Live and Let Live," Eimeo, Qld.*

Right to speak

I AM disgusted by the recent banning, by the British Government, of public meetings organised by the notorious neo-Nazi parties in that country.

While I do not condone the actions and ideas of people such as Sir Oswald Mosely, I recognise their right to air their views. A so-called "democratic" government should not resort to the methods of a dictatorship in order to suppress its opponents.

We fought the last war to preserve the basic liberties of man, so why should we destroy them now? The Nazis and the Communists must be allowed full freedom of speech under a democratic government, otherwise that government is not democratic.—*R. Jellows, Deakin, A.C.T.*

Student rate

HOW long will it be before cinema owners realise that their biggest audiences are made up of young people and that most members of that species are not goldmines?

It is time concessions were given to students—surely a third off would be reasonable.

Audiences would probably increase with this move, because at present many young people cannot afford such expensive entertainment and have to miss many fascinating films.—*(Miss) J. Moore, Lindfield, N.S.W.*

Time to be home

ADVICE to those who are always wanting to know what time they should be home from a night out: Remember that there is someone at home who loves you and who will not sleep peacefully until you are safely home.—*G. Peterson, Toowoomba, Qld.*

More than love

POPULAR songs should stop belittling the role of women in the world. As a university student, I am incensed to hear such senseless lyrics as "Girls were made to love and kiss" or "Girls, girls, girls were made to love."

The men who write these lyrics must think we still live in the Middle Ages, or else they have over-inflated egos and super-egos.

It's about time someone put them right about their position in the world! They should be washed right out of our hair!—*"Student Songster," Marrickville, N.S.W.*

A good case

ALL public conveyances should have luggage racks above the seats. Coming home from school with book-laden bags, one can either drag one's arm out of the socket by carrying them or put them on the floor where people trip over them. — *Drusilla Wade, Melbourne.*

BEATNIK

"If we put a couple of sails on your shoes you'd have a good chance of winning the America's Cup."

Man's vanity

VANITY, it seems, is no longer confined to the "weaker sex." Being a prefect in a co-educational school, I may have developed the "eagle-eyed" alertness often attributed to anyone in this office, but every time I turn a corner I am confronted with a group of boys arranging their lovely locks and gazing with profound admiration at their reflections in the windows.

One day I reminded one of them that he should comb his hair in the locker-room, since it was the height of bad manners to comb it in public. With all the self-righteous indignation that his 15 years could muster, he retaliated with three words: "Kookie does it!" — *G.D.B., Hawthorne, Qld.*

To model—or matriculate?

• "Mannequin" (T.W., 22/8/62) asked for readers' opinions on whether she should stay at school and go on to university, or take a highly paid modelling job which offers a chance to travel.

STAY at school for a few more years. This is hard advice to take when you are contemplating such a glamorous career, but are you sure that is what you want?

If you leave school now you will throw away the chance of a lifetime. Go to university and make yourself a worthwhile, intelligent person. You would still have a chance to travel later, and as something far more interesting than as a mannequin.

And if you still wanted to be a model after your university course, just think of the edge you would have on most of the others. — *Jacqueline Allen, Strathmore, Vic.*

A MODEL who has some knowledge is far better off than a model who at times may be classed as a "dumb model."—*Karen Pingel, Jondaryan, Qld.*

STAY at school. Being a mannequin is all right—as long as you have a job—but after studying at the university and getting a degree you will get a steady job right away.

If another war comes, or some disaster comes to Australia, models will not be needed, while doctors and dentists and teachers will.—*Sue Price, East Brighton, Vic.*

YOU should do what you want. A modelling job is a glamorous and a well-paid one if you get to the top; it gives you the chance to travel, meet people, and live a luxurious life provided you get to the top.

University life is a hard one; a lot of sacrifices have to be made during the academic years. You cannot afford to have much social life and get on with studies as well.

So make your own choice, "Mannequin." — *"University Student," East Botany, N.S.W.*

YOU have a wonderful career at your feet, and in my opinion no university degree could provide you with a better future. Obviously you have the qualifications or you wouldn't have been offered the job, so you have no worries there.

I stayed at school, and if I was in your place I would choose the job.—*"A Friend," Warwick, Qld.*

ACCEPT the offer and become a mannequin. A modelling career is a wonderful opportunity for any girl, provided she has the figure.

Of course, there is a chance of failure, but that is the case in any other career. At 15 a girl has obtained a good educational background.

I am in matriculation year and I do not feel that it is worth all the hard work now or at university to obtain a position which would pay as much as, or more than, a mannequin's salary. — *"Not Worth It," Blackburn, Vic.*

THE life of a model may sound exciting and glamorous, but it won't last long, and once a model's working life is over, what to turn to? As my mother pointed out, it is wise to choose an occupation to which you can turn at any age.

Also, when you work hard and receive a good education, you can save up your own money and have the added satisfaction of knowing that world trip is entirely your own. —*Dianne Kirkley, Camden, N.S.W.*

FORGET about a modelling career until you have finished your university studies.

To become a topline model requires hard work and sufficient money to tide you over the slack seasons.

A university career will enable you to take up a profession, thus making future years secure and worth while. Part-time modelling could then be an interesting sideline.—*Vivienne Stone, New Farm, Qld.*

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HITCH-HIKING BALLET GIRLS

By CHRISTINE TURNBULL

● They were walking along a dry, dusty road in western New South Wales when I first saw them — two pretty girls laden with suitcases, records, a gramophone, and winter coats.

BUT I found that they weren't ordinary hitch-hikers discovering their homeland the cheap way.

The girls, Gwynneth Evans and Anne Rollitt, both 17, told me that each week they travel to four western towns teaching dancing — ballet and modern — to country girls.

Sometimes they walk; sometimes they ride in the comparative comfort of a passenger train; sometimes in the rickety discomfort of a dog-box carriage on the tail-end of a goods train; and sometimes they hitch-hike.

Gwynneth, a vivacious teenager with dark hair and large, expressive eyes, is the inspiration behind the dancing classes.

Her parents live in the Sydney suburb of Willoughby, but Gwynneth lives in Narromine now, only going home in the summer holidays.

A former student of the Borovansky School of Ballet, she has been learning ballet since she was eight years old and has appeared in several Borovansky productions of "Nutcracker Suite" in Sydney.

Her assistant, Anne Rollitt, a Narromine girl, is a slender brunette who has been interested in ballet for as long as she can remember.

She has danced on several Sydney television shows and took part in local and Sydney store mannequin parades after completing a modelling course.

Recently she resigned her job in a Narromine bank to join Gwynneth full time.

The ballet classes were originated by Mrs. B. B. Lindsay, of "Mungeribar," one of Narromine's best known properties, who has long been associated with the theatre.

200 pupils in 4 towns

The two girls took over the classes this year and now manage the complete "business" on their own.

More than 200 girls between four and 21 years of age learn ballet and modern dancing at their classes in Narromine, Trangie, Warren, and Nevertire, in the heart of the mid-west, more than 300 miles from Sydney.

The pupils are trained in elementary ballet exercises and are prepared for children's Royal Academy of Dancing examinations.

"Even if they don't intend to make a career of dancing, the training is very good for deportment and health and helps them gain poise and self-confidence," said Gwynneth.

The girls conduct special business-girls' classes in Warren and Narromine, where older girls learn basic ballet movements, modern dancing, and general physical exercises.

Every week is a busy one for the two girls.

Each Monday morning they catch a train from Narromine to Nevertire, a tiny town 42 miles to the west.

When I picked them up they were hitch-hiking the 13 miles to the next classes at Warren, but usually they can get a lift with one of their Nevertire friends in time to reach Warren for classes between 6 and 9.30 p.m.

After spending the night in Warren, Gwynneth and Anne return to Nevertire on Tuesday on a goods train with sheep, cattle, and other livestock as their fellow passengers.

It's a slow, rough ride — the train taking an hour for the trip — and they hop out at Nevertire feeling grubby and untidy. But the girls say they wouldn't miss that weekly trip for anything.

There's a two-hour wait on the Nevertire station for the next train to bring them back to Narromine.

On Wednesday the girls enjoy horse-riding at Trangie before taking their classes after school. They return to Narromine the same night.

Thursdays and Fridays are spent preparing lessons, working out routines together, washing and ironing, shopping, and doing all those things they haven't had time for during the week.

Classes at Narromine are held on Saturday morning and, with their week's work finished, Sunday can be just a day of relaxation — or perhaps a day to watch their favorite sport, polocrosse.

Anne and Gwynneth aren't making their fortunes through their ballet school. Some weeks are better than others and the financial side has its ups and downs.

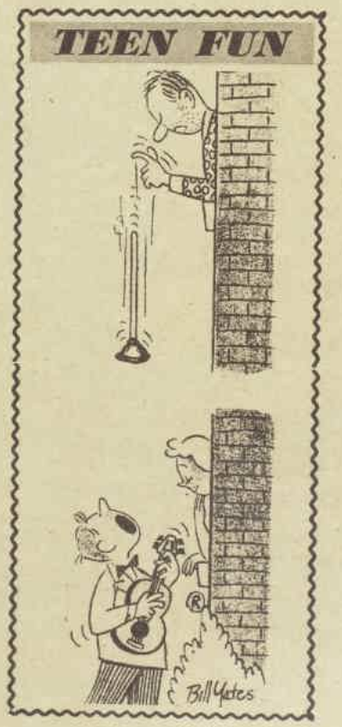
At her home in Narromine I counted the number of ballet paintings hanging on Anne's walls — there were seven.

"Three more are in the cupboard," she said," but I can't fit them on the walls."

As Gwynneth put it: "We love ballet, we love country life, and we love the west. We are lucky, because in our work we have all three."

BALLET TEACHERS Anne Rollitt (left) and Gwynneth Evans with three of their young pupils.

HITCH-HIKING is often the only way Anne and Gwynneth can get from town to town.



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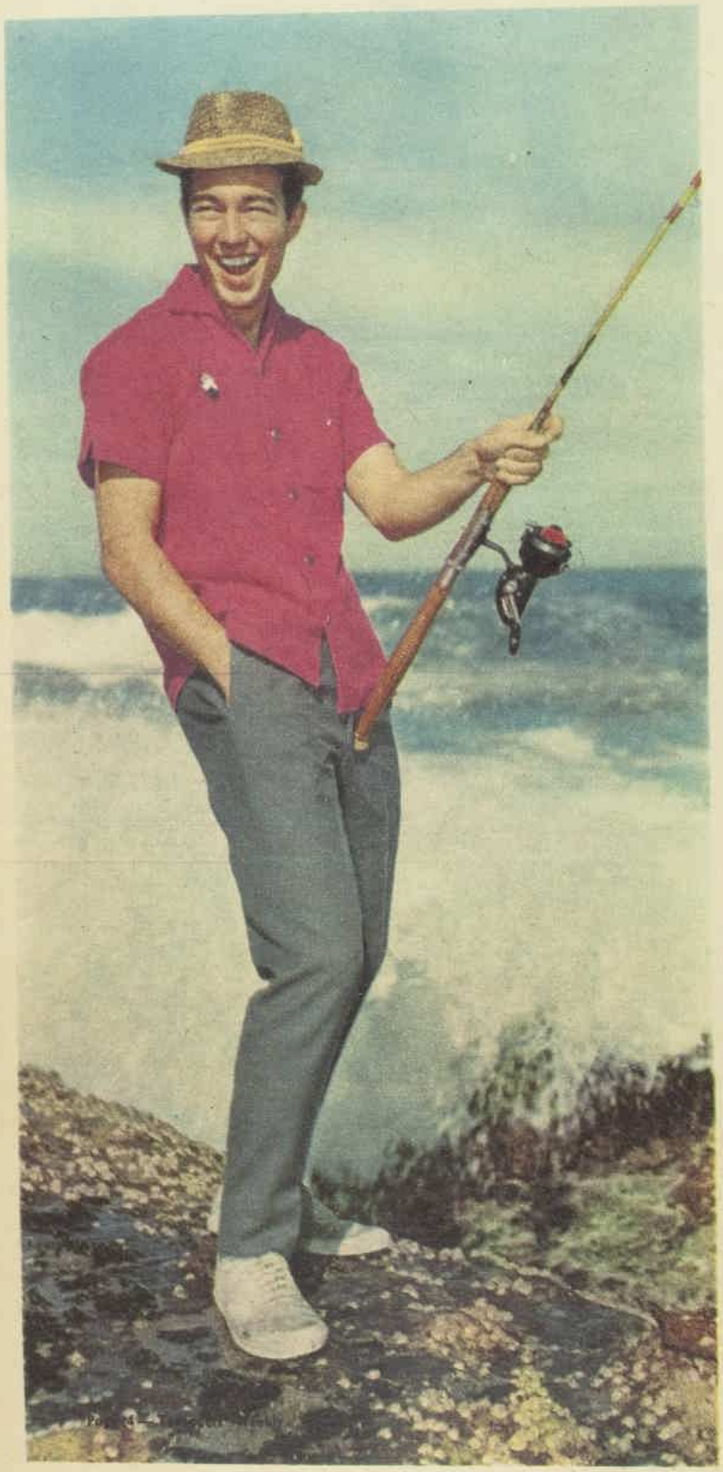
TROPICAL HOLIDAYS "THE

Two of Australia's top teenage singing stars recently spent their holidays at tropical resorts. On these pages they advise other teenagers on what to take — and what to expect . . .



BRYAN DAVIES, always a keen angler, found Brampton Island a fisherman's paradise.

Real rest on Barrier Reef

By BRYAN DAVIES

● I'd been very busy with my TV work, without much time to myself, so I was really looking forward to a restful holiday. That is why Mum and I chose Brampton Island, on the Barrier Reef.

WE stayed only a week, which was all too short, but we loved every minute of it. It's a peaceful island and the views across the ocean are tremendous.

I practically lived in my jeans, because I spent as much time as I could fishing. I'm mad about fishing and I caught quite a few while I was there.

If you visit Brampton and catch some, too, take them to the chef and he will prepare them especially for you.

The food was fantastic. We ate three-course tropical meals in a large dining hall overlooking the ocean.

Even when the fish weren't biting I found lots to do on Brampton.

Swimming is entirely different from our beaches in Sydney. The water is clearer and seems to be bluer, but unfortunately there's no surf; the beach is protected by a coral reef farther out.

Most evenings we made up ideas for mad parties. Everybody might decide to have an "Hawaiian Night" or a barbecue on the moonlit beach. I sang a few numbers and it was all good fun.

In the daytime you can go and look at the coral reef and the fish from glass-bottomed boats, or go on organised fishing cruises, which I liked best. You can also go sailing in a catamaran, which is the only extra you have to pay for.

Tennis, picnics

There is a small souvenir shop where you can buy shell bracelets and things for friends, and a recreation centre with tennis courts, so take your racquet.

Just after we had settled in we went for a picnic to a small uninhabited island nearby. We had a barbecue lunch and everybody sang songs and swam, but I trudged off to try the fishing. I became a bit of a joke with my fishing, but I do like it.

Coming back to our island in the boat at sunset we all felt as though we had known each other for years. I think you make friends a lot faster on a holiday — everybody just wants to enjoy himself.

There's no transport at all on the island, except an old truck, which picks up the supplies from the beach and takes them to the settlement. If you want to explore the island the only way is to walk. I found sandshoes handy for this and also for climbing over the rocks.

To walk to the top of the island's peak takes half a day, but it's well worth it. The chef packed our lunch and we hiked up there. From the top the views are fantastic.

There is an island about the same size as Brampton that you can walk out to at low tide. It's uninhabited except for some wild goats. This island is more tropical than Brampton, and has lots of wildflowers and fruit growing on it—marvellous!

Also at low tide you can walk around the beach and collect shells. They come in with the tide—pretty, multi-colored ones, and even big cowries.

Casual dressing

One of the things I liked best was the easy, informal dressing. It was great to relax in casual clothes.

If you're going to Brampton you probably won't need as many clothes as I took. I always seem to take more than I need. I took nine sports shirts with me, three pairs of bathers, two pairs of casual slacks, three wash-and-wear white shirts, a pair of jeans, my fishing hat and fishing shoes, a pair of thong sandals, two pairs of good shoes, lots of socks, and a good suit, which I wore for travelling.

To get to Brampton you catch a cruiser from Mackay, on Queensland's mainland. The cruiser serves as a ferry and the 20-mile trip to the island is very scenic, passing other tropical islands dotted around Brampton.

The trip takes about 2½ hours, but if you are in a hurry to get there you can catch a flying-boat from Mackay.

Brampton isn't a very big island. It's only about 3½ miles square, and its shoreline varies from fine white sand to pebbles to enormous boulders.

The settlement is in a coconut grove on the end of a peninsula. We stayed in the brightly colored units that look out across the ocean.

The island can accommodate 93 people. You'll find a mixed group of people with many interests and all intent on having a good time.

Brampton Island is very unspoiled and I hope it stays that way. It has an entirely different atmosphere from the other holiday islands. I came back rested and relaxed and ready for work.

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MOST"

Exotic color in Fiji

By LANA CANTRELL

● If you've never been out of Australia before — like me — you'll want to see and do everything you can that's different.

LANA CANTRELL shows how all the clothes she needed in Fiji fitted into one suitcase.

FOR anyone with two weeks to spend in Fiji, I'd advise one week in Suva and one at Korolevu. Suva is the port and capital and Korolevu is on the beach, farther along the coast.

At Korolevu you can stay in one of the hotels or in a native hut in the hotel gardens. These have telephones and electric light and are terrific if you want something different.

Food in the hotels is Western style and the native service is excellent. The hotels have cocktail lounges and dancing and put on special attractions when passenger liners are in port.

The curry and fruits are wonderful, and I ate a lot of these. The local soft drinks are rather different from ours, but they're an experience, too.

Suva has plenty of Chinese cafes, as well as Chinese shops.

One of the things not to miss is a visit to Suva's "Golden Dragon" nightclub. It appears to go on all night, has a semi-rock-'n-roll band, and a lot of Indian customers, as well as Europeans.

Though the people are very nice and very friendly, I wouldn't advise a girl to go alone on a Fiji holiday, but two friends could have a great time.

The native market-place at Suva is huge, always crowded and noisy, and a must for several visits.

Some of the things you can buy there are really bargains, but the stallholders and shop people expect you to bargain with them, so don't be shy.

Things to buy are Indian silver jewellery, beads — by the million — Indian sarongs in silk and gold, and beach shirts, which are very good.

I bought a bongo drum, too, and some of the wooden forks the Fijians use at their feasts. They're called "cannibal forks" and are quite different from Western ones.

In Suva there's also a museum set in gardens, and you can see some of the Bounty relics, as well as a lot of other interesting things.

Something I wouldn't have missed was going to see the Indian movies. They're really an experience. They have European movies, too, in Suva and were showing "Ben-Hur" when I was there.

As you'll have gathered there are a lot of Indians in Fiji. As well as the Fijians wearing their sulus (short and long skirts, worn by both men and women) you see the Indian ladies in their saris.

Sightseeing on Nandi

Another wonderful shopping place is the duty-free shop at Nandi airport.

I bought a transistor, French perfumes (about £3 for a bottle of Chanel No. 5 and about £4 for a bottle of Joy), and a wonderful new type of automatic camera, which cost only £15.

One of the things to do at Nandi is go on a sightseeing tour with 23-year-old Beverley Watson, who has a specially fitted Land-Rover.

To get about the island you can hire a car, a bike, go by native bus or luxury coach, or hire a three-seater aircraft at about £4/10/- for a half-hour flight.

Take a camera with you, for the scenery's beautiful, and the sunsets are simply wonderful.

The beaches are lovely, with beautiful white sand, warm water even in winter, and not much surf because of surrounding reefs.

There's water-skiing, skindiving, and you can hire native fishing boats.

There's golf and tennis, too, and you can hire equipment quite cheaply.

At Korolevu I went to a kava ceremony and spear dance. Kava is a root that's crushed in a wooden bowl and offered round to the guests when it becomes liquid.

It's an informal life, and slacks, shorts, cottons, and one pretty dress are all you'll need. Don't take a lot of sophisticated stuff, for no one goes in for it.

You should be able to get all you need for two weeks in Fiji in one good-sized suitcase and a hatbox.

Here's a list of basic suggestions that might help: two pairs of daytime slacks, two pairs of slacks for night wear, and varied tops; three pairs of shorts and shirts, two swimsuits, a beach towel, sunglasses, and beachbag; a couple of cotton dresses (you can have laundry done) and one cotton informal.

Take a few head-scarves, a stole for evening, a straw handbag, sandals and walking shoes, and a lightweight raincoat. You won't be wearing stockings.

You'll want a sunhat, but don't bother taking one with you from home. You can buy bamboo ones that are much more fun. And pack rollers for your hair, so that you can more or less look after it yourself.

If you go to Fiji for a holiday after reading this, I hope you'll have as good a time as I had.

What it will cost you

● The cheapest way to have a fortnight's holiday on Brampton Island is to buy a package deal from an airline company for £66. This includes fares from Sydney, accommodation, and meals.

For a holiday in Fiji, fares are the main cost: The cheapest tourist class ship fare is £98 return from Sydney to Suva. By air, the cheapest normal return flight from Sydney is £109/17/-, but from November to February there's a special economy class return flight for £76/5/-.

In Fiji you can stay in a European-conducted guest-house from 30/- a day for bed and breakfast or in a hotel for £2 a day bed and breakfast. Such an arrangement works well in Suva. At Korolevu, where the minimum tariff is £3 a day, all meals are included.

To these costs you would have to add the fare from your home to Sydney, plus whatever "spending" money you can afford.

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Louise Hunter

Here's your answer

Awful habit

"COULD someone please tell me how to get rid of the awful habit of biting my nails? I am 12 now and have been biting my nails since I was six."

"Hungry," Vic.

Nail-biting is usually a nervous habit which is very hard to break, but it is well worth making a supreme effort to do. There is no miraculous cure for it, but lots of girls find that once they start taking a real pride in keeping their hands neatly manicured it helps them to stop the chewing habit.

You are too young yet to wear nail-polish, but you can start giving yourself regular manicures. With an emery-board, file the rough edges of your nails where you have bitten them. Buy an orange stick, some cotton-wool, and a bottle of oily cuticle remover. Each night push the cuticles gently back from your nails, then soak your fingers in warm, soapy water for five minutes. As you dry them, push the cuticles gently back again with the towel.

Once you take an interest in your nails, each time your hands stray to your mouth you will notice how much nicer they are looking, and it may prove an incentive to let your nails grow longer.

Grab the chance

"I LIKE a boy who goes to the same school as I do. My girl-friend knows him well, but I don't. Another friend told him that I like him. I've heard he is sick, and will be away from school for some months, and some friends suggested I should go and see him and take him some games, etc., but I don't even know him."

"Troubled," Vic.

Why not persuade your girl-friend who knows the boy to go and see him, taking you along with her? She can introduce you, and after that you could perhaps call to see him again, taking magazines or something to help him while away the time in bed. Most people, unless they are very sick indeed, are delighted to have visitors.

True or false?

"I AM 17 and have just become engaged. Ever since the engagement was announced my fiance has been telling me to have my hair dyed back to its natural color. I have blond hair. I don't want to do this, because I work as a beauty consultant and have to look nice for my job. My parents agree with my fiance. What do you advise?"

"Blondie," S.A.

You probably look just as nice when your hair is its natural color — your fiance must think so or he wouldn't have asked you to change it. Now you are engaged you must decide which is more important, your job or your fiance.

Shower tea

"I AM going to be a bridesmaid soon and would like to give the bride a shower tea. Could you give me some information about shower teas, whom to invite, what is done, etc.?"

"Yvonne," Vic.

As you are giving the shower in her honor, ask the bride-to-be whom she would like invited. Tell her how many people you feel you can entertain, and ask her to give you a list of friends she would like to be guests.

Then invite the guests, either by letter or by ringing them up, explaining the occasion. You may decide to ask them to bring gifts for the kitchen or the bathroom, but do impress upon them that only a small gift is required. Most of them will probably be going to the wedding and will be giving a wedding present as well.

A shower tea could be afternoon tea or a supper at night. The refreshments need not be elaborate — a variety of sandwiches, biscuits, and cakes is suitable—but make it look festive with your best china and linen and fresh flower arrangements.

It is a pretty idea to provide a large box, or even a clothes basket, decorated with a frill of organdie or net, in which guests may place their gifts on arrival.

Court order

"I WOULD like to know if my girl-friend's parents can stop us from getting married after Christmas. I am 19 and my girl-friend will be 16 soon, and we have been going out together for a year. Her father dislikes me and I want to know on what grounds we could get married without her parents' consent. Her parents treat her badly and I don't think they are bringing her up properly. I have a steady job, but after Christmas I am going to work in another town and I would like to marry her and take her with me."

"In Love," Qld.

Persons under 21 wishing to marry without their parents' consent have to have a court order from a stipendiary magistrate. Your local courthouse could advise you how to apply for this permission, but you would have to put up a very strong case indeed before the magistrate would allow you to marry.

You would have to prove that the girl's parents treat her badly and are not bringing her up properly. Only in very unusual circumstances would permission to marry be granted to a girl so young.

Smile and hope

"TWO months ago I was introduced to a very nice boy, who since then has told me he likes me very much. He used to ring me up quite often and come up to my place after school and at weekends. But now he never rings me up and never comes to my place. When I see him after school he smiles and waves to me. Would you please tell me what to do? Is he trying to get rid of me?"

"Unhappy," N.S.W.

He may have lost his original enthusiasm, but evidently he still wants to be friendly. Follow his lead and smile and wave back when you see him; perhaps one day his interest will revive.

A word from Debbie

Give your party dress a glamor look by adding something different —something that will tell everyone you're a chic chick.

What about the sheer frivolity of earrings made from tiny ribbon bows?

You can make them yourself; tie the bows on to earring clips (available in most big department stores), or sew the bows on to small stud earrings.

In America perky little bows are a big hair fashion accessory, too. They're perched on the top or at the side of a party hairdo.

Have you one of those wide Cleopatra gold bangles? Wear it high on your arm, above the elbow.

Pin a glittering brooch at the hemline of a short satin dress, or clip rhinestone earrings on to a pair of satin shoes.

Don't leave party handbags out of your glamor calculations.

Sew a strip of contrasting satin or velvet ribbon down the centre or along the side of your evening purse. Finish it off with a sparkly button or clip.

And then there's the "instant" bag. Knot your lipstick, comb, and compact into a square of silk or chiffon to match your dress, but don't pack too much in or the instant bag will be an instant mess!

Decibels

"THE building across the street from my office is being repaired and the noise is driving me mad. I am quite happy with my job and don't want to leave it, but I can't stand the din any longer."

"Deafened," Vic.

Wax earplugs are usually quite effective and might help you. They can be bought from chemists.

Another thing: How do your fellow-workers and all the other people in all the other offices in your building stand the din? It might help if your realise that you're not the only one. They're under the same strain, too.

Square plait

"I AM 15 and I have fairly long hair, which I wear in one plait for school. My girl-friends say I am a square wearing a plait. When I go to socials or teenage dances I wear it in a French roll, which makes me look quite attractive, and then all my girl-friends say I look really nice. I cannot wear a French roll to school, as my beret looks terrible with it. What should I do?"

"Worried," Tas.

Plaits are really the neatest and most suitable hairstyle for a schoolgirl if you wish to keep your hair long, but if your mother approves would you consider having your hair cut to shoulder length? Then it is long enough to wear in a French roll (although surely that's rather a sophisticated style for a girl your age?) and you could wear it loose or tie it back for school.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beauty in brief

DON'T PATCH MAKE-UP

• Teenagers who go out and about a bit usually change their make-up at least once a day, from daytime to evening, during a busy week.

SINCE these are especially busy days, it's a temptation sometimes to do a patch-up job on make-up and let it go at that.

Well, don't give in to temptation for two very sound reasons.

One is that you won't look your best, and the other is that it's ruinous to your skin. Never, never put on fresh make-up over the day's dust and soil.

The young, slightly oily skin especially needs deep cleansing before ANY make-up is applied to clear away the debris and to discourage the blood flow from behaving sluggishly.

For this purpose there is, of course, no substitute for soap and water washings well and truly administered.

Do take an extra minute, whenever you wash your face, to work the soap into a nice foamy lather and work it gently into the pores of the face, neck, and hands. Rinse thoroughly in cold water and pat dry with a clean towel.

It's an "extra" but a very rewarding one, and if performed regularly two or three times a day it will encourage any young complexion to glow with appreciation.

—Carolyn Earle

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LISTEN HERE—*with Ainslie Baker*

First grade at soccer—and singing

● Here's a different sort of singer for you: he's a technical assistant at the Weapons Research Establishment at Salisbury, South Australia, a first-grade soccer player (goalie), and made his debut as a singer at a ship's concert in the Great Australian Bight.

JOHNNY COLE

HE'S Johnny Cole, English-born, 6ft. 1in., 13 stone, and his first record — a happy boy-and-girl Country and Western, "We're Gonna Go Fishin'" (Columbia) — is just going into the shops.

Well known on Adelaide TV and at dances, where he sings with The Cravats, Johnny recently took two weeks off to come to Sydney (leg in plaster from a football injury) to cut two records.

The second one to be released will feature material written by himself.

Though he has been in Australia only five years he has probably seen more of it than most people, because he spent 18 months of that time touring with Slim Dusty.

Johnny is 24, blue-eyed, and sandy-haired, sings just about anything, and as well as soccer likes water-skiing, squash, and golf. His real name is John Cowles.

LIKEABLE pop singer **Tony Brady** is certainly proving a wonderful ambassador for Australia. He did a 40-minute star turn at a charity show for crippled children in Hong Kong, as well as visiting children's convalescent homes and clubs for under-privileged boys and girls.

He has really hit the popularity jackpot up there and has 61 Press cuttings to prove it, 44 of them featuring his photograph.

INCIDENTALLY, **Jay Justin**, whose current single is "Little Miss Tease," and who is busy these days flying between Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane for personal appearances and TV dates, may follow Tony up to the East after Christmas.

In between all this he's taking dancing and acting lessons and has been approached to do a cigarette film commercial to go into the picture-shows.

WORTH HEARING

BEETHOVEN: "Kreutzer" Sonata

THE most brilliant and the most popular of Beethoven's ten sonatas for violin and piano is the second last, the "Kreutzer," so named after the famous violinist to whom it was dedicated. It was originally written not for Kreutzer but for another virtuoso, a mulatto named Bridgetower, but Beethoven quarrelled with him before the music was published.

It appears that Kreutzer disliked the work and never played it in public, but since Beethoven's day every violinist of note has matched his powers against it. The celebrated Jascha Heifetz, with Brooks Smith at the piano, plays it in masterly fashion in a recording just issued by R.C.A.

Beethoven wrote the work deliberately to show off a virtuoso's skill and described the sonata officially as being "written in the manner of a concerto." This applies particularly to the first movement, which is expansive, urgent, and passionate. (The great Russian novelist Tolstoy found it so fiery that he declared it "immoral" and made it the subject of a melodramatic short story.)

The second movement is a contrastingly gentle set of variations, followed by a headlong finale which, although originally written for another sonata, matches the mood of this one ideally.

—*Martin Long.*

Local talent: Almost everyone has been singing "Wolverton Mountain" on TV, and now **Kevin Shegog** shows what he can do with it on a W. and G. EP of that name. All the tracks are Country-style, "Strange Little Melody," "I Can't Stop Loving You," and Kevin's own "Raindrops."

Pops: For lilting Italian music played with real artistry, **Tony Mottola** and his group of four guitars, woodwinds, accordion, bass, and percussion are the boys. "Roman Guitar," Vol. 2, a Command stereo LP, is something of a gem in its class. Three numbers not listed under their Italian titles are "Carnival In Venice," "Autumn In Rome," and "Nina."

AN LP to gladden the heart (and pin back the ears) of stereo-owners is Capitol's "Swing! Staged For Stereo." "I Won't Dance," "Lulu's Back In Town," and a samba version of "High Noon" are among a well-balanced selection of tunes played by a big band conducted by **Van Alexander**, arranger for the old Chick Webb swing band.

ONE study that nobody seems to get tired of is love, and it's to this fascinating subject that **Morton Gould** and orchestra give their undivided attention ("Let's Fall In Love," "Why Do I Love You," "Easy To Love") on an R.C.A. LP entitled "Love Walked In."

As well as love walking in, so does some very polished orchestration — sentimental, sophisticated, and near-classical by turns.

THOUGH he first came into prominence as a bandleader way back in the late 'thirties, clarinettist **Woody Herman** and his orchestra have worn well, and a recently issued Festival LP, "Woodchoppers' Ball," is far from being a write-off. There's "Golden Wedding," "Who Dat Up Dere" (maybe some sort of relation to "Hullo, Dere"), and "Irresistible You."

A MAESTRO of romantic music, **Hugo Winterhalter** and orchestra "Goes Continental" (R.C.A. LP) and comes up with foreign-flavored hits for cheek-to-cheek dancing or dreamy listening. There's "Melody Of Spain," "Mademoiselle De Paree," and, from Germany, "Wonderland By Night."

CHA-CHA music has such an infectious beat that most people want to learn the dance steps. **Enoch Light** and The Light Brigade, on a Grand Award LP, "I Want To Be Happy Cha Chas," make it much easier to give it a go than to sit still and listen. "How High The Moon," "The Sheik," and "Lover" are among the standards treated in the senorita and sombrero style.

Movie music: If you happen to see **Sinatra** and Clan's rumbustious action-comedy "Sergeants 3" and take a fancy to the musical soundtrack, it's on a Reprise LP, given the works by its composer, **Billy May.**

Jazz: An alto sax player who needs no introduction to jazz lovers is **Julian ("Cannonball") Adderley.** Recorded "live" at the Village Vanguard, "The Cannonball Adderley Sextet in New York" (Riverside LP) is a stimulating, warm jazz session with all the communication of an on-the-spot recording. The numbers are written by group members for the group, and that's always a good thing.

ANOTHER Riverside LP you should certainly hear is "The Guitar Artistry of **Charlie Byrd.**" Byrd, the sometimes classical, sometimes jazz guitarist, is heard here with bass and drums in a programme that, while not in itself distinguished ("Taking A Chance On Love," "Nice Work If You Can Get It"), becomes absorbing because of the way it's treated. As well, there's a Django Reinhardt composition and one from Kurt Weill.

In space, so far, two's company

. . . AND THREE'S A CLOUD!

● The recent Russian space "twins" commented that their trip was much more "jolly" because they had company.

I'M glad that having each other around bucked up Nikolayev and Popovitch no end.

But, I believe, capsules have a long way to go, figuratively speaking (as you'll soon see), before orbital flight is truly jolly.

What's missing up there, of course, is feminine companionship.

It's all very well being a cosmonaut or astronaut (I always have to give some thought about which -naut I ought to sport!), but the only kisses most of them seem to get are from Russian Premier Khrushchev.

(Maybe that's why Nik and Pop stayed up so long—they were afraid of a **splash** landing!)

President Kennedy doesn't kiss members of his orbitalions. I don't know why not. Perhaps they're Republicans.

But, all jokeskis, etc., aside, it would be much more fun in space with dames sputniking up their heels.

Space boy-girl casual get-togethers would work out all right.

A lass would go out with an astronaut. Girls aren't space snobs—they'll go for anything from a count down!

It's interesting, and comforting, to note that, apparently, a bloke would only find good sorts in space.

Yes, they'd all be Venuses in their own right.

For one thing, they'd never be overweight—not even the tubby-looking girls. Weightlessness, y'know.

And they would always arouse complimentary remarks, even in clumsy space-suits. "Gee!"-force, this is called.

Although they'd be making revolutions, Western spacegirls should be happy.

By just listening to their radioed reports a bloke could tell they were **squawking** on air!

But Russian girls, well . . .

When they zoomed up to a man they would try to be seeing Red!

Marriage, of course, might not work out so well for a couple who meet in space.

She would complain because he was always too busy for them to have a honey-earth.

He would wail that her cooking wasn't as good as the special containers of food Mother used to dehydrate and liquefy.

But, so long as a couple kept it all strictly Plutonic, a spacegirl should be equally keen to see a bloke in space. It would help her navigate.

You know the old space saying: "Where there's a Will, there's a (Milky) Way"!

—*Robin Adair*

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ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman — No. 10: A Tudor house

Houses for all

AS the Middle Ages came to an end in England, architecture became more and more the concern of all the people rather than just of the nobles. As castles were no longer necessary, ordinary merchants, traders, and farmers began to build large houses.

Generally these followed the form of plan that the castles had used, with a courtyard in the centre of the building. Many even copied the old defensive measures of a moat or wall about them, although these were now more decorative than useful.

Most rooms were entered directly from the courtyard, no planners thinking it necessary for people to have covered access from one part of the house to another.

There was little furniture inside the houses — rough trestle tables and benches, a few stools, with probably a chair for the master. He and his wife had what was called the Great Bed, but everybody else had to be satisfied with humble pallets.

Building materials were not carried from one part of the country to another, as we do today, and houses were built with whatever materials were close to hand. Stone buildings arose where there were quarries, brick buildings on clay country, and timber buildings elsewhere.

During the Tudor period in England, roughly the end of the sixteenth century, timber was extensively used. There were no weatherboards or sheetings to cover the outsides of the timber frames, so the panels between the timbers were filled with brickwork plastered over, or even with wattle and daub.

The latter was made with twigs latticed together and daubed over with clay. (This method was also used in the earliest Australian buildings.)

The timber used was oak, and as it was not painted it became black with age. The plastered panels were always whitewashed, and gradually a love of this "black and white," or "magpie," architecture grew up.

From merely useful panels of wood and plaster, designers gradually progressed to the more decorative forms of the materials until extravagant examples were built, such as Little Moreton Hall in Cheshire, a county in the north-western quarter of England.

It can be seen in the illustration that curly pieces of timber were now added to the panels, not because they were needed to support the building but to increase the "magpie" effect.

The designer was Richard Dale, who was more of a carpenter than an architect, and quite a number of his buildings still exist.

The wavy lines of Little Moreton Hall are caused by settlements in the building, due to age.

It will be noticed that the windows vary from quite small ones to very large ones, and generally they are proportioned to the sizes of rooms behind them. The long window at the upper left of the house lights the Long Gallery, which was always the main room of a house of this period.

The carriage-way under the building leads to the courtyard, which is flanked by a number of other wings.

LITTLE MORETON HALL, an extravagant example of the "magpie" effect in Tudor architecture. Photographed by Edwin Smith, in "Renaissance Europe" (Batsford, London).

NEXT WEEK
Turkish Architecture

HEAD OFFICE: SYDNEY COVE

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CHA CHA — THE LATIN VOLCANO

By DAWN JAMES

• *Talking to "Surfside 6" star Cha Cha O'Brien (Margarita Sierra) is rather like standing beside a volcano.*

CHA CHA is Latin—and how! You're enveloped in a stream of rapid talk, waving arms, flashing eyes. Her conversation is energetic and slightly exhausting, but it's also entertaining.

Margarita Sierra — or Cha Cha since almost everyone ignores her real name — is in Sydney for a series of nightclub appearances.

She is small: "I am 5ft. high. One of your newspapers say I am 4ft. 11½in.," and she mourned the lost ½in. for a split second.

She has a frothy mop of curly red-brown hair . . . but the eyes have it. They're almost black and they have a distinct Gleam.

Cha Cha has her beauty worries, though.

"These are my bad spots," she remarked, peering into a mirror. "Dark circles. They are not bags, NO. They are *dark circles*, always like this in the morning."

Someone churlishly pointed out that it was 3.30 in the afternoon.

Cha Cha was surprised. Reproachful. "But I am just out of bed. For me it is morning."

Her fractured English is fascinating. She pauses occasionally when she can't think of a word and then she picks it out of mid-air with one hand.

And she has a bit of trouble with tenses. "The future I can say, but the past . . . That take remembering."

Cha Cha began speaking English only three years ago.

Born in Madrid, she later spent some years in South America, then went to New York.

"I sing at the big places—the Waldorf, you know—but I sing in Spanish and Italian. No one know what I am singing about."

Then she learnt some songs in English, phonetically. "Then *I* do not know what I am singing about."

To Hollywood

Twelve months after she arrived in New York Cha Cha was offered the role of the Latin singing star in "Surfside 6."

"They ask me to go in the show," she said. "I say no; they yes. I say no, because I cannot read English.

"But they are clever. They invite me to Hollywood to see the studios. Treat me like a queen — house in Beverly Hills, everything.

"They take me to the studio and show me the pilot. You know, the beginning film of 'Surfside 6'. They are selling it without me, but they want Latin girl and 'we think we know where to find her,' they say.

"And then I see the boys"—her eyes swivelled nostalgically at the thought of co-stars Troy Donahue, Lee Patterson, and Van Williams—"so handsome, wow!

"And Diane McBain, so beautiful I get complex.

"And they show me the sets, the houseboat. And then the nightclub, the Boom Boom Room. That did it. Just like a real nightclub, and they say 'we will not tell the audiences here to clap. What you get, you get yourself.'"

So she signed the ready-and-waiting contract.

Cha Cha says she is the only person in Hollywood who doesn't have to stick to a script.

"I am the only one with a contract that says I do not have to have a script. They tell Cha Cha what she have to say, and she say it—in her own way."

This led to some difficulties, since Cha Cha usually changed what she had to say in every film take.

"They take three shots of each scene, you know. Far away, close up, and" — putting one hand to her middle — "to here."

So she worked out a series of signs with the other members of the cast. "I wink, or wave my hand, and they take it from there. They were *very* good about it.

"They are all nice people.

"The boys are sweet, but that Troy Donahue! I fight with him. He pinches. And when he pinches, the face, it goes." Cha Cha scowled.

It was almost easy to feel a twinge of sympathy for Pinch Donahue.

That contract

While the cast were being sweet to Cha Cha, the directors sometimes were not.

"Oh, the directors. Most weeks we have different directors, and they are like this." She began tearing her hair.

"They say, 'This girl talks whatever she wants to and *very bad*.' No, no, my lady.'

"'Call upstairs,' I say.

"So they go away and call the producer and he tells them about my contract and the director comes back serious," she looked serious, "and he say just 'O.K. RRRRRRoll 'em.'"

(To prolong the fun no one used to mention Cha Cha's contract to a new director.)

Now after two years Warner Brothers' "Surfside 6" series has finished in America.

Cha Cha says, with some satisfaction, "Lee—he is English—and me we are the only ones not working. The others sign contracts for seven years. But us, we know. Only contract for two years."

But she has plans. "I must learn more. I am grateful, but I must do more than be Cha Cha. I must."

So Miss Margarita Sierra will become a doctor's wife in a new comedy series for Columbia studio. "The doctor's wife help him. She take jobs singing and as waitress when she cannot get singing job."

There's also the prospect of a movie. But about this she is mysterious. "I cannot tell anything till they make a big announcement to the Press in Hollywood. But it has big director, big producer. Specially written for me, too."

While all this is in preparation, Cha Cha decided to come to Australia. And in Sydney she visited—or erupted into—TCN Channel 9 studios to make some presentation announcements about coming programmes.

At the studio she sat enthroned in a pale green chair bathed in spotlights. She studied the script ("I do not do too bad, eh?" she asked, explaining she learnt to read English only six months ago).

"What is here? The Fleent-stuns? Oh, Flint-stuns. Stones. Stones. The Flint*stones*.

"If I make mistake this can be done again, no?"

"No," chorused the TCN people, who were rather pressed for time with another show coming up.

Cha Cha went into a fluff of explanation. "I do not mean no. I mean YES. Yes?"

"No."

She began another announcement about "*Gunsmuk* coming your way on this station . . ."

And "it's a gas," they said admiringly.

"Is a who?" asked Cha Cha.

Pause for explanation. "A gas—that's good, terrific."

And so is Cha Cha.

AT TCN, Sydney, Margarita Sierra announces the next programme, "Surfside 6," in which she stars as Cha Cha O'Brien. "Don't go away," she said, shaking a finger at the television camera. "You're going to like this!"

CHA CHA with another "Surfside 6" star, Troy Donahue (who is a wolf, she says).

DID YOU KNOW?

"ROUTE 66" has run up the impressive mileage of 60,000 across 36 States in its two years of existence. Road gear necessary for filming the show includes a car transporter for two Chevrolet Corvettes and three passenger cars, a sound-truck for camera equipment, a semi-trailer for wardrobe and dressing-room, a generator for electricity and heat, a 500-gallon supply of water, and another semi-trailer with miscellaneous technical gear.

★ ★ ★

PHIL SILVERS gave his version of the "Slowest Gun in the West" some time back. Now Jackie Gleason's new TV character is to be known as Minnesota Fats, "the saddest cowboy in the West."

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It's trad, dad

"TRAD PAD" is a new Saturday night TV special, a half-hour of trad jazz compered by and featuring Graeme Bell and his All-Stars, one of Australia's finest jazz bands. From left, members of the band are Bob Barnard, trumpet, Alan Geddes, drums, Norm Wyatt, trombone, Wally Wickham, bass, Laurie Gooding, clarinet, Harry Harman, banjo, and, seated in the centre, the old maestro, Graeme Bell. If you're a square and need a translation of "Trad Pad," "trad" is an abbreviation of traditional; "pad" is beatnik for a place of your own or a place where you feel you belong. In the new show, and it's a beauty, the pad is a jazz cellar run by Graeme Bell where lovers of trad jazz meet and listen. The All-Stars are featured largely, but each week there is a visiting jazz instrumentalist and singer, and some weeks a guest trad jazz band.

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NEW ORLEANS BROWNIES.

BUTTERSCOTCH FAVORITES.

CRUNCHY DROPS.

PARISIAN TRIANGLES.

COCONUT WEDGES.

● The biscuits on this page are suitable to serve at afternoon teas and other parties. Store them in airtight tins.

PARISIAN TRIANGLES

Three cups sifted flour, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 8oz. butter or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, water, 2 egg-whites, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar, pinch cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1½ cups chopped almonds.

Sift flour, sugar, and salt together into basin. Rub in butter. Beat egg-yolks slightly, mix with little water. Sprinkle gradually over flour mixture, toss lightly with fork to mix to moist dough. Form into ball and chill while preparing meringue. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add icing-sugar, beating constantly. Add cream of tartar and continue beating until very light. Fold in vanilla. Cover with damp cloth while rolling out dough. Roll out chilled dough on lightly floured board to large rectangle. Spread thinly with meringue, sprinkle with mixture of combined sugar, cinnamon, and almonds. Press slightly with spatula or knife to make topping firm. Cut into triangles, place on ungreased oven-slides. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

BUTTERSCOTCH FAVORITES

One and a half cups flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 eggs, 2 cups brown sugar, ¼ cup melted butter or substitute, 1oz. melted chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, ¾ cup chopped nuts, butterscotch icing (see below).

Break eggs into basin, beat until foamy. Gradually add brown sugar, beat until well blended. Stir in melted chocolate, butter, vanilla. Fold in sifted dry ingredients and chopped nuts. Place into greased 9in. square tin or slab-tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes. Cool. Prepare icing.

Icing: Place 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, and ¼ cup milk into saucepan, stir over heat until boiling. Boil 1 minute. Beat well, adding sufficient icing-sugar to make spreading consistency. Spread over top of biscuit, cut into finger lengths to serve.

COCONUT CASTLES

Two cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3oz. chocolate, ¼ cup hot coffee (made up of ¼ teaspoon instant coffee and ¼ cup boiling water), 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 egg, 2-3rds cup sour cream, 2-3rds cup coconut, chocolate frosting (see next column), extra coconut.

Sift together flour, salt, soda. Melt chopped chocolate in hot coffee, allow to cool. Cream together butter or substitute and brown sugar, add egg, and beat well. Fold in cooled melted chocolate, then sour cream alternately with sifted dry ingredients; mix until blended. Lastly stir in coconut. Drop by heaped teaspoonfuls on to greased oven-slides. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Frost, top with extra coconut.

Chocolate Frosting: Heat 1½oz. chocolate with ¼ cup sour cream and 1oz. butter in top of double-boiler over hot water, stirring until chocolate melts. Remove from heat at once, gradually blend in 1½ to 2 cups sifted icing-sugar until consistency of thick cream. Spread on top of biscuits. If too thick, add a little water or cream.

NEW ORLEANS BROWNIES

Three-quarters cup sifted flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2½oz. chocolate, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Sift together flour, baking-powder, salt. Cream butter, gradually add sugar, creaming well. Add the eggs, chocolate (melted and cooled), and vanilla. Blend in dry ingredients and nuts. Mix well. Pour into well-greased and floured 9 x 9 x 2in. tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes. Cool, cover with green peppermint mock cream and melted chocolate. Cut into bars when cooled.

Topping: One and a half cups sifted icing-sugar, ½ cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon peppermint flavoring, green coloring, 2oz. chocolate.

Combine sugar and cream in saucepan. Cook over direct heat until a little syrup dropped in cold water forms soft ball. Remove from heat. Add butter; cool to lukewarm. Add flavoring and coloring, beat until thick and creamy. Cover cooled brownies with this, then cover with the melted chocolate.

CRUNCHY DROPS

Two and a quarter cups self-raising flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, vanilla, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped dates, 1-3rd cup chopped cherries, crushed corn cereal.

Cream butter, vanilla, and sugar until white and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in milk, sifted flour, and soda alternately. Stir in walnuts, dates, and cherries. Drop teaspoons of dough on to corn cereal, toss lightly. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

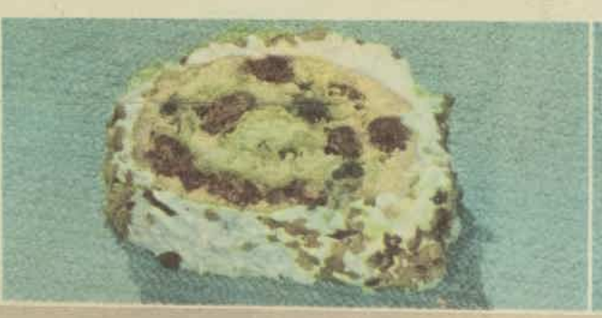
Continued on page 43

TREASURES.

TWILIGHT STARS.

SUNBEAMS.

PEANUT TWINS.



CARNIVAL WHIRLS.

COCONUT CASTLES.

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NEW! odourless hair-removing cream

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"For years I was terrified by rheumatism ... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were recommendation enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope.

Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.)

That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains.

Don't suffer needlessly!

Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

M35A

CAKE RECIPES

. . . from page 39

CHOCO-FRUIT BARS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup chopped raisins, ¼ cup chopped figs, ¼ cup chopped sultanas (or use 1 cup mixed chopped fruits), ½ cup finely chopped walnuts, 2 eggs, 4oz. grated chocolate, 1 tablespoon milk, few drops vanilla, 4oz. melted butter.

Sift flour and salt into basin, add sugar, chopped fruits, and nuts. Beat eggs with milk and vanilla, add to dry ingredients alternately with 1oz. of the grated chocolate and the melted butter; mix well. Spread into greased shallow tin, bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes, until browned and fairly firm. Remove from oven when cooked; allow to cool. Sprinkle over the reserved chocolate. Cut into bars to serve.

BANANA JIFFIES

Five ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup mashed bananas (approximately 3 medium - sized bananas mashed by hand or in electric mixer), ¼ teaspoon baking - soda, 3oz. softened butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon vanilla, few drops almond essence.

Topping: One tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon orange rind.

Sift together flour, salt, baking-powder, soda; add sugar, mix well. Add softened butter or substitute, banana, egg, and essences; beat thoroughly until smooth. Drop in teaspoonfuls on to ungreased oven-slides. Mix brown sugar and orange rind together, sprinkle a little on top of each cake. Bake in moderately hot oven 13 to 15 minutes. When cooked, loosen cakes with knife and turn on to cake - cooler. Quantities above will make about 2 dozen cakes.

Variation of Topping: Colored coffee crystals, or sugar and ½ teaspoon spice.

HAWAIIAN STARS

Half pound flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons castor-sugar, ¾ cup milk, 10 marshmallows, 10 stoned dates, ½ cup chopped walnuts or almonds.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter or substitute, add sugar. Mix to soft dough with milk. Grease 20 patty-pans, place a teaspoon of dough in each. Add first a marshmallow half, then half a date. Sprinkle lightly with chopped walnuts or almonds. Cover with another spoonful of dough. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Cool and frost with the following cream:

Vanilla Butter Cream: Two ounces butter, 8oz. icing-sugar, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons cream, chopped walnuts or almonds.

Cream butter until soft, gradually add sifted icing-sugar, vanilla, salt, and cream. Beat until smooth and creamy. Spread a little on top of each cake, sprinkle with chopped walnuts or almonds.

SURPRISE BASKETS

Pastry: Three ounces soft cream cheese, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch salt, 1½ cups sifted self-raising flour.

Blend cream cheese with butter, sugar, and salt in bowl. Add sifted flour, stir until mixture is well blended. Drop tablespoonful of dough at a time into ungreased muffin- or patty-tins, press evenly over base and sides. Spoon in filling (see below), bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool in tins 15 minutes then carefully remove. Cool completely before serving.

Use one of the following fillings:

Tangy Cheese Filling: Six ounces cream cheese, ¼ cup castor-sugar, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup whipped cream, toasted slivered almonds.

In bowl blend cream cheese with sugar, egg, and lemon rind; beat until light and fluffy. Gradually add lemon juice. Use to fill uncooked pastry cups. Just before serving, top each basket with little whipped cream and few slivered almonds.

Chocolate - Nut Meringue: Three egg-whites, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon almond essence, ¼ cup castor-sugar, 1-3rd cup finely chopped nuts, 1-3rd cup chocolate (finely chopped).

Beat egg-whites in bowl until foamy, add salt and almond essence. Continue beating until soft peaks form, gradually add sugar and beat until sugar dissolves. Fold in nuts and chocolate. Use as directed.

TREASURE GEMS

One-third cup finely chopped walnuts, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk, 4oz. butter or substitute, ¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar, ¼ cup sifted icing-sugar, 1 egg, vanilla, 1½ cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ cup cornflour, pinch salt, 4oz. cooking chocolate, 1oz. white shortening, chocolate sprinkles or coconut or chopped walnuts or almonds for decorating.

Place walnuts, 1-3rd cup sugar, evaporated milk in small saucepan, stir over medium heat until thickened (about 8 minutes), add vanilla and cool thoroughly. Cream butter with icing-sugar and brown sugar, beat well. Add beaten egg and vanilla, beat until smooth. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, cornflour, and salt and mix to stiff dough. Shape into about 3 dozen small balls. Make a deep indentation in each with back of teaspoon and fill with walnut mixture. Mould over to cover filling. Put in heated greased gem-irons, bake in hot oven until cooked (about 15 minutes); cool. Place chocolate and shortening in small bowl over hot water. Heat gently until melted. Dip cakes in, drain, and then dip in any one of the decoration ingredients listed above. Allow to set.

RUM BALLS

Eight ounces stale sponge or plain cake crumbs, 3oz. ground almonds, 3oz. chopped walnuts, 6oz. castor-sugar, 1 tablespoon rum, 3 tablespoons strained apricot jelly (made by heating 2 tablespoons apricot jam with 2 tablespoons water and 1 tablespoon lemon juice until well mixed together), chocolate icing, chocolate sprinkles, or 1 cup toasted coconut.

Mix crumbs, nuts, and sugar together, add rum, apricot jelly; mix well. Shape into small balls with hands, chill 3 hours. Coat with thin chocolate icing then roll in sprinkles or coconut. Chill until serving time.

SNOW CLOUDS

One ounce chocolate, ½ cup water, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2-3rds cup sugar, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 2 egg-yolks, ¼ cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 dozen peppermint creams, meringue.

Combine chopped chocolate, water, butter or substitute in saucepan, stir over heat until chocolate melts; cool. Sift together flour, sugar, soda, salt, fold into chocolate mixture. Fold in unbeaten egg-yolks, sour cream, and vanilla. Fill into patty-tins lined with paper cups, bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from oven, place 1 peppermint cream on each. Quickly top with a little meringue and return to hot oven further 3 to 5 minutes.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, ¼ cup brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Place egg-whites in clean, dry basin and beat until soft peaks form. Gradually add brown sugar and cream of tartar, beat well after each addition. Continue beating until meringue stands in stiff peaks. Use as directed above.

GOLDEN CREAM SQUARES

Three ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. castor-sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, ¾ cup milk, 12oz. self-raising flour.

Cream butter or substitute until fluffy, add sugar gradually and continue beating. Gradually add vanilla and egg-yolks. Fold in flour and milk alternately into creamed mixture. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into well - greased lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Remove from oven, cool slightly, then spread thickly with creamy topping. Place under hot griller and cook until lightly browned. Cool, cut into squares.

Creamy Topping: Quarter cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, ¼ cup evaporated milk, 1 cup coarsely chopped shredded coconut, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind.

Cream butter well, add evaporated milk, beat in sugar, then fold in shredded coconut and orange rind.

COFFEE PUFFS

Pastry: Five tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, ½ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs.

Filling: Two tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, icing-sugar.

Pastry: Bring to boil in saucepan the water, shortening, and coffee essence. Stir in flour and salt (sifted together), cook until mixture leaves sides of saucepan, stirring constantly. Cool slightly, add beaten eggs gradually, beating well until mixture is quite smooth. Drop teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven-slide or pipe through bag with plain-topped eclair-pipe. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, continue cooking 20 minutes. Remove from oven and transfer to cake-cooler. Split through centres.

Filling: Combine in saucepan, honey, flour, brown sugar, and beaten egg; mix well. Then add vanilla and milk. Stir over low heat until boiled and thickened. Cool, fill into cooled puffs. Dust with icing-sugar.

MANILLO FRUIT SHORT-CAKES

Shortcake: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, ½ cup self-raising flour, 1½ cups plain flour, pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk, milk to mix.

Beat butter with sugar until light and fluffy, add egg-yolk. Work in sifted flours and salt, mix to firm dough, adding a little milk if necessary. Turn on to floured board, roll out about ¼in. thick. Line greased oblong tin.

Topping: One and a half cups stale cake crumbs, 3 dessertspoons sweet sherry (or orange juice), 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, raspberry jam, ½ cup each chopped raisins, sultanas, and currants, 1 teaspoon spice, 1-3rd cup coconut, lemon icing, walnuts.

Place cake crumbs in basin, sprinkle with sherry. Cream butter and sugar together, add egg and beat well. Fold in cake crumbs, fruits, spice, and coconut. Spread shortcake base with jam. Fill fruit mixture into tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Cool, top with icing, sprinkle with walnuts. Cut into squares to serve.

SAVORY SPINACH BAKE

One bunch spinach, 2 onions, ¼lb. cottage cheese, 1 cup grated cheese, salt, pepper, 4 to 6 eggs, 4 rashers bacon, butter.

Wash spinach well, remove white stalks. Dice stalks finely and place in very small quantity salted water. Bring to boil, cook few minutes, add green spinach, cover tightly and cook 1 minute. Drain, set aside. Slice onions into fine rings, bring to boil in small quantity salted water. Cook 1 minute, drain. Arrange layer of spinach in bottom of greased oven-proof casserole, sprinkle layer of onion rings over top, then a layer of cottage cheese and grated cheese Season well with salt and pepper and continue layers until casserole is almost full.

Make 4 to 6 indentations in spinach mixture and break 1 egg into each. Dot butter over surface, place in moderately hot oven 15 minutes. Meanwhile chop bacon and saute in its own fat until crisp. Serve sprinkled round eggs in casserole.

CHOCO-FRUIT BARS (left) are easy to make and will keep well if stored in an airtight tin.

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Biscuit recipes

(from page 41)

TREASURES

One and a half cups self-raising flour, ½ cup butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup brown sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup maraschino cherry juice, 2 tablespoons milk, 2oz. melted chocolate, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped maraschino cherries, 18 marshmallows (cut in halves), walnut halves, cherries, coconut.

Cream butter or substitute and brown sugar until fluffy. Add egg; beat well. Stir in half the sifted flour, cherry juice, milk, then add remainder. Mix well. Blend in chocolate, walnuts, cherries. Place rounded teaspoonfuls of mixture on greased trays, bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Place marshmallow on top of hot biscuit; cool. Frost with chocolate frosting, decorate as desired with walnuts, cherries, and coconut.

Chocolate Frosting: One-third cup milk, ½ cup butter or substitute, 2oz. chocolate, pinch salt, vanilla, 3 to 3½ cups icing-sugar.

Place into top half of double saucepan the milk, butter, chocolate, salt. Stir occasionally over hot water until chocolate has melted and mixture is smooth. Remove from heat, flavor with vanilla. Gradually beat in sifted icing-sugar until good spreading consistency.

TWILIGHT STARS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. castor sugar, 8oz. flour, pinch salt, grated rind ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 1 quantity marshmallow (see below), raspberry jelly crystals.

Cream butter and sugar together until light and fluffy, adding lemon rind, vanilla. Work in egg, sifted flour, and salt until mixture is good, firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out thinly, cut into star shapes. Place on lightly greased oven-slides, bake in moderately hot oven about 10 minutes or until lightly browned and crisp. Loosen on slides, allow to cool. Prepare marshmallow.

Marshmallow: One cup sugar, 1-3rd cup water (boiling), 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon glucose, extra 1-3rd cup boiling water, pink coloring, vanilla or other flavoring desired.

Dissolve sugar and glucose in one quantity of boiling water. Dissolve gelatine in other quantity of boiling water. Mix together, beat until mixture thickens. Color and flavor. Spoon little on to each star, sprinkle with jelly crystals. Leave until set. Pour any remaining marshmallow into wetted tin. Allow to set, cut into squares. Coat with toasted coconut or mixture of cornflour and icing-sugar.

SUNBEAMS

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg.

Cream butter with brown sugar. Blend in vanilla, beaten egg. Add flour and soda, mix thoroughly. Chill at least 1 hour. Prepare filling and meringue.

Lemon Filling: One cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ cup lemon juice, 3 egg-yolks, 3oz. butter.

Combine in saucepan sugar, lemon rind and juice, slightly beaten egg-yolks. Heat to boiling, stirring constantly; add butter. Cool.

Meringue: Three egg-whites, ¾ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

Beat egg-whites until slight mounds form. Gradually add sugar, beating until mixture stands in stiff, glossy peaks. Blend in lemon juice, beat well until stiff peaks form.

Shape level teaspoons of dough into balls. Place on ungreased oven-slides, press to ⅛in. thickness. Top with spoonful of meringue. Form hollow in centre of each, using back of teaspoon dipped in cold water. Bake in slow oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool. Fill hollow with prepared filling as needed.

(Continued overleaf)

Hit parade of butter and cheese recipes contest

IN this panel is the second of six recipes in an exciting new £3000 cookery contest featuring butter and cheese. It is conducted by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

First prize in the contest is £1000; second prize, £500; third prize, £300; fourth prize, £200. There will be 100 consolation prizes each consisting of a £10 grocery order.

Competitors are asked to make the recipes and test them for themselves. All details of the contest and the entry form appeared in a color advertisement in our issue of September 12 and will be repeated in our issue of September 26.

RECIPE No. 2

MACARONI CHEESE TROPICAL

One tablespoon butter, 1 level tablespoon flour, ½ pint milk, salt, pepper, and cayenne, a can of sliced pineapple, 6oz. (1½ cups) grated matured cheese, ½ cup chopped onion, ¼ cup chopped red capsicum, ¼ cup diced celery, extra butter, ¼ cup cooked green peas, ¼lb. bacon (crisply fried), ¼lb. macaroni cooked until tender in salted water, then a knob of butter added.

Melt the butter in a saucepan. Stir in the flour. Cook several minutes, then gradually add the milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and cayenne. Add 1 cup of the grated cheese and 1 slice of pineapple (crushed). Fry the onion, capsicum, and celery lightly in extra butter. Mix them into sauce, together with peas and bacon. Fold through the macaroni. Pour into ovenproof dish, top with remaining cheese, and bake golden brown. Top with remaining pineapple and return to warm oven until serving-time.

EGG-NOG PEAR CAKE

INGREDIENTS: 3 oz. butter or substitute; 4 oz. sugar; ½ teaspoon vanilla essence; 2 small eggs; 6 oz. self-raising flour; pinch salt; scant ¼ cup milk. Filling: 1 can pear halves (drained); ½ cup chopped mixed fruits; 1 tablespoon shredded mixed peel; 2 tablespoons brandy; 2 egg-yolks; ½ cup sugar; 2 oz. butter or substitute; 3 dessertspoons flour; grated rind ½ lemon.

METHOD: Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into well-greased, 8-inch recess tin and bake in a moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Turn carefully onto cake cooler. Filling: Mix fruit and brandy, allow to stand while balance of mixture cooks. Beat egg-yolks until light, pour slowly onto flour mixed with sugar, blend well. Add lemon rind and melted butter. Place over gently boiling water and stir occasionally while mixture cooks slowly and thickens, about ¾ to 1 hour. Beat until smooth, add brandied fruit, allow to cool. Arrange pear halves in recess of cake and spoon over egg-nog filling. Decorate with whipped sweetened cream and red and green cherries.

Easy! open a can of perfect pears

PEAR AMBERGAY

INGREDIENTS: ½ cup finely chopped blanched almonds; ½ cup crushed macaroon crumbs; 1 tablespoon chopped peel; 1 tablespoon crystallised ginger; 1 teaspoon mixed spice; 2 tablespoons milk; 1 can peach halves (drained); ⅓ cup marsala wine or port wine; 2 tablespoons sugar.

METHOD: Combine chopped almonds, macaroon crumbs, peel, ginger, spice and milk; mix well. Fill peach cavities with this mixture. Arrange peach halves in a lightly greased ovenproof dish and pour over the wine, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve either hot or cold. Note: Crushed coconut biscuits may replace macaroon crumbs in this recipe if desired.

IT'S LIKE OWNING AN ORCHARD! All the sunny, golden goodness of fruit fresh from the tree is yours — any time you want it! Just open a can. No work, no mess, no waste. And, mmm . . . just taste that healthy freshness! It's sealed into every can by pressure-cooking. You'll really enjoy making desserts like these with canned fruits. Pick up an extra can on every shopping trip.

For goodness' sake eat more canned fruit

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WOOLWORTHS

CHICKEN DISH WINS £5 PRIZE

● This week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. E. Fredericks, 109 Tanjong Bungah Park, Penang Island, Malaya, for her recipe for an unusual chicken dish.

ALL spoon measurements are level in this recipe.

CHICKEN SUCCOTASH

One chicken (about 3lb.), 1 15oz. can cream of chicken soup, 4 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup chopped celery leaves, 4oz. diced salt pork or ham, 1 cup lima beans (previously soaked overnight), 1 cup fresh or canned sweetcorn, ½ teaspoon dried mixed herbs, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ cup chicken liquid, 1 cup stale bread cubes, 2 tablespoons melted butter, pepper and salt to taste.

Cut chicken into quarters, place in large saucepan. Combine soup, water, salt, pepper; pour over chicken pieces, add chopped celery leaves. Bring to boil and simmer until tender, covered. Remove and cool. Take meat from bones, set aside. Measure 3 cups fat-free liquid, strain into clean saucepan. Add diced salt pork and drained lima beans. Cover, cook until lima beans are almost tender. Fold in chicken meat, sweetcorn, and herbs, correct seasoning if necessary. Cover, simmer 10 minutes. Blend flour and chicken liquid to smooth paste, stir into chicken mixture, cook until thickened and smooth, stirring all the time. Transfer mixture to hot ovenproof dish. Toss bread cubes in the melted butter in hot pan, cook until crisp and golden, season to taste with pepper and salt, spoon round edge of chicken mixture. Serve thoroughly heated as luncheon dish or main meal with vegetables.

Concluding . . . SMALL CAKES AND BISCUITS

Biscuit recipes . . . *from previous page*

CARNIVAL WHIRLS

Five ounces dates, boiling water, 1 tablespoon flour, extra 2-3rds cup sifted flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 20 maraschino cherries, 1 tablespoon icing-sugar, butter frosting (see below), 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Place dates in sieve, pour over boiling water. Cut finely with scissors or knife which has been dipped in hot water. Coat with the 1 tablespoon flour. Sift together flour, baking-powder, and salt. Beat eggs until foamy, gradually add sugar, beating constantly until thick and ivory colored. Blend in vanilla. Fold in sifted dry ingredients lightly but thoroughly. Lastly add walnuts and chopped dates. Spread in large swiss roll-tin which has been lined with waxed paper, then greased and floured. Drain cherries well, arrange 10 cherries across each end of batter about ½in. from edge of pan. Bake in slow oven 30 to 35 minutes. Turn hot cake on to waxed paper which has been sprinkled with icing-sugar. Remove lining paper, trim edges, cut crosswise into 2 rectangles. Roll each rectangle tightly, beginning with the cherry end. Wrap in waxed paper; chill. Spread chilled rolls thinly with frosting, roll in chopped walnuts. Chill again. To serve cut into ¾in. to ⅞in. slices.

Butter Frosting: Cream 4oz. butter or substitute until soft, blend in about 2 to 2½ cups sifted icing-sugar alternately with 5 or 6 teaspoons cream. Add vanilla to taste, beat until creamy and smooth.

PEANUT TWINS

One and three-quarter cups self-raising flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup peanut butter, vanilla, extra sugar, 1 egg, chocolate mock cream, green icing.

Cream butter or substitute with sugars, peanut butter, vanilla. Add egg, beat well. Stir in sifted flour, mix thoroughly. Place in small teaspoonfuls on sugar, roll into balls. Place on greased oven-trays, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Remove from oven, loosen, and cool on trays. When completely cold, sandwich 2 biscuits together with mock cream, top with little green-colored icing.

COCONUT WEDGES

One and a half ounces butter or substitute, 1½oz. sugar, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 egg, ¾ to 1 cup strawberry or other jam, vanilla.

Topping: Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 2 cups coconut, vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar, flavor with vanilla; add the beaten egg. Stir in sifted flour. Spread into greased slab-tin, cover with jam. Prepare topping: Cream butter and sugar together, flavor with vanilla, add well-beaten eggs, coconut, and flour. Spread evenly over jam. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Remove from oven, cut into wedges. Allow to cool in slab-tins.

CHOC-ORANGE CHIPPERS

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 2oz. cream cheese, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2oz. semi-sweet chocolate pieces, walnut halves.

Cream butter, sugar, and cream cheese together. Add egg, orange rind, and vanilla; beat well. Mix in sifted flour and salt, lastly add chocolate pieces. Drop mixture teaspoonful at a time on greased oven-slide, top each with walnut half. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Loosen with knife, cool on trays.

PINEAPPLE COOKIES

Half cup butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup castor-sugar, ½ cup pineapple (drained and crushed), 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter or substitute and sugars together thoroughly. Add pineapple and egg, mix well. Sift dry ingredients together, add to creamed mixture. Blend in nuts and vanilla. Drop by dessertspoons on greased tray, allowing room to spread. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes or until lightly browned.

ALMOND ROUGHS

Six ounces flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup water.

Topping: Two ounces ground almonds, 2oz. coconut, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 teaspoon rum, 1 dessertspoon milk, raspberry jam.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter, add sugar. Beat egg-yolk with water, add to dry ingredients, mix to firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out thinly. Cut into rounds with a 1½in. cutter. Place on greased tray. Prepare topping:

Combine ground almonds, coconut, and sugar. Beat egg-white slightly, add rum and milk. Add to almond mixture, mix well. Spoon on to biscuit rounds, making slight depression in centre of each, dot with little jam. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Remove from trays, cool on cake-cooler.

PEANUT CLUSTERS

Two and a half cups rolled oats, ¾ cup self-raising flour, 1 cup brown sugar, 4oz. salted peanuts (chopped), 1 egg, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, ½ cup melted butter or substitute.

Mix oats, flour, sugar, and peanuts together in large basin. Add beaten egg, golden syrup, melted butter or substitute; stir all ingredients until well mixed. Grease several shallow scone- or biscuit-trays, place teaspoonfuls of mixture about 2in. apart. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Remove tray, loosen biscuits with knife. Leave on tray to cool.

POLKA-DOT COOKIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, ¾ cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, 1-3rd cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup rolled oats, 6oz. chocolate pieces.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and spices, walnuts, oats, chocolate pieces; mix well. Drop mixture teaspoonful at a time on greased oven-slides, bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Loosen on trays, cool.

CORNMILK BISCUITS

Half cup condensed milk, ½ cup crushed corn cereal, ½ cup soft butter or substitute, ¾ cup coconut, ¾ cup finely chopped dates, ¾ cup walnuts (chopped), 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Place in large bowl crushed corn cereal, coconut, dates, walnuts, flour, vanilla, and butter or substitute. Add condensed milk, mix well. Form teaspoonfuls of mixture into round balls. Place on greased oven-slide, bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes or until golden brown. Loosen with broad-bladed knife or spatula, leave on slide until cool. Store in airtight tin.

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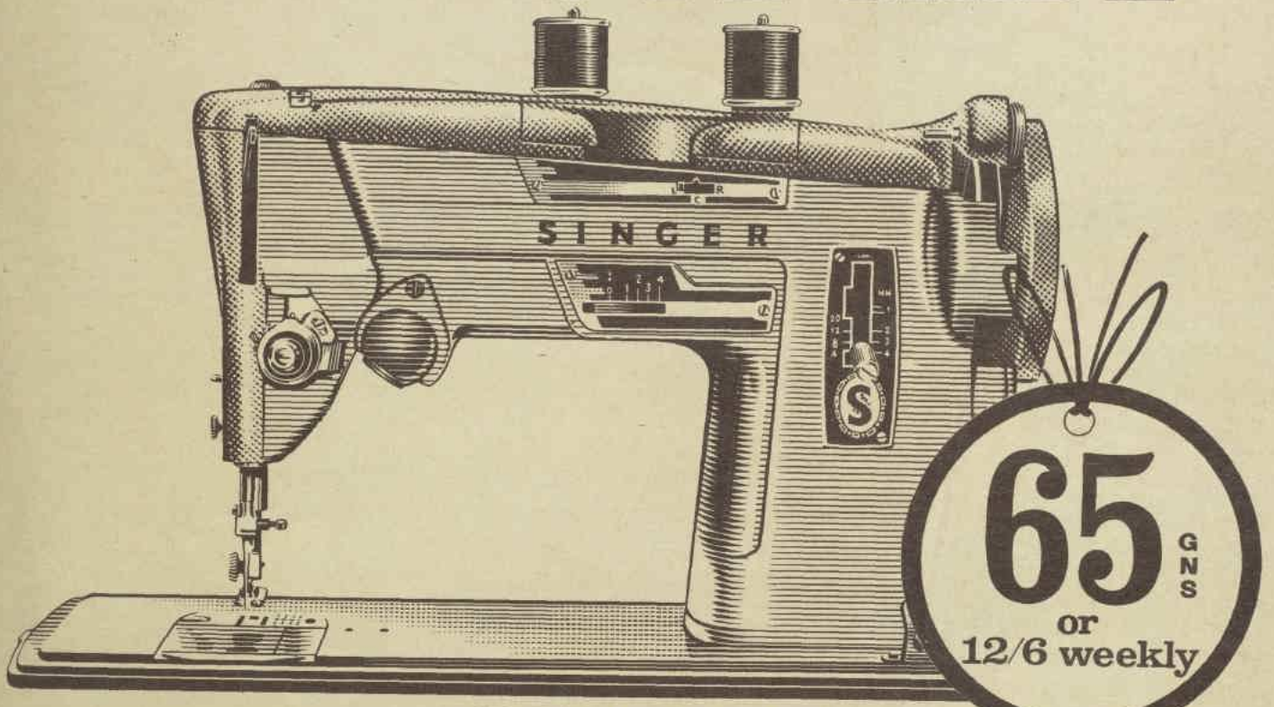
HERE IS THE MACHINE THEY SAID COULD NEVER BE MADE



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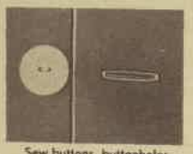
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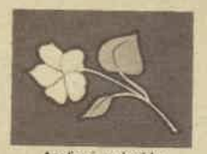
Blind-stitch hems

Overcast seams

Mend tears

Apply elastic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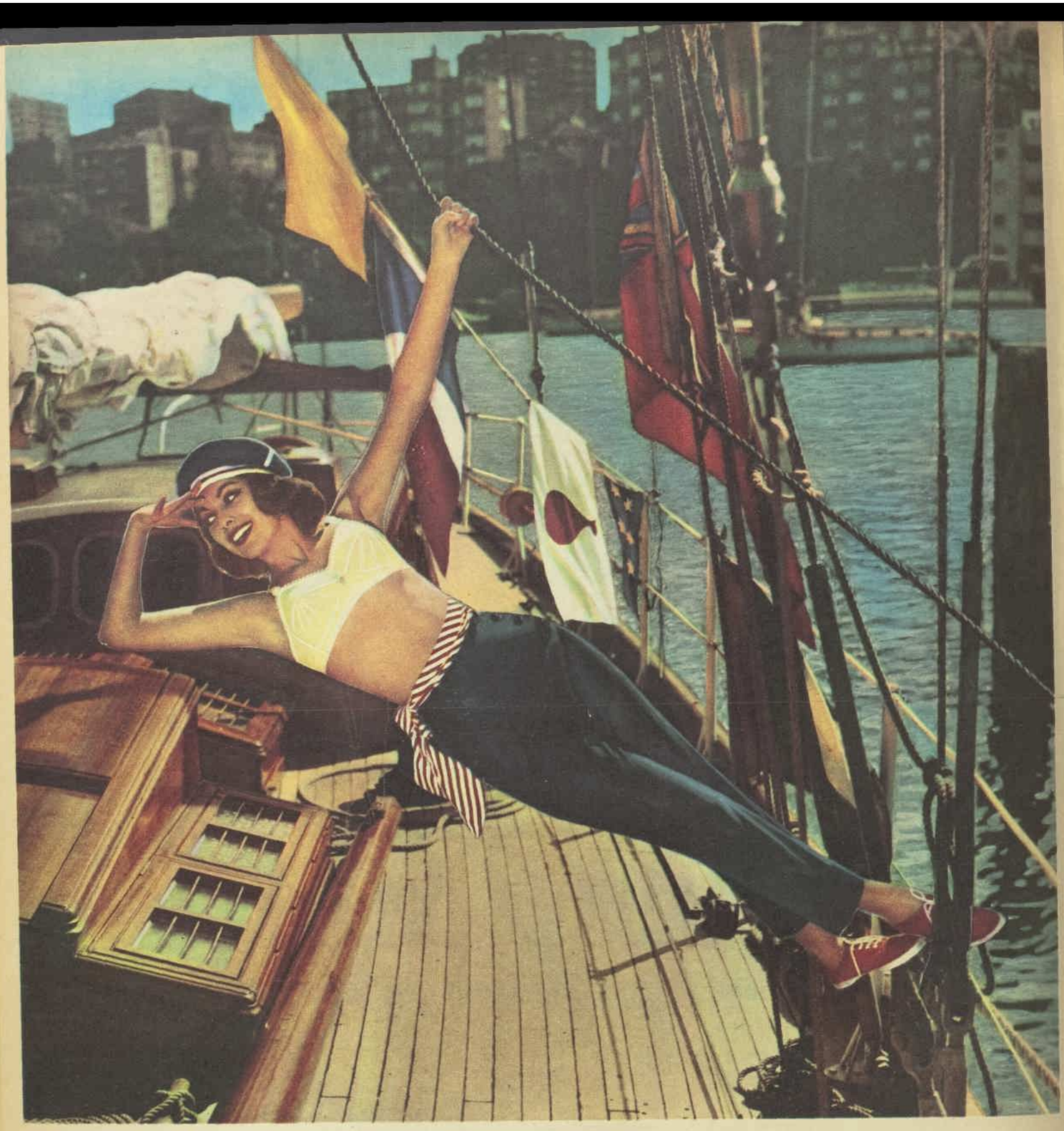

I dreamed I was all decked out in my *maidenform** bra

Maidenform "Counterpoint" features new non-rubber elastic "Vyrene"* spandex which is finer, softer, and has twice the life of ordinary rubber elastic. It doesn't perish; body oils and perspiration don't affect it. "Counterpoint" moulds a prettier figure and holds its shape through continued washings. With Spandex or cotton back, from just **24/11.**

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*maidenform** — AMERICA'S DREAM BRA — MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY Berlei

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• Week after week, year after year, "Dad" gives up his earnings to provide the whole family with a home, food, clothes, and outings . . . and everyone takes it for granted.

"MIDDLE-AGE BLUES"

• Have you ever had your husband turn a look of complete hostility on you and felt the bottom drop right out of your world? I have had this happen — and it shook the foundations of smug little me to the core.

WE had been married 25 years and I rather fancy myself as the most perfect wife — I didn't ever nag, was a good cook, fond mother, and reasonable housekeeper.

In fact, I rather fancied that any man married to me had done pretty well for himself!

We'd paid for our house and had a nice nest-egg for a rainy day.

I was thrifty, but not mean.

Then, after 25 years, my husband seemed to alter his whole outlook.

He had always let me furnish the house my way, bring up the children my way, and always wore the clothes I chose for him.

Don't get me wrong by all this—he was not brow-beaten into any of it; the truth was that over the years it seemed that he couldn't care less about furniture, kids, or clothes, as long as he could go to golf, rifle shooting, his lodge, etc., undeterred.

And I certainly did not ever interfere with his masculine pursuits or his car.

Then our sons grew up—nice kids fond of their father, but keeping down good jobs themselves and having cars of their own and going on holidays we had never been able to afford for ourselves.

Sometimes my husband—call him Bill—could be heard muttering about "kids these days are on a much better wicket than ever we were" and so on.

He began to feel that he had worked solidly for 25 years for me and these boys and had got precious little out of life for himself.

The boys sometimes remarked, "Dad's getting old and cranky," but life still seemed quite smooth to me.

"Brainstorm"

Then one night Bill got up and took some money and walked out of the house.

I tried to talk to him, but he looked at me as though he couldn't bear the sight of me, and I knew panic and humiliation.

Why he walked away I don't know, as he always took the car to go even a short distance.

I had a dreadful night — not wanting to tell anyone about it, and yet feeling that I needed advice.

"When in doubt, do nothing" has been one of my pet proverbs, so in point of fact I waited.

And it proved lucky that I did not rush to tell anyone, for about five in the morning our phone rang and it was Bill.

He sounded strange, but I gathered he wanted me to go out along the highway for about three miles and collect him. He was ringing from a service-station phone.

Our eldest son drove me out in the car and we found him rather dazed-looking sitting on the side of the road.

He was pale and the dark stubble of beard made him look even paler.

He didn't speak and we helped him into the car and drove him home.

I ran a bath for him and gave him a glass of milk—the only thing he would take — and put him to bed with a hot-water bottle.

He seemed to be in some state of shock, for he slept the clock around and into the following day.

He gradually became more like his old self, but we all treated him like an invalid, because indeed he seemed like one.

In the old days my grandmother would have said he had a brainstorm and needed humoring.

Indeed from whatever heaven my grandmother was watching she directed my actions in this crisis. She had been very old and wise and loved me dearly, and she used to say:

"Love only stays on an open hand—you can't clasp love and make it a prisoner."

I kept thinking of her words over and over.

I began to think perhaps that was just what I'd been doing to Bill — trying to make him a prisoner. Perhaps he was looking back on the past 25 years as a period of being chained up.

So when he was well again, and after thinking it all over, I went to him and sat on the arm of his chair and said:

"I know just how you're feeling, Bill.

"You've known me since I was 16 and you were 18. You married me when you were 24.

"For the past quarter century you've worked for me and the family.

"It's a long time to be tied to one woman.

"You feel that you've had no fun and that all the money you have earned hasn't been for any personal pleasure whatever.

"Am I right?"

"Adventures"

He looked at me and said, "How did you know?"

I smiled. "Because I often feel the same way myself.

"I suppose everyone in his forties gets the feeling of time running out and all the wonderful things he intended to do seemed like burst bubbles.

"Anyway, I want you to take the money and go away for as long as you like.

"Get a job, maybe—on the Snowy Scheme or on a boat.

"In any case, go and have some adventures and get the whole thing out of your system. I'll keep the home going and a big welcome ready for you when you come back."

He looked up, eager, and I went on:

"I've packed your clothes for you and a hamper of food.

"I do love you, Bill, and won't like being on my own.

"But I want you to have a chance of freedom for as long as you need it."

Bill didn't go.

When the hand was open and he could fly he didn't want to.

He suddenly found his home was very dear to him —that I wasn't really trying to enslave him, that time had been robbing me of youth and dreams and ambitions, too.

He could see now that the boys were his monument and his immortality — and that perhaps life as lived by a travelling man is not as comfortable as being within the four walls of home.

I write this article in case someone else is facing the problem of a husband with the "Middle-age Blues."

Perhaps if she, too, opens her hand love will not wish to fly away.

The author, for personal reasons, wishes to remain anonymous.

CHILD CARE

Diseases of childhood

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse.

• Every mother needs to have some knowledge of the common infectious diseases like measles, chicken-pox, etc., which are often picked up by children, especially when school days begin.

FOR although medical advice is usually sought—and that is quite the best thing to do — the mother will be looking after the patient.

These diseases fall into three stages.

First, the incubation period. This is the time that elapses between exposure to infection and the appearance of the symptoms.

The number of days in the incubation period varies in the different diseases.

The second period is the acute stage of the illness and the third is the period of convalescence.

All these periods are infectious.

A child suffering from an infectious disease must be kept away from others, not only during the actual time of illness but also for a number of days afterwards.

This period of isolation also varies in length for the different diseases.

Knowledge of the signs, symptoms, and nursing treatment for these diseases helps a mother to be on the lookout for them.

She is certain to have to deal with them sooner or later.

A free leaflet describing symptoms and suggesting simple nursing treatment is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope in which to post the leaflet is requested.

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(Each book costs 33/6 with postage.)

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New cookbook now on sale

● "Cookery in Colour," a splendid new picture encyclopedia for cooks, contains more than 1000 recipes of every type.

THERE are party dishes for every occasion, from cocktails to children's outdoor entertainments.

Family meals will be more exciting if you follow some of the new and easily made recipes in the book.

It is edited by Leila Howard, of The Australian Women's Weekly Test Kitchen, in conjunction with British cooking expert Marguerite Patten.

Every page is printed in gay colour, and more than 600 illustrations are reproduced in colour and black and white.

The book's hard binding will stand up to years of constant use in the kitchen, and the glossy, colourful cover makes it a gift that will be admired.

The book, price 30/-, is now on sale at all booksellers. It can be obtained also by sending in the coupon at left, above, with a cheque, money order, or postal notes for 33/6, which includes postage.

HOME HINTS

● £1/1/- to each of the following readers who sent us their ideas for better and easier housekeeping.

TO prevent high-pressure hoses from tearing up the soil where young plants are growing, place an old woollen stocking or sock over the end of hose. — Mrs. B. A. Loningle, 78 Miller St., Carnegie, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Roll dates in flour before cutting them up for cakes, loaves, or scones. This will keep them separate as well as preventing them from sticking to the knife or scissors. Use part of the flour measured out for the recipe. — Mrs. S. Rice, 103 Frankland St., Launceston, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Add a teaspoon of black treacle or molasses to your home-made ice-cream recipe for a delicious change of flavor. — Mrs. M. Matheson, 178 Cox St., South Windsor, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Drawers slide better if you lubricate tracks and guides with ordinary soap. Simply run the soap along the track or guide. Oil is inclined to collect dust, and may cause drawers to stick. — Mrs. J. Picha, 2 Bade Ave., Portland, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Nail a metal bottle top to the back of your shoe brush. It's handy for cleaning caked dirt and mud from heels and soles. — Mrs. M. Ferris, Hereford Hills, Calliope, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Use a thin steel knitting-needle to get a drop of oil into an inaccessible spot when you haven't a long-nosed oil can. Smear needle thinly with oil and then insert so it is poised just above the spot that needs oiling. Drop a little oil on upper end of needle and it will run down and drop off where needed. — Mrs. H. Warne, Goppy St., Pemberton, W.A.

★ ★ ★

A little raw egg-white rubbed on the toes of children's shoes conceals scratches in the leather. Let dry, then polish well, and the shoes will be like new. — Miss S. Maloney, 8 Canterbury Tce., Black Forest, S.A.

with Rosella SEVILLE ORANGE MARMALADE

Marma Suzettes are pancakes with a difference . . . because they have the zest and flavour of Rosella Seville Orange Marmalade. Here's a new, quick, easy, delicious way to introduce Rosella Marmalade to your family . . . and how they will enjoy it, just as they like this wonderful Marmalade on hot buttered toast for breakfast. Ask your grocer for Rosella Seville Orange Marmalade, available in cans or glass jars.

More Recipe Magic from the Leila Howard Test Kitchen

MARMA SUZETTES: Cream 2 oz. butter and fold in ½ cup Rosella Seville Orange Marmalade, chill in refrigerator. Prepare pancakes — sift into a bowl 1 cup flour, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, make a well in centre of ingredients and mix in 3 well-beaten eggs and 1 cup milk; mix well. Lastly, beat in 1 tablespoon melted butter and ½ teaspoon vanilla essence. Grease a small pan lightly and add a little batter mixture (only enough to just cover base of pan). Cook quickly until browned on underside, loosen with spatula, turn and brown other side. Continue making pancakes, greasing pan after each one if necessary with a little butter. Spread cooked pancakes with prepared butter and marmalade mixture and roll up. Prepare sauce — heat 2 tablespoons honey in pan, add ¼ cup Rosella Seville Orange Marmalade and ¼ cup sweet sherry, brandy or orange-flavoured liqueur. Stir until boiling and pour over pancakes. Serve.

Rosella Bird Brooches FREE. To obtain an attractive Rosella Brooch send 2 Rosella Jam Labels and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Rosella Pres. & Manfg. Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 530E, Melbourne, C.1. Use coupon below.

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● *A 16-year-old boy owns these two pieces.*

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' questions about their antiques. Some are shown on this page.

Could you tell me anything about this pair of china dogs? They stand about 10in. high and don't seem to have any factory markings.—Mrs. M. Agnew, Lambton, N.S.W.

Your delightful black-and-white dogs (shown at right) are English Staffordshire pottery and were made about 1845. Just now Staffordshire pottery is in great demand among collectors.

● *These dogs are Staffordshire pottery.*

I am 16 years old and have been collecting small antiques for the past year. I have what looks like a jam or butter container in thick china with a rose design and markings of a crown, a rope bow, and the factory number on the base. The stand and lid are metal made by Walker and Hall. My vase is thick blue glass embossed with white fuchsia flowers and is about 8in. high. Could you tell me how old these two pieces are, please?—Richard Lowe, East Malvern, Vic.

Your butter-dish is late Victorian and was made about 1890. The metal stand by Walker and Hall, of Sheffield, is electro-plated, not Sheffield plate. The electro-plating process was discovered in 1836 and replaced Sheffield plate commercially from this date. Your attractive blue vase was made about 1875. These pieces are shown above.

● *An old violin.*

Inside my violin are the following markings: Nicolaus Amatus, Fecit in Cremona, and the date 1654. Could you tell me what these markings mean? — Mrs. W. Damave, Cunderdin, W.A.

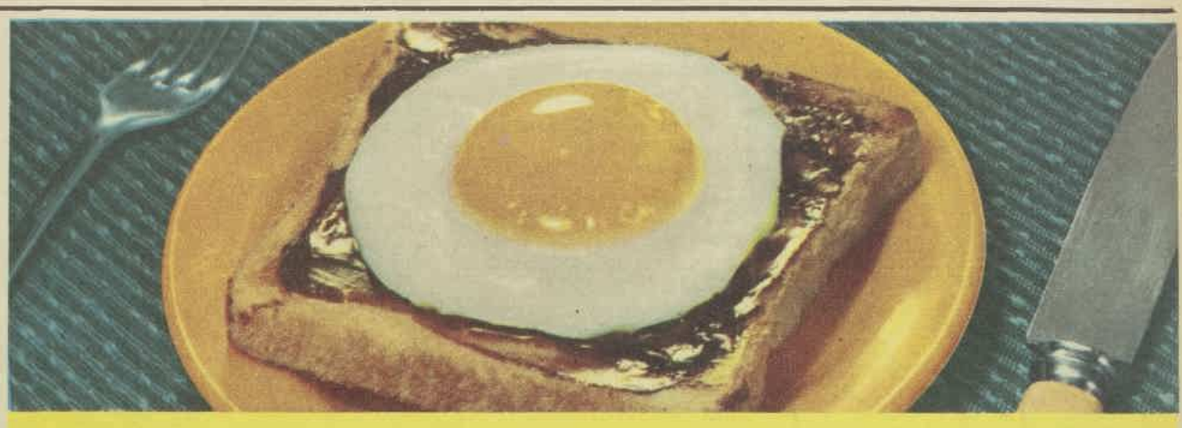
The instrument looks like a copy of an Amatus violin. It is quite common for violins to have a dated label inside like yours and it usually means the instrument was made at a factory and is an Amatus model.

However, it should be shown to a specialist to determine the true age, quality, and value.

★ ★ ★

I own two hand-painted plates trimmed in a royal-blue and gold lattice design. One plate has the name Kauffmann on the front.—Mrs. A. A. Ashford, Scone, N.S.W.

The plates are late 19th-century Continental. The decoration and signature are transfers. The designs are after Angelica Kauffmann, a noted artist in England during the last quarter of the 18th century. In Australia there are many porcelain items which bear the inscription Kauffmann. They are all late specimens —Angelica Kauffmann was not a porcelain decorator.



Vegemite on hot buttered toast in the morning and Vegemite in sandwiches is always popular. But did you know there are many other ways for you and your family to enjoy this zesty food?

Try this . . . when you poach the morning egg — serve it on toast you've spread with Vegemite. This savoury combination provides plenty of the precious "B" group Vitamins everyone needs *daily*.

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NATURE'S RICHEST SOURCE OF
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Happy vitality is what we all want in life . . . and Vegemite is the delicious food source of vitality. Delicious on toast, in sandwiches and as a soup or gravy flavouring! Here is the really pleasant way to make sure you get the fresh supply of Vitamin B you need every day. Delicious Vegemite is a pure, concentrated *yeast* extract, and yeast is nature's richest source of precious "B" group vitamins. Vegemite gives you Vitamin B1 for healthy nerves, B2 for firm body tissue, and Niacin for good digestion. Keep up your good health and vitality . . . keep up your Vegemite daily.

Spreads just right—tastes so bright
—keep up your VEGEMITE

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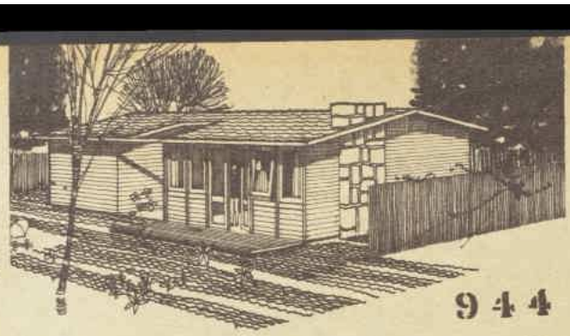
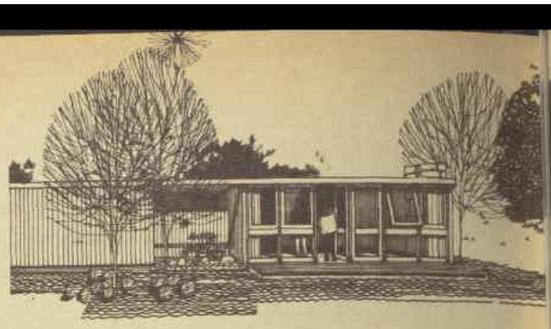
Home plan is easy to enlarge



EXTERIOR VIEW showing the house with a traditional tiled roof and attractive chimney.



ALTERNATIVE VIEW showing a contemporary, flat roof. Carport is at back of house.

● Designed to meet the requirements of a growing family, this Home Plan No. 944 is in two sections, living and sleeping, either of which can be extended when necessary.

TWO drawings have been prepared, showing different roof treatment. One has the traditional tile roof and the other a metal roof.

The basic design has two bedrooms, is 830 square feet in size, and can be built in timber for about £2500, depending on fittings and finish.

With three bedrooms and built in timber, the house is 944 square feet; and in brick, 1014 square feet.

Because the house is uncomplicated, adjustable design, with emphasis on privacy, it is perfect for a young and growing family.

Handy to the entry is the kitchen, which has a bar-type counter. This can be used as a servery into the living-dining-room.

The living area is a good-sized 18ft. by 14ft., one bedroom 12ft. 6in. by 12ft., one 12ft. 6in. by 9ft., and a smaller bedroom 9ft. square.

The well-designed, long kitchen has the laundry conveniently placed alongside. The servery leading into the dining area lessens work by cutting down on walking in and out to serve meals.

As the kitchen and entry lead out on to the back lawn, barbecuing is made easy. The front terrace makes a delightful spot for informal entertaining or a play area for small children.

Off the other side of the entry hall is the bedroom wing, consisting of three bedrooms if enlarged or two in the basic house. Each bedroom has built-in wardrobes acting as sound insulators.

The bathroom has a bath and shower combined and there is a separate toilet.

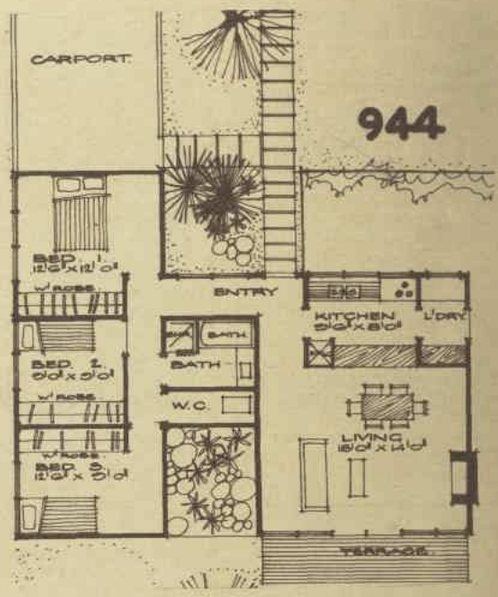
A spacious carport is situated at the back of the house.

A natural-stone chimney contrasts with the timber boards or brickwork.

The house would be best built with the living-room facing the rear garden, looking toward the north.

In the first version of the house the front windows have wooden louver slats up to waist level, with windows opening outward and full-length glass doors leading out on to the terrace.

The alternative design is completely glassed.



FLOOR PLAN of Home Plan No. 944 shows how extra bedroom can be built on if required. House is best suited to a northerly aspect.

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BOND'S now make famous "CORAL ISLAND"

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You'll feel cool as a tropic breeze when you slip into Bond's new "Coral Island" undies. Dozens of tiny eyelets in this dainty diamond pattern let your body breathe. The rib knit gives wonderful freedom of action. The fabric is highly absorbent.

Bond's "Coral Island" undies are Tru-Size for perfect fit. They wash beautifully, dry in a twinkling and never need ironing. Attractive new styles include broadshoulder, tube top and opera top vests and famous "Cottontails" briefs.

SPECIAL NOTE: This "Coral Island" fabric is quite different from the famous "Coral Island" knit we produce for men. Your "Coral Island" has been developed especially for you and features a delightfully feminine pattern. You'll love its cool absorbency.

Opera top vest: SW-OS, 9/11.

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"Cottontails" briefs: SSW-OS, 8/11.

Tube top vest: SW-OS, 9/11. XOS, 10/11.

COOL summer comfort for children in dainty new "Honeycomb" mesh cotton

Bond's new absorbent honeycomb mesh cotton is made to give children complete comfort and freedom as they're growing. So easily laundered and needs no ironing. Five styles fit from toddlers to sub-teens.

Tube top vests sizes: 4-6, 7/6. 8-10-Mds., 8/11.

"Cottontails" briefs sizes: 3-5-7, 6/11. 9-11-13, 7/11.

Round neck vest sizes: 0-1, 5/11. 2-3, 6/11. 4-6, 7/11

T-shirt sizes: 18-20-22, 7/11. 24-26, 9/11.

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Just tell us what they're saying about NEW NESCAFÉ

These people are saying how much coffee enjoyment they get from NEW NESCAFÉ.
1. Read the 4 remarks (A), (B), etc. in the coupon. Then decide which New Nescafé enthusiast said which. Example: if you think the girl in No. 2 picture made remark (B), "It takes 43 beans in every cup to give NEW NESCAFÉ real coffee taste and real coffee lift" put (2) in the square beside remark (B) on the coupon.
2. Look at No. 5 picture, and tell in your own words what you think this woman said. (Write in the lines provided on the coupon — not more than 15 words please!)
3. Add your name and address and mail to the New Nescafé Contest address on the coupon together with a Nescafé label.*

1043 PRIZES — YOU'VE A WONDERFUL CHANCE TO WIN!

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RULES:
1. No limit to the number of entries provided each is accompanied by a New Nescafé label (except where this contravenes State laws.
2. Closing date is Friday 26th Oct., 1962. No entries received after this date will be considered.
3. Employees (and their families) of Nestlé's and their advertising agents are not eligible.
4. Winning answer and names of 43 major prize winners will appear in "Women's Weekly" issue of Wednesday 19th December, 1962. Other winners will be notified by mail.
5. The Judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
6. First prize allows you up to 5,000 miles flying anywhere in Australia (including Tasmania but not New Guinea), subject to D.C.A. regulations concerning landing of passenger aircraft, etc. You plan your route, "stop-overs" etc., but the trip must be taken within 5 months of publication of results — take-off date to be mutually agreed upon between the winner and Nestlé's.
7. Winning entries become the property of the Nestlé Company (Australia) Limited, and may be used for advertising purposes.

Remark (A) "NEW NESCAFÉ sure has a swinging flavour . . . and still 43 beans in every cup!" ☐
(B) "It takes 43 beans in every cup to give NEW NESCAFÉ real coffee taste and real coffee lift." ☐
(C) "Still 43 beans in every cup — and NEW NESCAFÉ flavour's so right when you entertain!" ☐
(D) "You get all the fresh-brewed flavour and aroma of 43 beans in your cup of NEW NESCAFÉ!" ☐

I think the woman in picture No. 5 said .....

.....

.....

.....

NEW NESCAFÉ CONTEST
P.O. Box 423, Crown St., Sydney.
I agree to the New Nescafé Contest rules as published with this coupon.

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When new nails have fully grown (about 14 weeks) you'll have beauty at your fingertips—lustrous pearly white nails and shapely cuticles. No more chipping, breaking or flaking. Ask for the free folder, "Nail Care with Nalloid" when you buy Nalloid in the dainty blue and white purse size compact at chemists and leading stores. Only 8/-.

Free Offer: Write to Ann Bryde, Department W.8, Paige Pty. Ltd., 131 Cremorne Street, Richmond, Vic., for a free booklet packed with nail care hints.

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● The most astonishing thing to come out of the present phenacetin warning is the claim by some doctors that some of their patients have been taking as many as 48 headache powders a day.

MOST people are awake for about 16 hours a day, so they must have been taking them every 20 minutes of their waking day, or else small handfuls of them, at short intervals.

Social historians, looking back, will probably know this as the Pill Age. Never in the course of human history were so many medicines taken by so many for so few good reasons!

Painkillers and vitamins, pep pills, tranquillisers, pills to calm you down and pills to stir you up again after you've been calmed, and indigestion pills to cure the pain of having so many other pills rattling round inside.

According to our family doctor, people are wasting thousands upon thousands of pounds on vitamin pills that they don't need and can't absorb.

His story is that the well-balanced diet that is available to most people in this country provides all the vitamins they need, and that vitamins in artificial form should be taken only when your doctor gives the word.

Most of us, I think, take that sort of thing in much the same spirit as we cross our fingers to ward off evil, feeling that it can't do any harm and it might do some good. Once upon a time people used to sleep with bats' wings under their pillows for the same reasons.

It's probably worth remembering that before the Pill Age our parents got along all right and managed to produce some pretty good things (including ourselves) on a normal diet.

Orange juice to prevent scurvy

ON the other side of the picture is the sad disclosure that nearly two hundred years after Captain Cook discovered that he could keep his sailors (on their terrible diet of salt beef and ships' biscuits) free of scurvy by giving them citrus fruit, many babies in Australia are still being allowed to contract the disease each year.

Two ounces of orange juice a day (or the equivalent in vitamin drops) will prevent the disease, yet Australia has a higher rate of infantile scurvy than Great Britain or New Zealand, and the number of cases has **increased** since the last war.

One interesting thing is that the hospitals have found that these cases of scurvy occur most often in families where there were three or four older children.

The explanation doctors give is that the mother, with her experience with the other children, no longer feels that she needs to take her baby along to a clinic.

Maybe she gave the daily orange juice to the older ones because the clinic sister kept stressing its importance, but, with nobody to remind her and with not much idea of what the orange juice is for, she has given it up.

Babies don't bear grudges

THE most frequently discussed topic among our friends just lately is the question of adoption.

Two of our friends (the wife is 30 and the husband 34) have just been told after exhaustive tests that they will not be able to have children of their own.

This is a very sad moment in the lives of any married couple, and most of us feel that they will find it very much easier to accept it if they make up their minds to have the family they want by the only means left to them—adoption.

Though her husband is quite happy about this, Beverley hasn't yet been able to make up her mind.

"Wouldn't we be taking an awful risk?" she keeps saying.

"I mean . . . well, I know other people who have adopted children and it couldn't have worked out better, but what if we got one that had something queer in the family background?"

"All families have something queer in them if you look for it," Hugh said. "Most people have a great-aunt who leaves out cake for the fairies, or something of that sort."

This made Bev laugh, because she herself has a great-uncle who's as mad as a hatter and lives in a house stuffed with all the copies of the morning paper that he has bought during his life.

I don't think this aspect of adoption would worry me much at all.

Think of whatever it is about yourself that you regard as your outstanding virtue. Maybe you regard yourself as unshakably honest, or as incapable of behaving disloyally to your friends. Did you inherit those traits from your parents, do you think? Or did you learn them?

I'd say they were learnt, because not many babies are born knowing the difference between right and wrong!

Or take the thing you like least best about your own character and try to work out whether you could have inherited that or whether it was learnt (or forced on you by circumstances, if you like, which amounts to the same thing).

Maybe you're a bit inclined to bear grudges when you've been injured. Ever seen a baby who was a born grudge-bearer? He yells blue murder when he thinks he has been treated badly, and forgets it instantly when things are just right.

Environment helps build character

OF course, we must inherit tendencies to certain things, but whether those tendencies are developed or allowed to lie dormant depends on the circumstances we live in and how we're handled.

In fact (grim thought!), parents tend to get the children they deserve, and that would be just as true for adopted children as for your own.

The thing that I think must be hard for adoptive parents is always to play fair and remember that children's characteristics do stem from the love or lack of love they've had and from the environment in their own home and from the teaching and example of their parents.

All children are maddening often and disappointing occasionally.

Whether you believe that or not, you're stuck with the responsibility for your own children's temperaments.

Whether it's learnt or inherited, it stems from the parents somewhere.

With an adopted child it might be a temptation to shrug off responsibility, saying, "Well, it must be in the blood." I doubt if that could ever be a fair or honest attitude to take.

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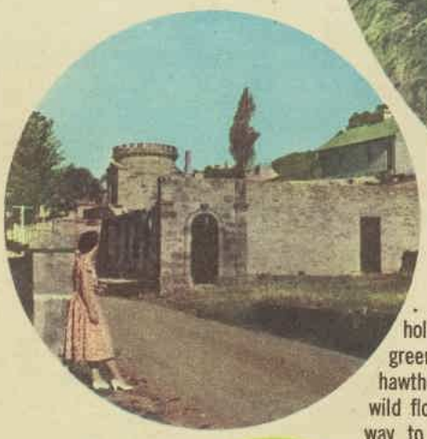

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Continuing . . . THE THEORY OF WOMEN

from page 17

Brade ever stood for anything or against anything."

"Is that all?" she asked quietly.

"It will do for the moment. I write about him because he insists on projecting himself into every issue and because my employer publishes two influential papers in the State that Senator Stoddard Brade represents."

"You are wrong, and also unfair," the girl said. "I am Anne Brade."

"I know you are," he told her. "It is part of my job to know."

"You knew that I am his daughter and yet you said those callously cruel things about him?"

"I answered a question. You asked it."

Their eyes held across the table, and there was no yielding.

"I'll make you a small bet," Craig Jordan said.

"I am not certain that I want to bet with you. What is it?"

The waiter appeared beside the table, and Jordan, ignoring the girl's gesture of protest, ordered dinner for two. It was one of his conceits that he knew how to order a dinner. He knew wines, too. After the first swift protest, Anne Brade accepted the situation.

He leaned toward her. "After dinner," he said, "I will take you home. I will ask to see your father, and I will tell him that I want to marry you." He paused, watching the startled flicker in the girl's eyes. "I will bet you that he won't say yes or no in any terms anyone can understand, that he'll make a speech full of generalities and leave the question dangling."

"You'll bet what?"

"You name it if you win. If you lose, you'll accompany me to Senator Satterfield's dinner Saturday night."

"But that is the opposition party."

"Exactly."

She drew a deep breath. "I won't bet. I haven't the right to risk an embarrassment to my father. My presence there, even without you, would embarrass him. With you? No. It is quite impossible."

"You lack faith. You are conceding defeat."

"No. You are asking me to bet what is not my own." Her eyes were thoughtful, her features no longer taut with anger. She raised her head. "You didn't invite me to have dinner with you tonight, so I cannot accept; but I will share the dinner you so masterfully ordered. Pardon me while I excuse myself to my friends."

She rose swiftly, and he watched her cross the room to a far table, at which two women sat. She moved with grace, a certain head-high pride, a certain arrogance. She had good schools behind her, travel, money, social experience. She was strikingly beautiful.

When she returned, it was in the spirit of resuming a pleasant conversation rather than a combative one. She mentioned a play she had seen the night before and asked if he had seen it. There was a truce between them. They discussed plays. They discussed music, and there Craig was on sure ground. There was humor in Anne, a turn of phrase.

It was a good dinner. When they were having coffee, Anne said, "I'll make you a bet."

"Name it."

"You'll drive me home, and I'll tell my father you want to marry me. I'll tell him you are his most savage and unfair critic in the newspapers and you have no money. I will bet you that he never mentions the newspaper column or money, either immediately or later. He is a big man, interested in big things. He will ask only if I love you. Bet?"

"Bet what?"

"If you lose, you will write a column that gives him credit for being the big man he really is."

Craig Jordan shook his head. "Nobody can buy my column or buy a word of praise in it. Nobody can win it on a bet, either."

"What about faith? Are you conceding defeat? If so, what is keeping you from writing such a column honestly?"

HE looked at her with respect. He had no answer save the one she had made to his own proffered bet. "Touche!" he said. "My opinion of Senator Brade remains unchanged, but I like his daughter."

"That," she said quietly, "will gain you nothing."

She had her own car, parked nearby. Craig experienced a twinge of disappointment. It would have been fun to drive her home. She extended one cool hand. "Thank you," she said. "It has been very interesting."

He prowled in his apartment, resisting for a while the lure of the small, thin volume containing the vital statistics on men in public life and their families. It seemed a little like spying to open the book tonight, but finally he opened it. He had to know about Anne Brade.

She was the only daughter of Stoddard and Eunice Brade. She was twenty-five. She had gone to finishing school, college. Craig wondered why she hadn't married. It didn't make sense. A girl who looked like that! He continued to wonder as he lay awake. He had had quite a thirtieth birthday.

Stoddard Brade made three speeches in the Senate the following week, and Craig listened to him. The senator was one of the most photogenic men in public life; tall, broad-shouldered, with silvery hair; an easy man with a gesture or a smile. He spoke eloquently of the new ideas demanded by the times, while expounding the hoariest bromides in the lexicon of politics.

He spoke of the need for courage, while deftly avoiding any commitments to the implementation of policy. He endorsed boldly the principles no one in his own party or the opposition disputed, and he lost, in a maze of fuzzy rhetoric, the issues in dispute. He made Craig sick.

Thursday afternoon Anne Brade went to a reception for a visiting Middle East dignitary, who was enjoying his brief hour in the Washington spotlight. When Craig discovered her, she was talking to a dapper young man from one of the spread-happiness-abroad organisations. The young man surrendered her cheerfully and darted across the room.

Anne's eyes followed him briefly. There was a quizzical expression on her face. "I acquire such men," she said. "Indifferent to me or interested in the irrelevant about me."

"And me?"

"You are accidental."

"Maybe not. I nearly passed up this unique affair. I am glad now that I came."

They strolled around the room, exchanging greetings with several people, the casual, meaningless greetings that serve in lieu of conversation when the same people habitually meet. The party

To page 64

Fashion FROCKS

● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"SHARON."— Simple day frock has softly gathered skirt, attractive front buttoning, and American-style collar. Material is a soft cotton, checked in colors of tan-and-white, navy-and-white, pale-blue-and-white, pink-and-white, or olive-and-white.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 79. Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Seeing Ellen Stanley really gave me a surprise! She looked so young!

Ellen Stanley!

Alice! It's been ages. Come on, let's share a taxi.

Ellen, how do you manage to have such a lovely complexion? It hasn't changed a bit in ten years!

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If your skin is inclined to be dry, use new creamy PINK PALMOLIVE enriched with pink beauty cream, sister-in-beauty to famous GREEN PALMOLIVE.

Look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- Fresher, brighter complexion
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- Less oiliness
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"bring back...bring back oh bring back my whiteness to me!"

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HOLIDAY HOME

A COMBINATION of Canadian redwood and plastic-coated plywood makes for easy maintenance in Mr. and Mrs. Doug H. Palmer's holiday home, "Redwood Lodge," at Blairgowrie, on the Mornington Peninsula, Victoria.

The redwood was specially imported from Canada and has been left in its natural state. It was dressed and erected while still green and after more than three years it has mellowed into a soft tobacco-brown.

Several varieties of ply in neutral but warm tones have been used for the inner walls. They include parana pine, from South Australia, King Billy and myrtle, from Tasmania, and ramin, from one of the islands north of Australia. Hardwood ply has been used for cupboard doors in the kitchen.

The many timbers used throughout the house include hardwood floors, silver ash doors, bedroom built-in furniture of maple, and ceilings of tongue and grooved pine with oregon beams.

This 12½ square seaside home has an easy-living, spacious atmosphere and is unobtrusively divided between adults and children. Main bedroom opens off one end of the living-room, while the children's rooms open off the stone-paved playroom. This in turn leads through wide glass doors on to a patio surrounded by a fence made of tea-tree.

Completing this easy-to-run house is the well-planned utility area, which houses bathroom, shower-room, toilet, laundry, ironing-board, heater and drying cupboad in an 11ft. square area.

***VIVID-COLORED** cushions and a blue-covered lounge highlight muted tones of walls and furnishings in the living-room (above) of the Palmers' holiday home at Blairgowrie, Vic.*

***TEA-TREE** fence surrounds the patio, where Mr. and Mrs. Palmer enjoy the morning sunshine with Mitzi the dachshund. Patio opens off the small playroom.*

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. . . built of timber

CANADIAN REDWOOD was specially imported for Mr. and Mrs. Palmer's seaside home. The house is named "Redwood Lodge" after the timber of its construction. The carport under the front verandah will be converted into a spacious rumpus room.

TWO-WAY DIVIDER with bamboo-blind facing makes dining-areas on two sides of the kitchen, one in the living-room and the other on to the playroom for the children. Sitting on the playroom side are teenage daughters, Margaret and Judy Palmer.

Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

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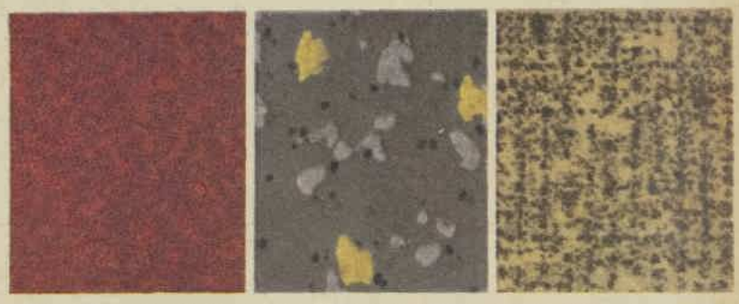

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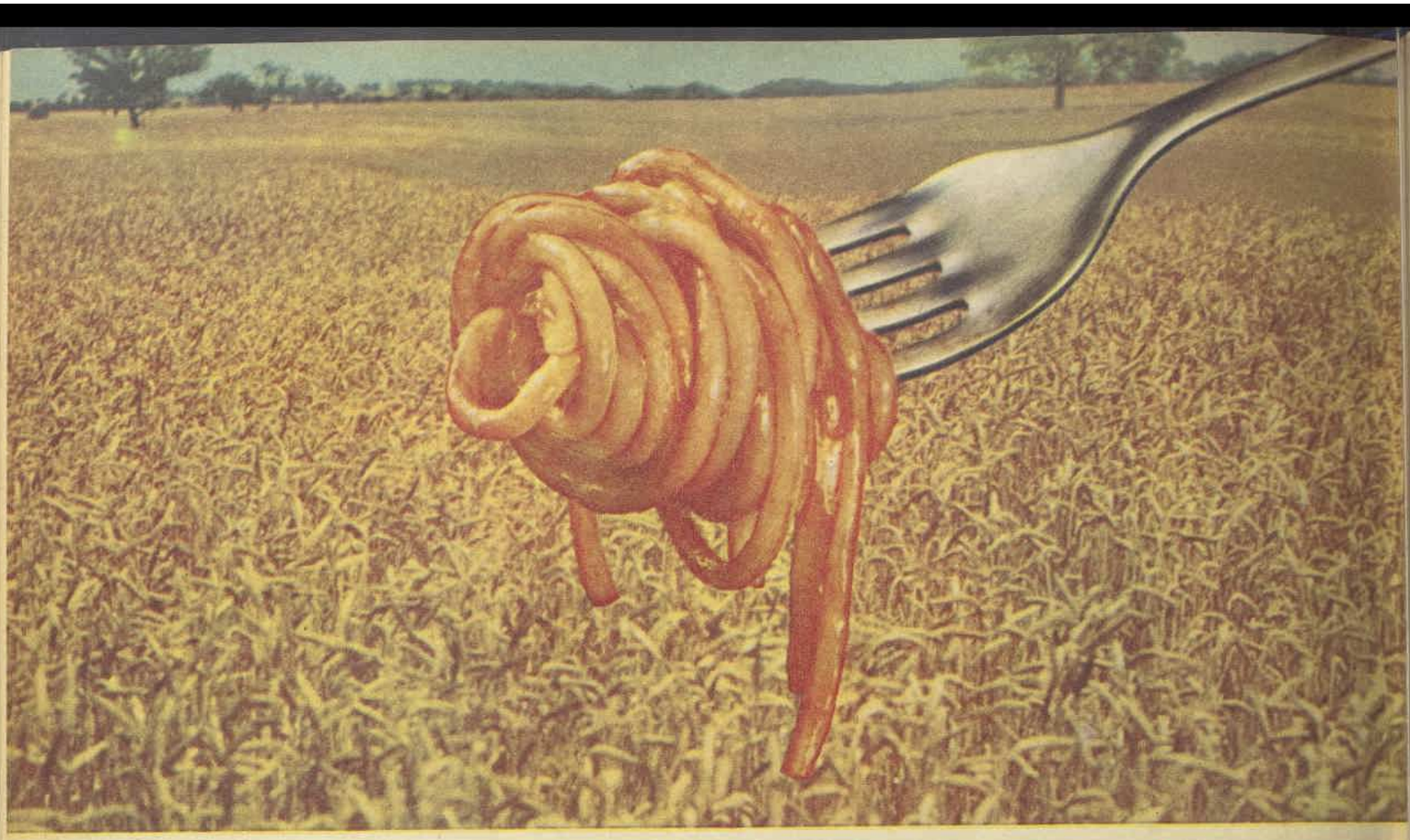

Heinz—the only canned spaghetti
that starts its goodness with specially-grown wheat

The best spaghetti needs a special kind of wheat. That's why Heinz **and only Heinz** take the trouble (and expense) to grow their own wheat in a part of Australia that's noted for it — north-west New South Wales.

What difference does this special wheat make? Plenty! In the richer, more natural colour for one thing. In the special protein quality that gives a fine, firmer texture, for another. As for flavour, one taste will tell you how much better **that** is.

All this extra goodness is yours **at no extra cost** when you open a can of Heinz spaghetti and serve it — on toast for breakfast or supper, or as a really satisfying main course the whole family will enjoy.

Heinz make their own spaghetti, too...

With this special wheat Heinz next step is to **make** their own special spaghetti. Then, they cook and can it, still in their own factory. This means that the quality is controlled all the way from crop to can. And a special quick-cooking process preserves food values and minimises heat losses of valuable vitamins...

and flavour it with specially-blended sauces

Heinz spaghetti is cooked with specially-blended sauces for deep-flavour penetration of the golden strands. And the flavour matures in the can. No matter which sauce flavour you choose — and there are no less than four delicious Heinz varieties — your family will enjoy spaghetti at its hearty, wholesome best.

The flavour you like is HEINZ

57 **So much better in so many ways**

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All varieties of Heinz spaghetti, made from specially-milled wheat, contain the following basic nutrients:

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

FOUR GOOD ANNUALS

PHLOX DRUMMONDII flaunt their gay colors wherever we may choose to plant them. Sow seed from August to February. Give them a place in the sun and you will not be disappointed at the generous display. They are not exacting in their requirements and need only a good garden loam and a moderate amount of water. There are several mixtures of seed for sowing.

LINARIA (toadflax), a hardy easy-to-grow annual resembling a miniature snapdragon. Sow seed direct, spring to autumn, as they do not transplant well. They need an open, sunny position. Colors comprise shades of blue, lavender, orange, pink, and yellow. There is a dwarf variety which grows to only eight inches high. Excellent for borders and rockery work.

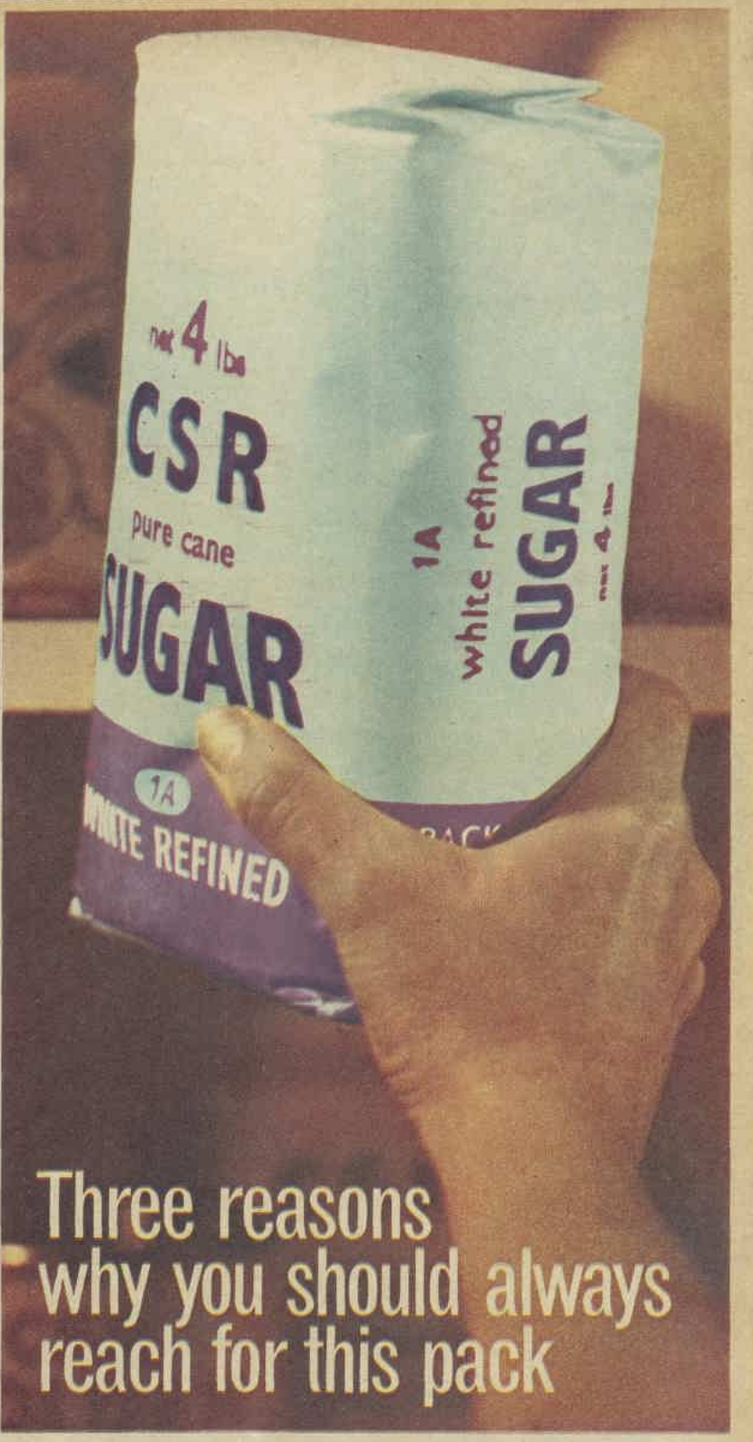
Gardening Book — page 17

VIRGINIA STOCK (French forget-me-not) is fragrant and colorful. Sow seed August to September in southern States, February to May elsewhere. Set out in sunny, open position. Scatter seeds where they are to flower and cover lightly with fine soil. There is a mixed variety. Yellow, crimson, and carmine blossoms completely cover the dainty plants, which grow to about six inches in height.

AGERATUM (floss flower) is a hardy annual with clusters of fragrant blue flowers. Sow in all seasons. There are both tall and dwarf varieties. They need sunny, open positions; prefer light soil, but not too fussy. Dwarf variety is ideal for window boxes or edgings and is specially effective in rockeries. Pictures on this page taken at the Arthur Yates Trial Grounds, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

Turn to: FOUR GOOD PERENNIALS
page 63

Gardening Book — page 18



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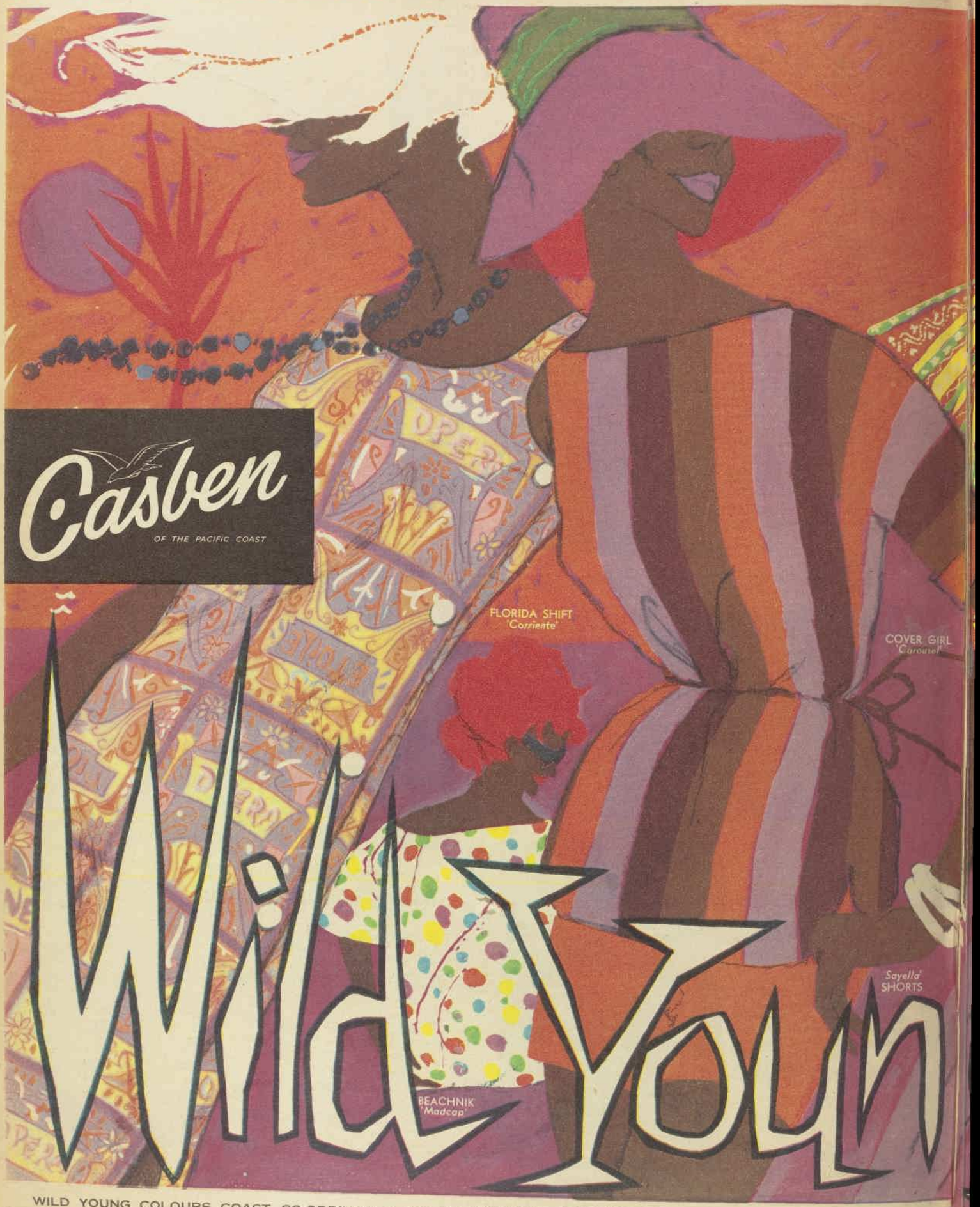

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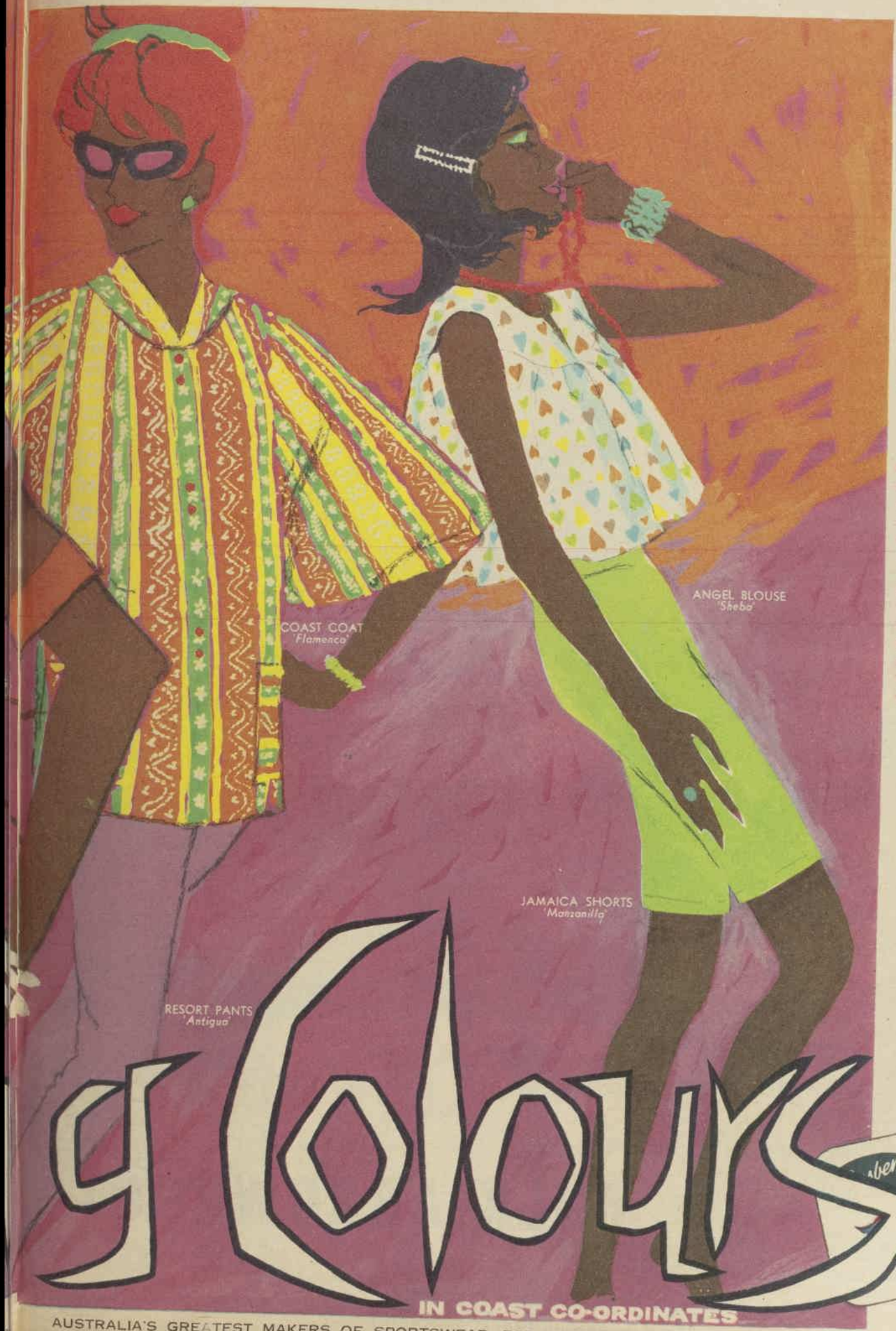

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Wild Orange with Wild Snow

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All Casben's Wild Young Colours make adventurous new harmonies with each other and with you.
Wear an Angel Blouse with Jamaica Pants.
. . . the Beachnik top with Sunseekers.
Team "Cover Girl" with "Short 'n' Sweet" pants.
Buy two or three sets and mix, mix, mix them.
They all look wildly exciting together.

Illustrated from the left:

703 Florida Shift . . . in dramatic 'Corriente' design. About **59/11**

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806 Cover Girl Blouse . . . called Carousel in dramatic striped EVERGLAZE minicare fabric. About **49/11**

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Four good perennials

ANEMONE JAPONICA (Japanese anemone or windflower) is a herbaceous perennial growing two to three feet high and flowering in autumn. Sow seed January to April. Propagate by division of clumps in spring. Available in white, pink, purple, or carmine with yellow stamens. Like all anemones it likes deep rich soil and a sunny or partly shaded position.

DELPHINIUM hybrids grow to six feet. Whether you choose these stately hybrids or the daintily decorative butterfly delphinium, use only seed from selected strains. Sow in spring or early autumn or raise from root cuttings or from crowns set out in winter. This photograph was taken at Mr. Bruce Bailie's home, Newport, N.S.W.

Gardening Book —— page 19

VIOLET (Viola odorata), a hardy perennial that needs half-shade and acid soil, well-drained medium to heavy loam. Sow seed in spring or autumn or plant roots in March and April. There are many varieties of this lovely flower, including violet, blue, pale mauve, single and double white. They are ideal for use in a border or for clumps in either a large or small garden.

RUSSELL LUPINS are perennials, very fragrant, long-flowering. Sow seed in spring, late summer, and autumn. Lupins are easily cultivated and require nothing more than keeping the soil moist during dry weather. They are good cutters and last well, but stand stems of blooms in boiling water for about 18 seconds, taking care the steam does not damage the lower blossoms. Lupins have the great advantage that they do not exhaust the soil, but will improve its general tone.

Gardening Book —— page 20

For you

who crave younger-looking styling with blissful comfort

Fit or fashion? You get **both** when you buy Foot Rest shoes . . . the natural choice of wise women who want youthfully-styled shoes but will not compromise on comfort.

Only Foot Rest are made over America's **exclusive** Shortback* last, the best-fitting last in the world.

Try Foot Rest at any of the better city, suburban or country shoe stores. No other shoe will completely satisfy you from then on.

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SHORTBACK*

foot rest

for smart women to whom comfort is vital

FR58

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Continuing . . . THE THEORY OF WOMEN

from page 55

flowed by and around them, and when they wearied of it they left. Senator Stoddard Brade and his wife were among the many they did not encounter.

Craig persuaded Anne not to leave him at once and they strolled, in the pleasant sunshine, to the park. As they sat down on one of the stone benches, Anne said abruptly, "I don't know why you bother."

"Bother what?"

"To enter this bemused state with me. You offer no brilliant conversation, and neither do I. We don't even like each other."

"Are you positive that we do not like each other?"

"Reasonably so. You merely complete the picture. It needs completing when one has made a difficult choice among three dresses and used a breath of the extravagant scent someone brought from Paris. The situation calls for a tall, dark male, reasonably handsome. So, suddenly there you are!"

They talked, then, of inconsequential things — the reception, people they had seen there. As the shadows lengthened the air grew cool, and Anne said she must leave. She agreed, however, as she did not have her car, to allow Craig to drive her home.

Craig parked his car at the side of the curved driveway and turned to the girl beside him. "Well?" he said.

"No."

He drew her into his arms and kissed her. She was soft and yielding. She kissed him warmly, almost passionately. Then, with a deft twist of her body and a skilled bit of leverage with her left arm, she disengaged herself. Her lips, only seconds before warm against his, curled in contempt.

"We did that rather well, didn't we?" she said.

"I thought so."

"We've had lots of practice, both of us. So that's all it meant."

"What should it mean?"

She was opening the car door and did not answer him.

"I've got to see you again," he said.

"I can't imagine why."

"May I call you tomorrow?"

"No."

He waited three days—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. On Monday he called her, and on Tuesday, in the early morning, he met her at the Country Club. They went on to the golf course and she watched him tee off. He had a powerful drive.

"You'll have to give me ten strokes," she said, "to counterbalance muscle."

Sight unseen, he would have given her more than that. She was straight and slender in white shorts and a blue sweater, the golden tan smooth on her skin. Her legs were shaped for the eye of an artist. She beat him by three strokes.

They had breakfast on the club terrace. It was pleasant, amiable, a cheerful interval in the lives of two people. The note of conflict on which Thursday evening had ended was forgotten, as the primary conflict between them was forgotten whenever they were together.

Anne buttered a small triangle of toast. "I read your book," she said. "I found it disappointing. I liked your play."

"How did you see the play? It closed after three performances."

"I didn't see it. I read it."

"It hasn't been published."

"It was copyrighted. I read the copy in the Library of Congress."

Craig was disconcerted, thrown off balance. He could not imagine anyone like Anne Brade going to all that trouble to read his play. As soon as the thought took form, he took issue with it. What did he mean by "anyone like Anne Brade?"

Why wasn't she the most likely person to do something like that? He wanted to talk about the play, but he was sensitive about it; its failure had cut deep. He moved back to sure ground, to the work that had succeeded, although it meant less to him.

"What was disappointing about the book?" he said.

"You, mainly. Just as you are disappointing now. This could have been an interesting discussion. The book missed because it was supposed to be about people in politics and wasn't. A newspaperman attempting to write about people in politics is so conceited that he ends up writing about himself." Anne laid down the toast, took a swallow of coffee, and pushed back her chair.

Craig made a detaining gesture. "Wait!" he said. "I'm sorry. I'd like to discuss that with you."

"I'm sorry, too. I've got to dash."

SHE had her car and she dashed. Craig felt let down, then resentful, then self-critical; the inevitable three stages of all his defeats. It was a big thing, he told himself, that Anne had read what he had written. She had offered him that most soothing and delicious of all nectars, a discussion of his own work, and he had dashed the cup to the floor untasted. He wondered too late why she had liked his play and what she had liked in it.

Craig sat that afternoon in the Senate Press gallery. Stoddard Brade did not speak, but he was present, a magnificent-looking man, who would have looked even more magnificent in a toga. The speeches droned on, but Stoddard Brade did not look bored. Why should he? They all sounded like Stoddard Brade, but without the golden diction, the magnetism that made the meaningless phrase seem pregnant with meaning.

Craig's attention wandered time and again from the current speaker to the man who was Anne's father. He didn't like him, couldn't like him. He had marked him for his foe long before and had raked him in countless paragraphs of print. He hadn't mentioned him in his book, because it wasn't a book of personalities. If he had, he could have understood Anne's not liking it.

The long afternoon ended and he went home. He took his book from the shelf and tried to read it through Anne's eyes, but that, of course, was impossible. The memory of a soft contralto voice cut through his satisfactions: "So conceited that he ends up writing about himself," he said.

He sat straight in the chair on which he had been lounging. Some hard, direct quality in his mind insisted on recognising honesty and forthrightness as the close kin of unknowable Truth. He had been reading his own words and taking joy in them, but he had not been reading the content. Maybe the book had no content. Maybe Anne was right.

The thought that came to him then was so horrifying that he laid the book aside. Maybe he was a Stoddard Brade of the printed page, "sound and fury, signifying nothing." He rejected the thesis firmly. He, Craig Jordan, took sides — and definitely. He said yes and he said no and he did not hedge.

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Pictured: NEW Golden Pine design on 3 pint round casserole in Golden Glow stand—and casserole cover.

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Continuing . . . THE THEORY OF WOMEN

from page 64

He eyed the book distrustfully. He could not recall the point of it. He had titled it "The Theory of Politics." That sounded a trifle pretentious here in a quiet room, alone with the memory of a voice that had neither mocked nor scorned, that had merely rendered cool judgment.

He rose and paced. He picked up the telephone and called Anne's number. She was, a voice informed him, out for the evening.

He took a bound manuscript from the shelf and sat down to read his play. It was titled "The Theory of Women," and many people had credited him with whimsicality in the linked titling of book and play. This had provided some good publicity, but the play had flopped. He could not become interested in it now. It made no difference what he thought of it; he wanted to know what she thought.

For several days he tried to reach Anne by phone, and when he did she was, professedly, in a hurry. She had no time to weigh an invitation from him, but she offered him one. There was a dinner, a small dinner, she said, at the home of friends. No. He could not escort her there, because she would be there. She was spending the night. He accepted because it meant seeing her. Life had become that simple.

The dinner was not small, any more than the house was small.

CRAIG had no opportunity to talk to Anne until the guests were beginning to leave. She was maddeningly beautiful, and he had only moments with her in a corner of the room. "I've wanted to talk to you for days," he said.

"Why?"

Something in his mind was answering for him without any consideration of how the answer might sound. "I wanted to know why you liked my play."

"Oh! That is not very flattering, is it? Your interest is you."

"No. I've wondered why you never married."

"And that is too personal."

"I know it. But it proves that I thought about you, not merely about me."

"I wonder. Well, the answer is very simple. I never aspired to be any man's fairy godmother, dispensing gifts and fulfilling wishes. I have rather a lot of money, and I've met more than my share of men with obvious motives."

"I don't give a hoot for your money. I never aspired to be any woman's puppet, either. As long as I pay the bills, I run my ship. I want to keep it that way."

"Oh! Is this a proposal?"

"It is not."

"Too bad. It would be unique. You'll have to excuse me now."

"When can I see you?"

"I don't know."

He had to leave on that, and he was angry, sufficiently angry to refrain from calling her for nearly a week. He called then, and she wasn't home, so he called Betty Creedon. Betty was the prettiest girl he knew, and the best company. He made the evening big—cocktails, dinner, theatre, then after the show a jazzcombo place. Betty bored him in all his bones. So then he knew.

"It's ridiculous," he told himself savagely. "It's impossible. I can't be in love with her."

The next day, he was walking round town, grimly holding the thought, when he encounted Myrna Rossman. Myrna was a sprightly sixty, a doer of good deeds, a promoter of promotions, a Lady Bountiful to causes. She knew everybody in Washington, and everyone knew her.

"I saw you at the club, Craig," she said, "having breakfast with that lovely Anne. She is one of the pillars of our work with the blind. Did you know that?"

"What does she do?" Craig asked cynically. "Carry a cheque personally to headquarters once a year?"

Myrna raised her eyebrows. 'She works two days a week, transcribing books into braille."

"You mean—"

"Exactly. It is very hard, patient, exacting work."

He walked away, bewildered. He had accepted Anne for what she seemed to be, the charming daughter of privilege who did well what she had learned to do and who could not be blamed because she had no useful function. She stood forth now as something different, and, as always, whether she confronted him in person or as an image in his mind, she asked a blunt, embarrassing question. "What do you do that is useful besides the earning of your living, which is your necessity?"

"Nothing," he answered silently. "Nothing at all."

He phoned her and, miraculously, found her at home. "I am going to see you tonight," he said harshly. "If you have a date, break it, I want to talk about writing books in braille."

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"Nellie—Nellie—are you there, Nellie?—guess she hung up."

Crumbs – it's a good idea!

CORN-CRISPED COOKING

Here's a delicious new way to cook CUTLETS, CHOPS, FISH, CHICKEN, SAUSAGES, and POTATOES! Corn-crisped cooking is crisp, golden — with that special home-cooked flavour . . . and easy as 1 — 2 — 3! Try it and see.

Easy as 1·2·3

No shortening!
No frying!
No turning!

BAKING TIMES & TEMPERATURES
(Vary baking times according to taste)

Fish	20 mins. at 375°F
Chicken pieces	1 hr. at 350°F
Cutlets	45 mins. at 350°F
Chops	45 mins. at 350°F
Parboiled potatoes	1 hr. at 400°F
Skinless sausages	40 mins. at 350°F

DIP pieces in Nestles* Ideal* Evaporated Milk (thin milk just won't do).

ROLL in seasoned Kellogg's* Corn Flake Crumbs or crushed Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

BAKE on Alfoil to golden crispness . . . see baking chart above.

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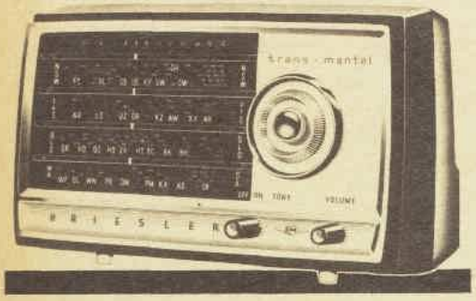

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Just turn on "TransMantel," and *instantly* there's music or speech of glorious purity and power for your enjoyment—anywhere, everywhere—it's transportable! The first all-family transistor radio!

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ECONOMY — Plays over 1,000 hours (probably a full year's entertainment) from one compact in-built battery—costing only shillings to replace. As cheap to run as a power-point radio, but many times more useful.

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Here's real room-to-room or outdoor portability—the most useful radio ever. No power cord, no aerial—it's completely self-contained . . . frees power points for lamps, appliances, TV. Plays anywhere with complete electrical safety—even in bathrooms and laundries. It's the one radio that all the family can enjoy—anywhere, anytime!

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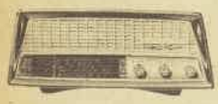

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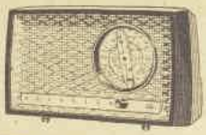
Neatest, smartest, most versatile A/C mantel ever. "Music-shell" cabinet design. Flip-top handle makes carrying so easy—"invisible" when not in use. Value at only **21 Gns.**



KRIESLER
The Best in Sight and Sound

TM6.142

He moved quietly now, although there was thunder in his chest. He tiptoed delicately toward the final door, noted the overhead transom, noted, too, the small crate in the corner against the wall.

There was silence beyond the door and silence in the hall now as he carefully lifted the crate and placed it so that he could mount the flat top and peer over the open transom.

No sense being melodramatic, he told himself. On the other hand, there was no sense rushing in — Barton Stone was not a fool and he didn't want to become an angel.

He looked over the transom.

The loft was huge. A dusty skylight dominated the ceiling and enough light filtered through to bathe the room in sickly luminance. Stone could see everything, everything.

He saw the books, stacked man-high, row after row of thick books. He saw the sheaves bulked between the books, pile after pile of sheaves. He saw the papers rising in solid walls from the floor. He saw the table in the centre of the loft — the table, bulwarked on three sides by books and sheaves and papers all tossed together in toppling towers.

And he saw the man.

The man sat behind the table, back to the wall, surrounded on three sides by the incredible array of printed matter. He sat there, head down, and peered at the pages of an opened book. He never looked up, never made a sound, just sat there and stared.

Stone stared back. He understood the source of the noise now; one of the books had fallen from its stack. But nothing else made sense to him. His eyes sought clues; his mind sought meaning.

The man was short, fat, middle-aged. His hair was greying into white, his face lining into wrinkles. He wore a dirty khaki tunic and trousers and he might have been an ex-GI, a tramp, a fugitive from justice, an indigent bookdealer, an eccentric millionaire.

Stone moved from the realm of might-have-been to a consideration of what he actually saw. The little fat man was riffling through the pages of a fat, paper-bound book which could easily be mistaken for a telephone directory. He turned the pages, apparently at random, with his left hand. Very well, then; he was left-handed.

Or was he? His right hand moved across the table, raised and poised so that the sunlight glittered in a thin line of silver against the object he held.

It was a pin, a long, silver pin. Stone stared at it. The man was staring at it, too. Stone's gaze held curiosity. The little fat man's gaze held utter loathing and, more than that, a sort of horrified fascination.

Another sound broke the stillness. The little man sighed. It was a deep sigh that became, with abrupt and hideous clarity, a groan.

Eyes still intent on the pin, the little man brought it down suddenly upon the opened pages of his book. He stabbed at random, driving the point home. Then he hurled the book to the floor, sat back, buried his face in his hands, and his shoulders shook with a silent sobbing.

A second sped. Stone blinked. And beyond the door, in the loft, the little man straightened up, reached for a long sheet of paper that might have been a polling list, and scanned its surface. The pin poised itself over the centre of the sheet. Again the sigh, the stab, the sob.

NOW the little man rose, and for a frantic moment Stone wondered if he'd been detected. But no, the pin wielder merely wandered down the row of books and pulled out another thick volume. He carried it back to the table and sat down, picking up the pin with his right hand as his left turned page after page. He scanned, scrutinised, then sighed, stabbed, sobbed.

Barton Stone descended from the top of the crate, replaced it carefully in the corner, and tiptoed down the stairs. He moved carefully and silently, and it was an effort to do so, because he wanted all the while to run.

His feeling was irrational and he knew it, but he could not control himself.

He had always experienced that sudden surge of fear in the presence of the demented. When he saw a drunk in a bar he was afraid — because you never know what a drunk will do next, what will enter his mind and how he will act. He shied away from arguments, because of what happens to a man's reaction pattern when he sees red. He avoided the mumblers, the people who talk to themselves or to the empty air as they shuffle down the street.

Right now he was afraid of a little fat man, a little fat man with a long, sharp, silver needle. The needle was crooked at one end, Stone remembered — and he could see that needle sinking into his own throat, right up to the crooked angle. The fat man was crazy and Stone wanted no part of him. He'd go back to the rental agency, see Mr. Freed, tell him. Freed could evict him, get him out of there in a hurry. That would be the sensible way.

Before he knew it, Stone was back in his own walk-up flat, resting on the bed and staring at the wall. Although it wasn't the wall he was seeing. He was seeing the little fat man and studying

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Continuing . . . THE PIN

from page 19

Continuing . . . THE THEORY OF WOMEN

from page 65

"You win," she said. "I like to talk about me. Tonight at eight. Here."

At one minute past eight he was seated with Anne in a sunroom, surrounded on three sides by glass, against which the rain splattered.

"This work of yours for the blind," he said. "I don't do anything that is comparable, nothing for other people. I want to know about it."

"Because you are interested in you again, not me."

"You know better. I could ask Myrna Rossman about braille."

"Yes. Sometimes you surprise me. That work is something I do. I feel a need. It is good to know somebody needs me, needs something I can do with my own hands, with a small part of my mind. You have your work." She spread her hands. "That is all."

He frowned, then reached for her hand and held it, not looking at her. Her hand lay unresisting in his. She seemed to accept him passively. It always seemed so when she accepted him at all. He knew the impression had to be wrong. She wasn't a passive type. "About my work," he said. "I'm honest about it. I give it what I've got." He hesitated, seeking words that would explain yet not offer apology. "I write what I see, what I feel, what I believe, no matter who gets hurt."

"Even me?"

"Even you."

She nodded. "I felt that. It interested me. Then I believed it, and that astonished me. It's a rare quality."

"It shouldn't be. It's the way to get things done. I can't work in underbrush, turning this way and that."

"People do. The men I've known!"

"Who? What?"

"Types. Wanting something, not caring what other people want. Willing to be anything, temporarily, to get what they want." There was a touch of bitterness in her voice.

She was, he thought, offering a delayed answer to why she had never married. Her hand was passive still in his, but he felt warmth in it. Words moved in his mind, but he could not speak them.

"You weren't like the men I knew," she said, "so I read your play to discover what you were like."

He didn't want to talk about the play. Nof now. This, however, was another unanswered question. "What did you find?" he said.

"Several things. I liked it. It was about women, but they weren't women as other women see them. That's why it missed, of course. They were women as men see them; not right to another woman but valid, perhaps, in a way. We see with a bias."

"Is that all you found in it?"

She laughed softly. "No. That wasn't the important thing, as you well know. You said in your play, and you couldn't lie when you were writing something in which the entire concept said the same thing, that men without money shouldn't marry women who have it."

"I've changed my mind," he said gruffly. "Money has nothing to do with it, unless money is the object. It wouldn't be with me. I wouldn't stop being myself. I couldn't change about your father, either, or what I think about him, or what I would write about him."

HER hand tightened in his. "Are you proposing to me?"

"Men don't. They never do. Except in books or plays."

"I see. Well, about my father. Politics is his braille. He had to find a way to be useful, as I did. His father and his grandfather made money, more than he needed. Could he be satisfied merely making more, repeating what they had done? What was left?

"He is a very thorough man. He studied politics. He learned all the rules. Politics are a means of entering public service, no more than that to him. He does what he must on the surface, so that he can have the opportunity to accomplish what he knows he can accomplish. He has no selfish aim."

Craig shook his head. "I can't accept that."

"All right."

He turned, and she floated easily, unresisting, into his arms. He had kissed her expertly before, and she had responded expertly; but it was not like this, not this wrenching away of something, this soaring upward.

He felt the shadow before he identified it with substance. It was difficult to come back, to descend out of free space. He released Anne reluctantly and turned. Stoddard Brade was standing only a few feet from him; a tall, imperious, commanding figure.

Craig rose, and it was not a moment for explanations, for planned speeches, for anything save the truth, which spoke without his prompting. "Sir," he said, "I am Craig Jordan. I want to marry your daughter." It was abrupt, and shocking in its suddenness, even to Craig.

Stoddard Brade stood as he had so often on the Senate floor. His eyes flickered briefly. There was tremendous dignity in him, a dignity that held him aloof from the embarrassment of the moment, ignored the obvious, did not descend to the banality of acknowledging a fantastic introduction.

"Marriage is not a light thing," he said. "My daughter will never make a more important decision, nor will you. That is her decision and yours. There are more lives than your own to consider. You probably will not consider them, but you will be responsible for them."

He turned abruptly and walked out of the room. It was a short speech for Stoddard Brade, but still a speech. It shook Craig because the man was, in a sense, under fire, in a very difficult position; but it was a speech.

Anne seemed to read his thought. "You won your bet," she said huskily. "He didn't say yes or no."

Craig made an embarrassed gesture. "That doesn't matter."

"And I won mine. I told you he wouldn't ask who you were or whether you had a dollar in the bank. He'd ask only if I loved you."

"He didn't." Craig turned, and he knew he was wrong. Stoddard Brade had asked. He had asked with his eyes, and Anne's eyes had answered him. The answer was still there. He swept her into his arms again.

A long time later she said dreamily, "We won't be foolish about money, Craig. Yours or mine, it won't matter. I'll live as you want to live. I won't try to change you, about my father, about anything."

"I won't try to change you, either."

He believed what he said, and he believed later, when both had changed and when he had learned to like Stoddard Brade, that it all had just happened that way. He had a masculine viewpoint and a man's theory of women; neither of which, of course, hurt him in the long run.

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Continuing . . . THE PIN

from page 66

him as he sat at his big table. He was seeing the books and the sheaves and the long rolls and scrolls of paper.

He could group them in the background, so. Just sketch them in lightly in order to place the figure. The khaki tunic hung thusly—and the open collar draped in this fashion. Now the outlines of the head and shoulders; be sure to catch the intent intensity, the concentrated concentration of the pose.

Stone had his sketch pad out now and his hands moved furiously. The sunlight would serve as a highlight over the shoulder. It would strike the silver pin and the reflection would fleck the features of the face.

The features—the face—most important. He began to rough it in. If he could only capture the instant before the sob, if he could only fathom the secret of the eyes as the pin stabbed down he'd have a painting.

What was that look? Stone had unconsciously catalogued and categorised the features. The proportions of nose to forehead, ears to head, chin to jaw; the relationship of brow and cheekbone to the eyes—he knew them and reproduced them. But the expression itself—particularly that look around the eyes—that was the key to it all.

And he couldn't get it down. He drew, erased, drew again. He made a marginal sketch and rubbed it out. The charcoal smeared his palm.

No, it was wrong, all wrong. He'd have to see him again. He was afraid to go, but he wanted that painting. He wanted to do it; he had to do it. There was a mystery here, and if he could only pin it down on canvas he'd be satisfied.

Pin it down. The pin was what frightened him, he knew it now. It wasn't the man so much. Granted, he was probably insane — without the pin he'd be harmless, deprived of weapons.

Stone stood up. He went out, down the stairs, walked. He should have gone to the rental agency first, he told himself, but the other need was greater. He wanted to see his subject once more. He wanted to stare into the face of the little fat man and read the secret behind the planes and angles.

And he did. He climbed the stairs silently, mounted the crate quietly, directed his soundless gaze over the transom.

The fat man was still at work. New books, new papers bulked high on the big table. But the left hand turned the pages, the right hand poised the pin. And the endless, enigmatic pantomime played on. Sigh, stab, sob. Stop and shudder, shuffle through fresh pages, scan and scrutinise again, and then — sigh, stab, sob.

The silver pin glared and glistened. It glowed and glittered and grew.

Barton Stone tried to study the face of the fat man, tried to impress the image of his eyes.

Instead he saw the pin. The pin, and only the pin. The pin that poised, the pin that pointed, the pin that pricked the page.

He forced himself to concentrate on the little man's face, forced himself to focus on form and features. He saw sorrow, read resignation, recognised revulsion, found fear there. But there was neither sorrow nor resignation, revulsion, nor fear in the hand that drove the pin down again and again. There was only a mechanical gesture, without pattern or meaning that Barton Stone could decipher. It was the action of a lunatic, the antic gesture of aberration.

Stone stepped down from the crate, replaced it in the corner, then paused before the loft door. For a moment he hesitated. It would be so simple merely to walk into the loft, confront the little man, ask him his business. The little man would look up, and Stone could stare into his eyes, single out and scrutinise the secrets there.

But the little man had his pin, and Stone was afraid. He was afraid of the pin that didn't sob or sigh, but merely stabbed down. And made its point.

The point—what was it?

Well, there was another way of finding out, the sensible way. Stone sidled softly down the stairs, padded purposefully up the street.

Here it was, Acme Rentals. But the door was locked. Barton Stone glanced at his watch. Only four o'clock. Funny he'd been gone so early, unless he'd left with a client to show some property or office space.

Stone sighed. Tomorrow, then. Time enough. He turned and strode back down the street. He intended to go to his flat and rest before supper, but as he rounded the corner he saw something that stopped him in his tracks.

It was only a brownish blur, moving very fast. His eye caught a glimpse of khaki, a suggestion of a bowed back, a white-thatched head disappearing into the doorway of a local restaurant. That was enough; he was sure now. His little fat man had taken time out to eat.

And that meant . . .

Stone ran the remaining blocks, clattered up the rickety stairs. He burst into the loft, raced over to the table. Then, and then only, he stopped. What was he doing here? What did he hope to find out? What was he looking for?

That was it. He was looking for something. Some clue, some intimation of the little fat man's perverted purpose.

The books and papers billowed balefully all about him. There were at least half a hundred presently on the table. Stone picked up the first one. It was a telephone directory, current edition, for Bangor, Maine. Beneath it was another — Yuma, Arizona. And below that, in a gaudy cover, the city directory of Montevideo.

At one side a long list of names, sheet after sheet of them, in French. The town roll of Dijon. And over at one side the electoral rolls of Manila in the Philippines. Another city directory—Stone guessed it must be in Russian. And here was the phone book from Leeds, and the census sheets from Calgary, and a little photostat of the unofficial census of Mombasa.

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If it would rain down roses
All through the long dark night,
The grey roads in the morning
Would all be pink and white
And gold and glowing crimson,
And such a lovely sight.
And on the shabby roof-tops
The scented petals sweet
Would fall like gentle snowflakes,
And all along the street
Would be the softest carpet
For old and weary feet.

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Continuing . . . THE PIN

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Stone paged through them, then directed his attention to another stack on the right-hand side of the table. Here were opened books aplenty, piled one upon the other in a baffling miscellany. Stone glanced at the bottom of the collection. Another phone; book, from Seattle. City directory of Belfast. Voting list from Bloomington, Illinois. Polling list, Melbourne, Australia.

Page after page of Chinese ideographs. Military personnel, USAF, Tokyo base. A book in Swedish or Norwegian — Stone wasn't sure which, but he recognised that it contained nothing but names; and like all the others it was recent or currently published and in use.

And here, right on top, was a Manhattan directory. It was open, like the others, and apparently the choice of page had been made on random impulse. Barton Stone glanced at the heading: FRE. Was there a pin mark? He stared, found it.

Freed, George A. And the address.

Wait a minute! Wasn't that his rental-agency man? Something began to form and fashion, and then Stone pushed the book away and ran out of the room and down the stairs, and he rounded the corner and found the news-stand and bought his paper and clawed it open to the death notices, and then he read the name again.

Freed, George A. And the address. And on another page —Stone's hands were trembling, and it took him a while to find it — was the story. It had happened this morning. Accident. Hit by a truck crossing the street.

And this morning (perhaps while Stone had been watching him the first time) the pin had pointed and stabbed, and a name in the directory was marked for destruction. For death.

For Death!

Nobody'd ever bother looking up there. You could hide out there for years without being caught. Yes, you could gather together all the lists, all the sources, all the names in the world and put them into that deserted loft. You could sit there, day after day, and night after night, and stick pins into them the way the legends said witches stuck pins into effigies of their victims.

YOU'D sit there and choose book after book at random, and the pin would point. And wherever it struck somebody died. You could do that, and you would do that. If you were the little fat man. The little fat man whose name was Death.

Stone almost laughed, although the sound didn't come out that way. He'd wondered why he couldn't get the little man's eyes right, wondered why he couldn't search out their secret. Now he knew. He'd encountered the final mystery — that of Death itself. Death himself.

And where was Death now? Sitting in a cheap restaurant, a local hash house, taking a breather. Death was dining out. Simple enough, wasn't it? All Stone need do now was find a policeman and take him into the joint.

"See that little fat guy over there, Officer? I want you to arrest him for murder. He's Death, you know. And I can prove it. I'll show you the pin point."

Simple. Insanely simple.

Maybe he was wrong. He had to be wrong. Stone riffled back to the death notices again. Kooley, Leventhaler, Mautz. He had to make sure.

Kooley, Leventhaler, Mautz.

Question: How long does it take Death to dine?

Question: Does Death care to linger over a second cup of coffee?

Question: Does one dare go back and search that directory to find the pin points opposite the names of Kooley, Leventhaler, and Mautz?

The first two questions couldn't be answered. They constituted a calculated risk. The third question could be solved only by action.

Barton Stone acted. His legs didn't want to move; his feet rebelled every step of the way, and his hands shook as he climbed the stairs once more.

Stone almost fell as he peered over the transom. The loft was still empty. And it was shrouded now in twilight. The dusk filtering through the skylight provided just enough illumination for him to read the directory. To find the names of Kooley, Leventhaler, and Mautz. And the pin points penetrating each, puncturing the o, the v, the u. Puncturing their names, puncturing their lives, providing punctuation. The final punctuation — period.

How many others had died today, in how many cities, towns, hamlets, crossroads, culverts, prisons, hospitals, huts, kraals, trenches, tents, igloos? How many times had the silver pin descended, forced by fatal fancy?

Yes, and how many times would it descend tonight? And tomorrow, and the next day, and forever and ever, time without end, amen?

They always pictured Death wielding a scythe, didn't they? And to think that it was really just a pin —a pin with a curve or a hook in it. A long, sharp silver pin, like that one there.

The last rays of the dying sunset found it, set its length ablaze in a rainbow glow. Stone gasped sharply. It was here, right here on the table, where the little fat man had left it when he went out to eat — the silver pin!

Stone eyed the sparkling instrument, noted the hooked end, and gasped again. It was a scythe after all! A little miniature scythe of silver. The weapon of Death which cut down all mankind. Cut down mankind without rhyme or reason, stabbed senselessly to deprive men forever of sensation. Stone could picture it moving in frantic rhythm over the names of military personnel, pick, pick, picking away at lives; point, point, pointing at people; stick, stick, sticking into human hearts. The fatal instrument, the lethal weapon, smaller than any sword, and bigger than any bomb.

It was here, on the table. He had only to reach out and take it . . .

For a moment the sun stood still and his heart stopped beating and there was nothing but silence in the whole wide world.

Stone picked up the pin.

He put it in his shirt pocket and stumbled out of the room, stumbled through darkness, and tumbled down the flights of the night.

Then he was out on the street again and safe. He was safe, and the pin was safe in his pocket, and the world was safe forever.

Or was it? He couldn't be sure.

He couldn't be sure, and he couldn't be sure, and he sat there in his room all night long, wondering if he'd gone completely mad.

For the pin was only a pin. True, it was shaped like a miniature scythe. True, it was cold and did not warm to the touch, and its point was sharper than any tool could ever grind.

But he couldn't be sure. Even the next morning there was nothing to show. He wondered if Death read the papers. He couldn't read all the papers. He couldn't attend all the funerals. He was too busy. Or, rather, he had been too busy. Now he could only wait, as Stone was waiting.

The afternoon editions would begin to provide proof. The home editions. Stone waited, because he couldn't be sure. And then he went down to the corner and bought four papers and he knew.

There were death notices still; of course there would be. Death notices from yesterday. Only from yesterday.

And the front pages carried further confirmation. The subject matter of the stories was serious enough, but the treatment was still humorous, quizzical, or, at best, speculative and aloof. Lots of smart boys on the wire services and the city desks; too hard-boiled to be taken in or commit themselves until they were certain. So there was no editorial comment yet, just story after story, each with its own "slant."

The prisoner up at Sing Sing who went to the chair last night — and was still alive. They'd given him plenty of current, and the power worked all right.

But he was still alive. Authorities were investigating . . .

Freak accident up in Buffalo — cables snapped and a two-ton safe landed squarely on the head and shoulders of Frank Nelson, forty-two. Broken back, neck, arms, legs, pelvis, skull completely crushed. But in the Emergency Hospital, Frank Nelson was still breathing and doctors could not account for . . .

Plane crash in Chile. Eighteen passengers, all severely injured and many badly burned when engines caught fire, but no fatalities were reported and further reports . . .

City hospitals could not explain the sudden cessation of deaths throughout Greater New York and environs . . .

Gas-main explosions, automobile accidents, fires, and natural disasters; each item isolated and treated as a freak, a separate phenomenon.

That's the way it would be until perhaps tomorrow, when the hard-boiled editors and the hard-headed medical men, and the hard-nosed military leaders, and the hard-pressed scientists all woke up, pooled their information, and realised that Death had died.

Meanwhile, the torn and the twisted, the burned and the maimed, the tortured and the broken ones writhed in their beds — but breathed and lived, in a fashion.

Stone breathed and lived in a fashion, too. He was beginning to see the seared body of the convict, the mangled torso of the mover, the agonised forms that prayed for the mercy of oblivion all over the world.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," and "no man is an island." But on the other hand, Stone breathed and lived after a fashion. And as long as he had the pin, he'd breathe and live forever. Forever!

SO would they all. And more would be born, and the earth would teem with their multitude — what then? Very well, let the editors and the doctors and the soldiers and the scientists figure out solutions. Stone had done his part. He'd destroyed Death. Or at least disarmed him.

Barton Stone wondered what Death was doing right now. Death, in the afternoon. Was he sitting in the loft, pondering over his piles of useless papers, lingering over his lethal ledgers? Or was he out, looking for another job? Couldn't very well expect to get unemployment compensation, and he had no social security.

That was his problem. Stone didn't care. He had other worries.

The tingling, for example. It had started late that morning, around noon. At first Stone ascribed it to the fact that he hadn't eaten or slept for over twenty-four hours. It was fatigue. But fatigue gnaws. Fatigue does not bite. It doesn't sink its sharp little tooth into your chest.

Sharp. Chest. Stone reached up, grabbed the silver pin from his pocket. The little scythe was cold. Its sharp, icy point had cut through his shirt, pricked against his heart.

Stone laid the pin down very carefully on the table, and he even turned the point away from himself. Then he sat back and sighed as the pain went away.

But it came back again, stronger. And Stone looked down and saw that the pin pointed at him again. He hadn't moved it. He hadn't touched it. He hadn't even looked at it. But it swung around like the needle of a compass. And he was its magnetic pole. He was due north. North, cold and icy.

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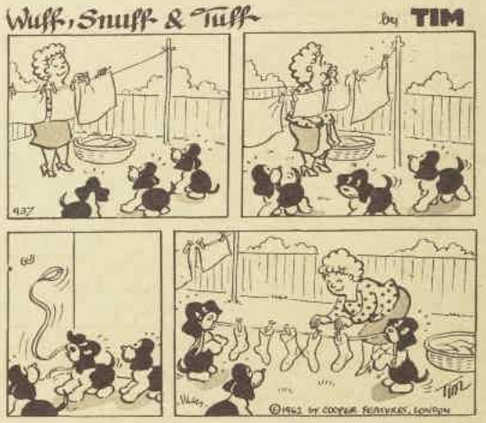
FOR THE CHILDREN



"Anybody we know?"

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

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a night in this house since I don't know when, Norah—I ask you—have I? My mother wasn't up to the effort of having me to stay. I merely used to take a brief run down to see her in the daytime, on a Saturday or a Sunday."

"And your wife with you?"

Toby's face got redder and angrier.

"Yes — no — mostly — sometimes — not always."

The string of evasions had a ludicrous effect, calling up a picture, as it did, of the scheming employed to keep his wife from accompanying him on these visits.

"Listen — listen." Alison was on her feet. Grogan was the only one seated now, the untidy array of plates and glasses and cups before him. "I don't believe — I really can't believe — that Toby's mother ever had him in mind when she wrote those words.

"If they are — as they certainly look to be — a sort of warning to Virginia, and were telling her to choose some other place to meet someone — well, I mean! Would Mrs. Pritchard have written like that about her own son? Conniving at an affair with another woman?"

Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

"What kind of terms were you on with your mother-in-law, Mrs. Pritchard?"

Toby answered this: "The best of terms. My wife was like a daughter to her."

"I know that's so," Alison said. "I've seen it myself when they were together. The idea of her making any move to help her son deceive her is unthinkable. Toby—can you imagine it?"

Grogan said thoughtfully: "You're making a very good point there, Miss Burdett. Yes. If, as you say, Mrs. Pritchard and her daughter-in-law were good friends."

"True. Quite right, Alison. That's very, very cute of you." Gratefully, Toby laid a hot, heavy hand on her shoulder.

Norah snatched at Alison's reasoning, too. "Of course. I see that now. It was some other man, Toby, that your mother tried to warn Virginia that Boris had begun to suspect her with. We all know how it was with the poor old darling during the last year of her life. From loneliness and boredom she did begin to drink a little bit too much. And she and Virginia got very thick. No doubt Virginia took her into her confidence and found her a sympathetic listener. Old women can often be so understanding about a young woman's love affairs."

Love affairs in the plural! This was obviously directed at Toby, to point out to him that Virginia's favors were too freely given to be greatly valued.

Followed a discussion as to whether this message in the book might have been not for Virginia, but for the other partner of these assignations, which naturally led to speculation as to who that other might be.

Alison smiled inwardly at the mere thought of the Bay providing romantic interludes for Virginia. Angry little Eddie Fry, taken up with his fight for peace and quiet! She pictured he'd run a mile if Virginia cast her eyes on him — which it was equally impossible to imagine her doing. Jeffrey Cornwall, humming about the beach like a bumblebee, and whose passion was the delights of economy,

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of stretching a pound to make it do the work of two.

Then with a pang she thought, Stephen! Stephen Talbot! Had Virginia been seeing him a month ago? Had he, since she was so tied by Boris' parsimony, been coming down here secretly to visit her?

As though a crisis had been weathered, Toby leant forward to the table and poured himself another glass of wine and gulped it thirstily.

A TINGE of Manning's gloom had descended on Grogan as they drove back to town that night. The possibilities of the case, he thought, instead of narrowing down had widened. What had looked like an open-and-shut job yesterday morning—the revenge of a half-crazed old girl at the killing of her dog —now—

But news awaited him at Headquarters. The assumption he'd been going on, that it was Boris McEvoy's blood that spattered the stones near the fowl-yard, had proved to be incorrect.

A different blood group from McEvoy's, eh? He threw himself back in his chair and stared at the analyst's report that had been left for him. McEvoy hadn't been carried from down there indoors.

He'd been shot in the bedroom, as had at first appeared, and once more the hate-crazed old girl was in the forefront of the picture.

The catch was, though, he brooded, that in the interval while she'd been out of the running too much had come to light about some other people's movements and motives to be disregarded.

. . . . . .

It was not much after nine-thirty next morning when Jane and Edward Fry came out of their house and walked slowly down the path. Edward's spare figure was clad in a light drill suit, and his hat brim was pulled down over his pale, stern face. Jane, in summer dress and shady hat, further protected herself from a too realistically clear picture of the world with dark glasses.

Edward shut the gate behind them and looked back at the house sheltering among its thickets of native trees and bush. "Sure you locked everything, Jane?"

"Yes, Eddie." She adjusted her glasses and started up the hill.

"Did you remember to water the ferns?" he asked, following with lagging steps and lagging thoughts.

"Yes, Eddie. I gave them a thorough soaking."

In a minute: "I believe I forgot to put the butter back in the refrigerator."

"I did it, dear," she assured him.

And so up the brief ascent to the road, in silence for the rest of the way, but each looking as though occupied with matters other than melting butter and drooping ferns.

As they reached the top, several detectives were climbing out of a police car, and across to them came Inspector Grogan, shining with fresh shave, fresh linen, and, one might have thought, goodwill toward mankind.

"Morning, Mrs. Fry. Morning, Mr. Fry. Top o' morning to you," he greeted them, a little more Irish than usual.

"Good morning, Inspector," Jane answered with matching brightness.

"You off to the store for the marketing?"

"No, we're having a day on the loose. We're going into Fordham."

"Good idea. Wish I was doing the same myself."

"Yes, we got downright mouldy, sitting at home talking about Mr. McEvoy's death. So I said to my husband, 'Come along, we'll have a day off the chain, go gay with lunch and see a film, or something'."

Grogan, glancing from her resolutely bright face to her husband's, thought that if ever he'd seen a couple looking not on pleasure bent it was the pair standing before him on the bit of dusty road!

"Well, I mustn't keep you from your bus," he said.

"Bus nothing," Jane laughed. "We're doing ourselves better than that. We're having a car all the way. When we treat ourselves we do it in style, don't we, Eddie?"

Urged to contribute, Eddie gave a skull-like grin and a twitch to his hat brim.

Their hire car appeared.

"Well, so long," Grogan said. "Have yourselves a nice time."

As they stepped past him, mingled with the scent of Jane's toilet water came a whiff of something else. Grogan sniffed delicately. What was it again? Couldn't put a name to it, at the moment . . .

They stepped into the car, Edward following Jane with the jerky movements of a badly manipulated puppet.

Grogan looked after them, thoughtfully. Then he jotted down the number of their car, and, getting back into his own, made a telephone call.

. . . . . .

Miss Hocking was in her kitchen that morning, stuffing a leg of lamb for a cold dinner tonight, boiling beetroot and making mint jelly.

A change had come over Miss Hocking since the arrival of her guest. Admittedly, a man is a more exacting presence in the house than a dog, and she had risen to the occasion with a new and surprising eagerness. There had been no tea-and-toast breakfast this morning, but bacon and eggs and Miss Hocking presiding over them with high color and almost high spirits. She had put on a fresh dress of pink cotton, and there was more than a suspicion of lipstick on her lips. Afterwards,

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Continuing . . . THE PIN

like the pains that shot through his chest.

Death's weapon had power — the power to stab him, stab his chest and heart. It couldn't kill him, for there was no longer any dying in the world. It would just stab him now, forever and ever, night and day for all eternity. He was a magnet, attracting pain. Unendurable, endless pain.

The realisation transfixed him, just as the point of the pin itself transfixed him.

Had his own hand reached out and picked up the pin, driven it into his chest? Or had the pin itself risen from the table and sought its magnetic target? Did the pin have its own powers?

Yes. That was the answer, and he knew it now. Knew that the little fat man was just a man and nothing more. A poor devil who had to go out and eat, who slept and dozed as best he could while he still stabbed ceaselessly away. He was only a tool. The pin itself was Death.

Had the little man once looked over a transom or peered through a window in New York or Bagdad or Durban or Rangoon? Had he stolen the silver pin from yet another poor devil and then been driven by it, driven out into the street by the pin that pricked and pricked at his heart? Had he returned to the place where all the names in the world awaited their final sentencing?

Barton Stone didn't know. All he knew was that the pin was colder than arctic ice and hotter than volcanic fire and it was tearing at his chest. Every time he tore it free the point inexorably returned and his hand descended with it, forcing the pin into his chest. Sigh, stab, sob — the power of Death was in the pin.

And the power of Death animated Barton Stone as he ran through the lighted streets, panted up the midnight stairs, staggered into the loft.

A dim light burned over the table, casting its glow over the waiting shadows. The little fat man sat there, surrounded by his books, and

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when he saw Barton Stone he looked up and nodded.

His stare was impersonal and blank. Stone's stare was agonised and intent. There was something Stone had to find out, once and for all, a question which must be answered. He recognised its nature and the need, sought and found his solution in the little fat man's face.

The little fat man was a man and nothing more. He was merely the instrument, and the pin held all the power. That was enough for Barton Stone to know. It was all he could know, for the rest was only endless pain. He had to be relieved of the pain, had to be released from it, just as the poor devils all over the world had to be relieved and released. It was logic, cold logic, cold as the pin, cold as Death.

Stone gasped, and the little fat man stood up and moved around from behind the table.

"I've been waiting for you," he said. "I knew you'd come back."

STONE forced the words out. "I stole the pin," he panted. "I've come to give it back."

The little fat man looked at him, and for the first time Stone could read his eyes. In them he saw infinite compassion, limitless understanding, and an endless relief.

"What is taken cannot be returned," murmured the little man. "I think you know that. When you took the pin you took it forever. Or until—"

The little man shrugged and indicated the seat behind the table.

Silently Stone sat down. The books bulked before him: the books, the directories, the papers and scrolls and lists that contained all the names in the world.

"The most urgent are on top," whispered the little man. "I sorted them while I waited."

"Then you knew I'd be back?"

The little fat man nodded. "I came back once, too. And I found — as you will find — that the pain goes away. You can remove the pin now and get to work. There's so much work to do."

He was right. There was no longer any stabbing sensation in Stone's chest. The little scythe-shaped pin came away quite easily and balanced in Stone's right hand. His left hand reached for the topmost book. A small piece of paper, bearing a single scribbled name, rested on the opened volume.

"If you don't mind," breathed the little fat man, "this name first, please."

Stone looked at the little fat man. He didn't look down at the scribbled name — he didn't have to, for he knew. And his right hand stabbed down, and the little man sighed and then he fell over and there was only a wisp of dust.

Old dust, gossamer-light dust, soon blows away. And there was no time to look at the dancing, dissipating motes. For Barton Stone was sighing, stabbing, shuddering, sobbing.

And the pin pointed and pricked. Pricked the convict up in Sing Sing and Frank Nelson in Buffalo Emergency and the crash victims in Chile. Pricked Chundra Lal of Bombay, Ramona Neilson of Minneapolis, Barney Yates in Glasgow, Igor Vorpetchzki in Minsk, Mrs. Minnie Haines and Dr. Fisher and Urbonga and Li Chan and a man named John Smith in Upper Sandusky.

It was day and it was night and it was summer and it was autumn and it was winter and it was spring and it was summer again, but you could hide out there for years without being caught.

All you did was keep shuffling the books, picking at random. That was the best you could do, the only fair way. Sometimes you got mad and took a lot from one place; sometimes you just kept going, plodding along and leaving it up to the pin.

You sighed, you stabbed, you shuddered, and you sobbed. But you never stopped. Because the pin never stopped; the scythe was always swinging.

Thus it was, and thus it would be forever. Until the day came, inevitably, when somehow, somewhere, someone would find out . . .

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PROTEIN-RICH MACARONI CHEESE DISH TONIGHT

Ingredients: 1 cup macaroni; medium-size onion, chopped; 2 pints boiling salted water; ¾ cup soft breadcrumbs; 3 oz. butter (3 tablespoons); 2 tablespoons flour; ¾ teaspoon salt; pinch cayenne pepper; 1½ cups milk; 8 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

Method: Cook macaroni and onion in two pints of boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse. Keep hot.

Melt half the butter and add the breadcrumbs; toss until well coated.

Heat remaining butter in a saucepan. Stir in flour. Let cook for a few minutes. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Add salt, cayenne, and the shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Continue cooking over a low heat until the cheese melts and the sauce is smooth.

Mix in the macaroni lightly, then pour into a greased casserole. Sprinkle top with the buttered breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. gas, 400° F. elect., for 25-30 minutes. 4-5 servings.

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FROM THE KRAFT KITCHEN

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Sept. 12

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, pink, purple. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ Financial affairs on the whole are again favored, but use caution Wednesday p.m. and Thursday morning, as loss through friends is indicated. Go bargain-hunting on Friday morning.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, purple. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ There are more good than bad influences favoring romance and finance. However, Thursday tends to spoil the picture. There may be delay, loss, some setback. From then on, it is plain sailing.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ Apart from Thursday, this is another week where you can proceed at full steam with your plans and ambitions. Thursday does not favor work and health, and you may find it hard to smile.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, blue, red. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ Thursday is unpropitious. You may suffer loss and frustration. If a parent, keep the kiddies away from heights. Otherwise the week improves, and courtship, speculation, love are favored.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, pink, purple. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ Financial affairs are still favored but on Thursday vibrations do not benefit love, marriage, and home life. Some sorrow is indicated. For the rest, it is a week that improves.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, pink, tartan. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ Your public relations prestige is maintained, but Thursday is bad for speculation, affairs involving relatives and neighbors, and travel. Romance receives a setback, but improves.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ The planets are favoring you, but not on Thursday. Guard against loss of money and property. It is a bad day for romance and finance. Things improve. Try luck Friday a.m.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, pink, purple. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ The planet of love is transiting your sign, bringing prosperity in love, romance, and money matters. However, depressing influences will disturb family life on Thurs. Buy a ticket Friday a.m.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, mauve. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ On Thursday you could compromise yourself with something you might write or say. It is not a good day for travel, dealing with relatives. But the week improves. Try luck on Friday a.m.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, blue, pink. Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

★ Be your independent self on Thursday, and don't get involved financially with friends. Plan and act on your schemes — the rest of the week favors expansion. Try a ticket Friday a.m.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, purple, pink. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ In a prosperous and pleasant week, Thursday is the only bad day. A setback to your plans and a loss of personal prestige are shown. Good time lies ahead. Finance, romance improve.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, pink. Lucky days, Fri., Monday.

★ Implement your ambitions because you are enjoying fortunate influences. Thursday is adverse for travel. Try a gamble, preferably in the morning. Friday to Tuesday. Future is bright.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 69

she had sent Stephen up to the store with a shopping list, and in his absence had washed up and made beds and even dusted the sitting-room.

Now, outside on the back porch, he was putting her electric iron in order, and as he worked his hostess talked to him in a fairly unbroken flow through the open door. She spoke freely of the tragedy, but the "tragedy" it appeared each time was Larry's death. Boris McEvoy's was absent from her talk—seemed, you might have thought, to be absent from her mind. The police haunting the quiet backwater were there, it would appear, to investigate Larry's drowning, Larry's last hours, Larry's dastardly murder, a murder beyond the pale.

"I doubt if they'll ever find out who killed my dog," she said. "No doubt they're doing their best — such as it is! Not that it matters one way or the other. They can't bring Larry back to life." She sighed as she pushed skewers through the stuffed joint, shook flour over it and put it into the baking-dish.

Stephen, sitting on the step with flex and fuse wire and screwdriver, needed to make the minimum contribution to the conversation, Miss Hocking being well accustomed to an even less voluble companion.

Even Larry, with his steadfast gaze on her, hadn't been a better listener than was Stephen, tinkering out there on the step with the iron.

She broke off once to say: "Why are you staying here, Stephen? Not that I'm not delighted to have you, but what made you decide to stay?"

He called back after a moment, having two screws in his mouth just then: "Well, Miss Hocking, have you considered the possibility that I might have shot Boris McEvoy, and wanted to be here watching my own interests?"

"Boris McEvoy?" she repeated, as though hearing the name for the first time. "You?"

"Or that you might have. In either case I thought it would be as well for me to be around. I don't have to be back on my job till Monday."

She was struck into silence for a while.

Then she said: "What would you want to kill Boris for?"

To page 74

'Oval look' hairstyles from Paris

● Five versions of a change-about holiday hairstyle just released in Australia by the Haute Coiffure Francaise are pictured here. The new line hugs the head nicely for a small-head look that is soft and full.

SLEEK BASIC cut and set bares the forehead, then goes into a reverse forward sweep close to the face and soft on the temples. The style is one of several possible with this set.

NOW LOOK what's happened to that short, basic hairdo. Here, top curls go high and rather wide, still show bare forehead and small-head effect.

PRETTY back view (right). Note how the hair curls flat and just enough to break into scallops and half-curls, the way the ends cling around the nape and ear. The arrangement is in harmony with the basic close "line" and shape of this holiday hairstyle.

JEWELS, RIBBON AT NIGHT

EVENING fashion ideas include brushing hair up and away from the face all round (left), adding bowed-band and jewel for glamor. Wing effect (right), but still close to the head, is second fashion switch for night. Accent is a decorative swag.

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Decorama. Fused ceramic hand blown flint glass in either white, pink or champagne with gold metalware and star and thistledown decoration . . . 10"—57/6; 13"—85/-; 16"—105/-.

A24 Wall Bracket. Plain or satin finish white opal glassware with white enamel metalware, 75/9.

Avalon Exterior Lantern Up. One of a family, this unit has plain white fluted opal glassware, black gloss metalware, capped with flamingo knob. Diam. of reflector 10", over. ht. 15", 162/-.

A19 Wall Bracket. Plain or satin finish white opal glassware with black mat metalware. Height 12½" ... 78/9.

Panorama. A fused ceramic hand-blown flint glass flush ceiling unit in white, pink or champagne with gold metalware and star. In three sizes ... 10"—51/6; 13" — 84/6; 16" — 102/6.

Elmore Lantern. An attractive unit featuring white lined ceramic glassware complemented by gold fittings. A versatile unit ideally suited for your hall or porch ... 109/6.

A25 Presson Pyramid. Plain or satin finish white opal patterned glassware with white enamel metalware. 10" square ... 59/6.

Stanway Pendant. — A high quality hand blown double bowl unit of white lined flint glass. Gold and white metalware, 131/-.

Stardust Pendant. Star patterned white lower bowl, with an upper bowl of pink, champagne or white, complemented by satin silver metalware trim ... 119/6.

Sudbury Flush Fitting. Hand blown flint ceramic outer bowl. White opal inner bowl. White metalware, 131/-.

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20 Pendant. An elegantly simple pendant in plain or satin finish white opal glassware, complemented by gold metalware and a white cord ..... 76/3.

I.P.8. A flint ceramic glass newcomer that mixes black with pink, white or champagne ..... 7" diam., 36/3, or 9" diam., 40/-.

A6. Flush Fitting. Plain or satin finish white opal glassware with white metalware ..... 8" diam., 46/-; 10" diam., 49/-; 12" diam., 63/-.

Grecian Pendant. Exciting lighting in satin opal glass banded with black. Metalware all gold ..... 99/6.

Ballerina Pendant. A sophisticated new fitting—white with black lines atop satin opal inner glass. Metalware, all gold, 109/6.

Cuban. Pull Down Pendant. Hand blown satin opal glassware with horizontal grey bands. Red metalware reflector. Polished gold canopy. Timber cone ..... 179/6.

Delfin—Adjustable Wall Bracket. Glassware is flint white ceramic spaced with clear lines. Metalware supporting arm — gleaming polished gold. Maple finish woodwork completes this exciting bracket ..... 119/6.

Aston 3-Light Pendant. Suitable for hall or living area, this unit has fluted satin finish white opal glass cups and a combination of polished brass and black mat metalware. Overall height 30". One of a series, 195/3.

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Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 71

"Well—say to free Virginia. He treated her badly, kept her short of money, made her feel terribly inferior, was hateful to her young brother."

"Oh, Dal can look after himself."

"Maybe, but if I was a detective I'd have strong suspicions of me. They've only got to prove that I'm pining with love for her and wanted to get her back again."

"Do you?"

It was he who was silent now.

Presently he said: "Do you know Alison Burdett well?"

"No, not very well. She seems a nice little thing though."

"Yes, I thought that. Do you think she's pretty?"

"In a kind of way, with those great big hazel eyes. She's not unlike what I was at her age. I was dark with an olive complexion, too."

"That augurs well for her," he said gallantly.

"She's rather shy and tied up, I think," Miss Hocking observed. "A born spinster, I'd say."

"Aren't we all! And then some time or other madness overtakes us and we put our necks into the matrimonial noose. Some of us even do it twice."

"Anyhow, Alison was never afraid of Larry, I'll say that for her, as so many idiots were when they first met him."

Larry. All roads led back to him.

She put the meat into the oven, strained the beetroot and set it out to cool. The kettle was boiling and she made tea.

Tray in hand she called: "Leave that old iron, Stephen, and come up to the sitting-room, I've made some tea."

Barely had they settled themselves down to drink it when Grogan arrived.

Quite a pity to disturb 'em, he thought; they looked that comfortable. Might've been mother and son sitting there, him with a free morning, and her glad to have him home. She'd perked up quite considerably since she was told that the manner of McEvoy's death appeared to clear her. How would she take the reversal of that idea?

"Miss Hocking," he said when he was inside, and had passed the time of day and spent a few minutes in affable nothings, "could you cast your mind back to the night of the death of Mrs. Pritchard, senior?"

Miss Hocking threw him one of her admonishing glances, then turned back to add milk to Stephen's tea. "Certainly," she answered in a superior tone. "Why not?

"It's only three or four weeks since my old friend Louie Pritchard died."

"You knew her well, did you? Very old friends, eh?"

"School friends. It was because I was here that she bought that house when her husband died."

"I understand it was you who found her, within a few minutes of her death. Could you tell me what happened that evening?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Well, what time it was, if she was quite dead when you found her, if she was expecting you to call, that sort of thing."

She put her biscuit down on the edge of her saucer and looked out of the window. "Yes, I found her," she said slowly.

THEN she continued. "If I hadn't been passing that evening just by chance, at that very time—it was about seven o'clock—the house would've been burnt down and her body in it. She'd had this fatal heart attack and had fallen forward across the table, and the cigarette she was holding had caught the edge of the curtain. I was on the track that leads upwards, just near her place, when I saw this bright glow at the window. I thought of fire, at once, and rushed in. The curtain was all ablaze. I dragged it down and stamped it out. And then I realised she was dead, not fainted as I'd first thought."

"My word, that must've been a big shock for you," he said in his most commiserating tone. "I'll say this month you've had your share of shock and trouble, what with the death of this dear friend of yours, and then your dog."

She didn't assent, or accept his sympathy, but looked back at him coldly. He might have been throwing his soft palaver against a brick wall.

Not discouraged, he said: "Yes, I reckon you've had plenty of sorrow lately. Now this lady—living alone and an invalid—did the neighbors pay her plenty of attention?"

Once again that lift of her eyebrow. "Naturally. Everyone was fond of her and dropped in to see her regularly, for a chat or a game of cards. She was always cheery and made people welcome."

"So I understand. With plenty of good drink, and that."

She narrowed her eyes at the imputation, and then, as though to cover the inspector's social lapse, averted her head. "More tea, Stephen?" she asked, adding, of necessity: "Are you sure you won't join us, Inspector?"

"Not for me, thanks, Miss Hocking. I had a cup up at the store." He leant back in his chair and waited for her to put down the teapot. "Well, like I was asking, she saw plenty of company, eh?"

A nod. "We were all glad to do little things for her. Mrs. McEvoy used to go along and wash and set her hair. When Mr. Cornwall went into Fordham she'd get him to bring her back a lobster, some little luxury like that or some fresh strawberries.

"Even Mr. Fry — not a very sociable person — used to take over his portable typewriter and type any business letters she had to write. And of course young Dal Owen was a constant visitor. She seemed very fond of him. She'd send him off to buy just whatever he fancied, and then he'd come back and cook it and they'd have it together."

"I see. Yes. Now you used the word 'regularly' just now. Does that mean they had regular nights for going to see her? Say, Mrs. Fry one night, Mr. Cornwall one night, and Mrs. McEvoy another? The way friends of a sick person will sometimes arrange it among themselves?"

She stared at him in silence for a moment. Then she said: "Not to my knowledge."

"They didn't?"

"No."

"On this particular evening, for instance — what night was it, by the way?"

"It was a Tuesday."

"Would you have any idea — any idea at all — who she might've been sitting waiting for?"

"No, I would not."

"Could she have been expecting you, do you think?"

"I told you I was passing just by chance."

"Yes, so you did. That's right." He glanced from her to Stephen, who had been eating and drinking with apparent relish. Grogan thought he didn't know which of the two of 'em was the cooler.

"What I was going to ask you," he went on, "was after the doctor had been, and she'd been taken into her bedroom, did you tidy up the room where she'd been sitting?"

"I did."

"Can you call to mind what you did with the things that were lying about?"

"I think . . . well, I think I bundled them into a drawer in there . . . her knitting, and the chessboard and pieces."

"And a book?" he queried.

"A book? Yes, I think there was a big volume of something or other that had fallen to the floor."

"'Vanity Fair.' I'll tell you why I'm asking."

He proceeded to tell about the half-finished message that Mrs. Pritchard could have written in it that very evening, feeling the attack coming on. Something she was anxious to warn someone about before she died. And if that was so, he said, it looked very much as though the warning was for the person she was waiting for to come in and have a game with her, and that she hoped this person would be the one to find the message in the book, if they didn't find her alive.

"Very interesting, indeed," Miss Hocking murmured when he ended. "But I'm afraid I can't enlighten you. Not at all. Mrs. Pritchard frequently marked books, made little annotations on passages that interested her."

"Oh, lots of people do that, I know. But this mention of a neighbor's name — and his suspecting something — and the sentence not finished — and the book on the floor when she died. Come now, Miss Hocking, you can't tell me you don't think that adds up to something."

She didn't answer, just looked down, her eyes moving slightly behind lowered lids.

Satisfied that he had silenced her, he said: "This message — do you reckon it could've been for Mrs. McEvoy, warning her that her husband suspected her of using the boatshed as a place of assignation?"

"I've told you I have no idea who this warning could have been for. If it was a warning."

"Did anyone turn up at her place," he probed patiently, "soon after she was dead?"

"Everyone. The news spread quickly, and everyone came in to see if there was anything they could do."

Grogan turned to Stephen. "What were the grounds for your and Mrs. McEvoy's divorce?" he asked.

"Desertion," Stephen said promptly, and flicked on a lighter and lit a cigarette.

"On whose part?"

"Mine. On our return from Singapore things weren't too happy between us, and I left her and she divorced me."

And that was that, Grogan thought. A nice clean decent desertion, and she never so much as turned her eyes on any other bloke! A brick wall here every bit as thick as the old girl was putting up.

POINTEDLY, Miss Hocking reached over and took Stephen's cup, and put it back on the tray and straightened the things on it as though to say, "Good morning, Inspector, and I hope you're satisfied with what you haven't learnt."

Forestalling her, Grogan got up, took his hat off the chair, and stood a moment turning the brim around in his hands. "By the way," he said, and kept his eyes steadily on her face, "about where McEvoy was shot."

"Yes?" she said as he paused.

"We find now that it didn't happen down by the fowlyard and him carried indoors. He was shot in the bedroom, as at first appeared. So it doesn't have to be a strong man after all."

Miss Hocking's expression was admirably impassive under his stare. But the blood that rises to or drains away from the face at certain moments is under no one's control.

. . . . . .

In the shade of a tree on one of the stones that enclosed his small domain, Jeffrey Cornwall was sitting filling a mid-morning pipe. To the tune of "Cherry Ripe" droned several tones flat he rolled the tobacco round and round in his palms. Round and round and round, while meditatively, as a cow chewing the cud, he let his eyes rest on the flat water ahead of him. The near-to-overhead sun seemed to flatten it still further so that hardly a ripple stirred its surface. The shadow of a bird flying low was a black cloud, a small fish leaping was an explosion.

"H'm . . . h'm . . . h'm . . . Ripe I cry, Full and fair ones come and buy." Round and round and round . . .

Grogan, leaving Miss Hocking's, stopped to have a word with him.

Taking out a cigarette and lighting it, the inspector said there were worse occupations than what Mr. Cornwall was engaged on! That himself he wasn't half looking forward to the day when he'd sit in the shade and smoke his pipe and give the job away.

Cornwall agreed heartily. He'd always said: "Retire while you've got the health to enjoy your leisure, cultivate your mind instead of an ulcer." Then, talking of jobs, he wanted to know whether the police had got any nearer to solving the crime.

Grogan said that there had been several small developments. For instance—and he brought Cornwall up to date about the warning message written by old Mrs. Pritchard in the book.

Cornwall listened, blew a cloud of fragrant smoke, and pressed the tobacco down with his thumb.

"Would you think," Grogan asked, "that McEvoy suspected his wife of meeting a feller in the boatshed?"

"What fellow?" Cornwall wanted to know in exchange, with an upward squint of the eye.

"Say, Mr. Pritchard."

Cornwall gave a soundless whistle. "Well . . . I don't know anything about that. Everyone admires the girl, of course. But I haven't seen any signs of her carrying on with anyone. But, then, more than likely, I wouldn't have seen it if it'd been right under my nose. I'm beyond the stage of being interested in love affairs. And, frankly, I don't think Boris would've cared if she'd met a dozen men in the boatshed."

"No? How say he wanted to divorce her and was snooping around for evidence?"

Cornwall rejected this, too, with a shake of his long, thick head.

"No . . ." He enveloped a passing fly in a cloud of smoke. "No. Divorces cost money."

"Well, he had a bit, hadn't he? Didn't have to work, seemed comfortable enough."

"Yes, but he didn't like to spend it. Not in getting rid of a wife when all he had to say was — if he wanted to, that is — 'I know what you're up to, beat it'."

"Look, if you can prove something drastic against a wife you don't have to keep her. If you haven't got the evidence, but just turn her out on suspicion, she can force you to support her.

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Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 74

Maybe it wouldn't've suited her to clear out with nothing, even if it wasn't much of a match for a girl as young and pretty as that."

"You may have something there," Cornwall nodded. "For Dal's sake, too, she might've wanted to stay with him. However, I wouldn't know. All that side of life—I'm not concerned with it."

Grogan, looking down at him, thought, Not a bad looking old cove. Upright and well preserved, hair still dark and thick. Was he a bit too emphatic about how little interest he had in these things?

He said suddenly: "By the way, Mr. Cornwall, about that gun of yours?"

"By jove, yes. When am I going to get it back?"

"Chatting with Mrs. McEvoy, she says again that she never saw her husband fire a gun, or speak of shooting."

"Doesn't mean a thing. He was an odd sort of chap. He'd plant vegetables and forget to water them, yet he'd wage war on anything that took a nibble at them."

"His wife says he didn't give a damn for the vegetables."

"He didn't give a damn till somebody else wanted them—even if it was only a rabbit. He was like that about a lot of things. He didn't give a damn for a lot of his old records, but he'd hit the roof if young Dal Owen touched them."

"You'd say, then, McEvoy wasn't too fond of his brother-in-law? I thought that might be why Dal came down here to your place to sleep."

"Look, Inspector, I wouldn't know. Don't quote me," Cornwall said hastily.

No, Grogan thought as he nodded and passed on his way. Don't quote me—don't expect any opinion — don't expect any help. Don't help the police if there's a dozen murderers loose in the community. Stand on the sidelines and cheer on anyone out to down the cops. Well, he'll forget 'em all if he could just get one bit more on the old girl.

HALF-WAY up the hill, he met Manning coming down it.

Grudgingly, Manning admitted that the other's guess had been not too bad a one. He'd just been talking to the Fordham police, and this was the way it was . . .

The Frys were home by midday. There had been no nice little lunch out, no trip to the pictures; instead, the hire car deposited them at the top, and they came down the hill even more slowly than they had gone up it. Edward's face was still more pale and drawn, and Jane's manner more determinedly cheerful than when they had set out.

Walking ahead, as earlier, she quickly opened the door with her key so as to have it wide before he reached it, and hurried into the living-room, lowered the blinds, arranged cushions on the sofa, and went out to the refrigerator to get him a cool drink. She sat and watched him as he sipped the milk and soda; and now one more fear was added to all the others in Jane's eyes. One fear worse than the others, worse than the hateful children in class, the birds in the morning, the frogs in the night.

Edward had voiced the fear several times in the car on the drive home; and each time, with a dry mouth and a faith that she was far from feeling, Jane had said:

"Don't worry, Eddie. It's like the confessional."

"Should be, but is it?"

"Of course it is. Of course it is."

Even now, when steps sounded on the verandah, she said, with last-ditch courage: "That'll be Vetch's boy," though the steps were clearly of four feet, not two, and Vetch's boy never came to the front door.

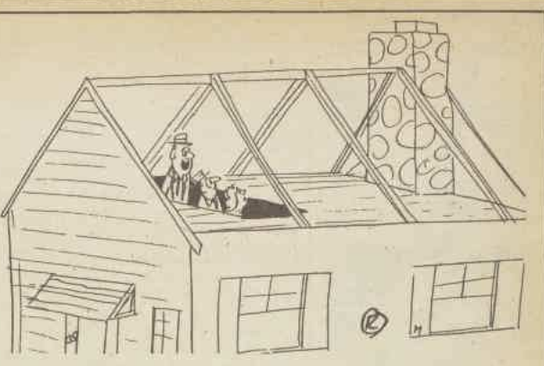
The entry of Grogan and Manning, following on Manning's information to Grogan, left no room for further ostrich tactics on Jane's part.

The Frys greeted the visitors with no small talk. Jane, having brought them in, murmured: "The police, Eddie," and went back to her chair and they sat looking at the two detectives with their habitual air of resigned anxiety.

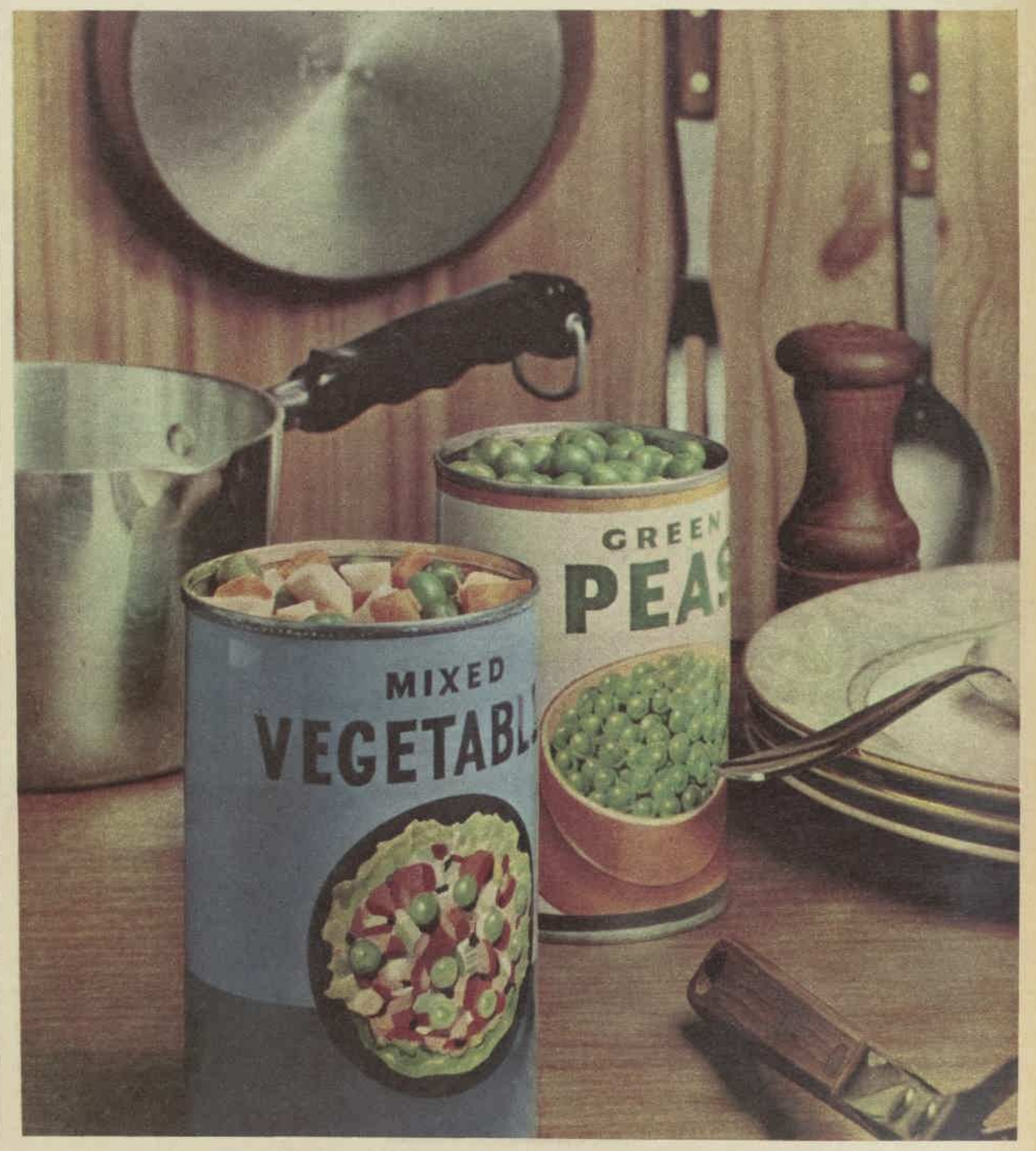
The room was as trim and orderly as the Frys themselves. From year to year not the smallest thing in it was ever changed. Jane dusted it once a day, and put each object back in its allotted place.

Grogan wasn't long in explaining the reason for their call: the Frys' visit to a doctor's surgery, their visit to a chemist nearby, the purchase of surgical lint, bandages, and antiseptics. The damning facts gathered by a police constable in Fordham couldn't be denied, nor could the deductions to be drawn from them.

To page 76



"Now this one has an unfinished attic."



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ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

Continuing . . . **MURDER BEYOND THE PALE**

from page 75

Yes—yes—and yes, Edward admitted. It was his blood that had spattered the stones in the yard outside Boris McEvoy's fowl-run.

Edward, his legs along the sofa, reached out and put his glass down on a table. Jane, her eyes filled with burning intensity, seemed not to breathe now. It would have been hard to say just what the Frys were clinging to with such tenacity, life in the austere house seemed so joyless, its barrenness so little different from that of that "fine and private place," the grave.

"Where were you wounded, Mr. Fry?" Grogan asked when the facts had been stated and admitted.

"In the calf of the leg, a flesh wound," Edward rapped out. "The bullet ricocheted off a stone. My wife thought it had begun to look more than slightly angry today, and I was persuaded to see a doctor. Otherwise, we could have been able to keep the whole miserable incident to ourselves.

"Or, even, if I could have relied on this much-vaunted medical etiquette I might have maintained that the things I bought at the chemist's were for some minor injury that had nothing to do with McEvoy's death."

"Who fired the shot?"

"Boris McEvoy. I've lived in this locality for three years, and all I ask is to be left in peace to—"

"Was it deliberate?"

"Kindly allow me to tell the story in my own fashion," Edward rasped at him. The stern schoolmaster's glance was turned on the inspector. Edward would be in control of the class and none other, and interrupters would be promptly dealt with. His injured leg up on the sofa did little to lessen his air of authority; his uplifted hand commanded it, and the sharp turn of his head and the snap of his eyes.

"Heaven knows," he said, "I'd put up with a good deal from McEvoy with the utmost patience. I'd endured his gramophone — Beethoven and Bartok with all his windows open till the small hours—and I knew that worse was to follow in that line. He'd just bought some new and more powerful instrument."

MANNING asked, "Did you ever approach him about bein' a bit quieter?"

"More than once. I had asked him in the most reasonable terms to shut his windows when he wanted music. Still, I resigned myself to that. That could be borne with. But his rooster —!"

"Yes," Grogan agreed, "there's no two ways about a rooster, it'll—"

"At midnight sometimes," Edward surged on. "At moonrise, or star rise, or false dawn, up it starts, and the attention of the luckless listener is captured, and there he lies, waiting for the next intolerable blast. A barking dog will tire itself at last, birds of the forest will decently wait till dawn, but a rooster — the strutting, blaring cock of the fowl-yard"—his voice was like a blade decapitating the whole tribe—"will intermit, intermit, hour after hour till—"

"Eddie! Eddie!" Jane ventured, and went across and handed him his glass again, as though to try to dilute his venom with the mildness of milk.

Manning took the opportunity to break in. "Look, what you're getting at is that you and him had a row about this rooster and he grabbed the gun and shot you, and you—"

"I'm getting at nothing of the sort." Without even sipping, Edward planked down the glass again. "McEvoy and I had no quarrel that night. We didn't meet. He didn't even know I was there, much less that he had shot me. He was firing at that dog Larry. He'd threatened to kill him and he tried to do so."

"What were you doin' down there?"

"What was I doing down there! What do you imagine I was doing?"

"Eddie, dear — just tell them quietly," Jane implored. "Don't distress yourself. It'll send your temperature up again."

He drew a long breath and leant back for a moment on the cushions. "Well," he said. "Well. As I was saying, I was awakened out of a sound sleep by this crowing, and my patience was completely exhausted. I said to my wife, 'This is where I take the law into my own hands. I must and shall protect myself against this nightly horror! I shall do it in the most rational and peaceable way. And I don't doubt that I shall earn the gratitude of everyone around the Bay.' I got up and threw on a dressing-gown and went down."

● **It is possible that a man can be so changed by love as hardly to be recognised as the same person.**

— *Terence*

"What time was this?"

"Oh, about half past twelve, some time like that. The moon was bright and clouded by turns, coming out every now and then as bright as day. That, no doubt, was the stimulus to the bird. I believe they're imbecilic enough to mistake the moon for the rising sun. I took with me a wooden fruit-box. I had done some small research into the matter and had learnt that if you can prevent the creature stretching up its neck it won't be able to crow. A simple enough stratagem, one would think, that any poultry owner who respects his neighbor's peace of mind would employ."

Words poured from Edward—a reversion to the days when rows of small listeners had been forced to submit.

Sergeant Manning looked across at him with an indignation that almost matched Edward's own. Yeah! Roosters and dogs, they were all in the picture of this dead-'n-alive hole, this hang-out for stop-outs, where nobody didn't have a tap o' work to do and all the time there was to do it in!

"So I took this box and went in the back gate," Edward continued. "Everything was quiet. At that moment, as it happened, a rather dense bank of cloud had moved across the moon, and the yard, with all those trees and bushes, was dark. I thought just to slip into the fowl-run and locate the rooster with my torch — the things are even more brainless in a strong beam of light! I meant to plant him on the ground and clamp the box over him. It would have been low enough to restrain his movements, but have allowed him plenty of air.

"Then, as I glanced up at the house, I realised there was a light in McEvoy's study. I could see it streaming across the verandah. Well—as he was awake, I thought it would be only civil to tell him what I intended doing. I meant to say to him that if this experiment was successful, I myself would undertake to bonnet the bird each night. I put down the box and went on to the house."

"You said you never spoke to him that night, Mr. Fry," Grogan reminded him.

EDWARD said sharply. "I didn't. As I drew near to the verandah I could hear him talking on the telephone."

"A late hour to be on the phone."

"Yes," Eward said curtly, the flow of words suddenly drying up.

"Could you hear what he was saying, who he was speaking to?"

This time Edward hesitated to say even yes.

But Jane said it. "Yes." Her voice was eager. "He was speaking to Mrs. Pritchard. He was asking to speak to Mr. Pritchard."

"Was he, now?"

"Yes. The blind was up and the window open, and my husband naturally hesitated to interrupt a telephone talk, but he couldn't help overhearing the first few words."

"Did McEvoy tell Mrs. Pritchard what he wanted to speak to her husband about, in the middle of the night like that? You don't ring up a neighbor at that hour without you got something pretty important to say to him."

Edward said: "I don't know. I didn't stop to listen. On second thoughts, I decided I wouldn't approach him. I feared I might provoke an argument. Which would put paid to any more sleep for me that night! So I went back to the fowl-yard, meaning to talk to him about it in the morning. I picked up the box and was just about to enter the run when a terrific commotion broke out. All hell seemed to be let loose in there—fowls flying from their perches, squawkings and flutterings. I was struck motionless.

"The sudden noise in the stillness was unnerving for a moment. I couldn't imagine what was causing it.

"And then I saw. It was Larry. He had pushed in under the wire-netting and was chasing the birds from one end of the run to the other. It only lasted for a minute before there was a shout from the verandah, and at the same moment Larry came thrusting back with the rooster in his mouth and McEvoy let fly with the gun. I felt this searing pain in the calf of my leg and fell back among the bushes. Larry dropped the rooster and made off.

"McEvoy, I'm glad to say, didn't bother to come down. He must've seen Larry streaking off and been satisfied that he'd given him a good fright. Me, lying back among the dark foliage in my dark dressing-gown, he didn't see, so he went back indoors, no doubt very pleased with his night's work. I tied a handkerchief round my leg and got home somehow. I was in a state of collapse when I arrived. The bullet had cut a shallow channel in the fleshy part of the calf."

Spent, Edward leant his head back on the cushion and shut his eyes.

"You didn't send for a doctor?"

"We're not on the telephone," Jane said quickly. "I bound and dressed the wound with an antiseptic. It stopped bleeding after a while and I thought it wasn't serious."

Grogan thought — yes, that was it! That was the antiseptic he'd got a whiff of when they'd passed him to get into the car this morning.

He said: "And next morning you still didn't seek medical aid?"

Edward's eyes flew open and fixed Grogan scornfully. "Why ask that question? It must be quite obvious that that morning no one wished to invite invidious comment."

At his words the room fell into its customary stillness, and the four people in it seemed for a moment to retreat into themselves, each following a hidden train of thought.

Grogan's was bleak. Two more people, he was saying to himself, two more to add to the list of Boris McEvoy's ill-wishers; people with all the opportunity in the world to kill him but on whom it didn't look that he'd ever be able to pin a shred of evidence. Either of this pair must've been in a fine taking when morning came. Just in the mood to go down and tackle McEvoy with reckless shooting off of guns in the dark, and in the argument get possession of the gun and kill him. Anyhow, Fry's wounding supported Cornwall's story about him taking the gun there in the early evening

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HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

by Anne Bryant

HAIR BEAUTY ADVISOR

In days gone by, we girls depended on a new hat — or maybe a new outfit — to give our looks and our spirits a lift for spring. This year, our most potent spring beauty tonic is a new hair colour — not necessarily a startling colour change, but the sunshiny radiance of a hair colour which is really all our own, glorified with lively, lovely, glowing highlights.

And this is an enchantment we can work ourselves, with L'Oreal of Paris Color-Glo, the only do-it-yourself hair colouring in the world that will do exactly what we want — whether it is to spark up the natural colour of our locks, or give them an exciting suggestion of new colour.

Imagine your hair sparkling with sunny titian highlights . . . . gleaming with spicy brown or glowing gold . . . . shimmering (if your hair is grey) with the flattering sheen of pure silver. These are the promises that Color-Glo makes — and keeps.

What's so different about Color-Glo? Just about everything! So easy, so effortless and so rewarding: it penetrates deeply and gently into your hair, won't rub off or wash out, shows no growing-out line, lasts through more than a month of shampoos, and cherishes as it colours, leaving hair silky-soft and shining.

There are twelve Color-Glo shades — nine for natural hair colours from blonde to brunette, and three for grey hair — all lovely, translucent shades which will transform and beautify.

With any type of hair colouring, it is important to use a soapless shampoo, as other shampoos leave a film on the hair and prevent perfect colour penetration. I always recommend L'Oreal Shampoo, which is made to the original French formula and guaranteed soapless — a perfect partner-in-beauty for Color-Glo. You'll find Color-Glo and L'Oreal Shampoo at all pharmacies, hairdressers and selected stores.

If you have any hair beauty problems, why not write and tell me about them. Enclose a 2 inch snippet of your hair if you'd like my suggestions on the Color-Glo shade you should use.

Sincerely
Anne Bryant

Marigny L'Oreal Advisory Bureau, 4th Floor, 177 Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria.

COS

Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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before. For what that was worth.

Questioned further, neither Edward nor Jane added anything to this story, and the two detectives left them and let themselves out of the house.

Less nice about eavesdropping than Jane claimed her husband had been, Grogan paused a moment outside to glance back through the window.

Jane had moved over to Edward's side and was leaning over him with a relieved smile on her face, and Edward, returning it, was looking up at her and patting the hand she had laid on his shoulder.

. . . . . .

If Jeffrey Cornwall had been behind his binoculars later that afternoon he would have seen the inspector in his car at the top receiving some information that clearly pleased him.

When the Police Pathology Department had told him their findings, half finished sentences fell from his lips:

"Well, well, now—— Just a minute before, eh? Well, that's interesting. This could be quite useful. Thanks, Fred. Definitely might be a lead."

He finished his talk and sat back and let his mind stray over the possibilities raised by this new information. The more he thought of it the more promise it seemed to hold.

It was late in the afternoon but there was still time to pay one visit before the shops shut in Fordham; a visit on Miss Hocking.

By late afternoon the tension in the Pritchard household had become almost unbearable to Alison. She found herself unequal to the simplest occupation, or even to concentrating on her book when she sat down to read. The task that they had come down here to do—hoping, incidentally, that it would be an easy and slack fortnight for them all—had come to a standstill.

In the rooms the disorder grew worse rather than better. Gaping cupboards and drawers, and the objects out of them lying about higgledy-piggledy ready for sorting, greeted you at every open door. Anything so mundane as packing had been abandoned. She felt she was bogged down for ever in this dismal dismantled house.

An angry rebellion possessed her. By nature rather cool than otherwise, she was surprised by the heat of her reactions today. Toby's and Norah's fierce emotion was catching. You didn't need a reason to be fired by it. It was infectious, a fever which you caught like any other disease.

All last night and all day they had fought their marital battle. Though in the kitchen last night, in the presence of the detectives, Norah had defended Toby against any suggestion of him having been unfaithful to her with Virginia, the axe had fallen when, later, she was alone with him behind their shut bedroom door. Relentlessly, their voices had gone on, Norah's light, and at times shrill, Toby's a deep rumble, grave and protesting.

Jealousy—a monster—how rightly was it called so! That gnawing doubt—Alison found herself sharing it with Norah. Had Toby been Virginia's lover, and had he been swept clean off his feet by her?

Knowing their strife so close to her, Alison had had a nightmarish sleep, turning and dreaming and waking; hearing furniture creaking, imaginary footsteps in the hall, cries of some night bird, like a call for help, sounds that lifted her head off the pillow and kept it lifted, listening. Morning she felt would never come. And yet don't let it come, she prayed, until she had had some little sleep to brace her for the day to follow.

Unrested, she had got up early and cooked breakfast, and when she called them, had seen them come out of their room stony-faced, like two prisoners emerging from their cell.

Breakfast had been eaten in a silence that no one had attempted to break. In Norah's smallest action there was a fiery aggressiveness. She broke her toast as though breaking a vital tie, and, avoiding the others' eyes, kept her head turned toward the window, looking outside, beyond them, away. The three separated immediately after the meal.

Lunch was less silent but more deadly, with Norah referring airily to their divorce, and Toby scowling and getting up and carrying his plate into the sitting-room to finish his food there.

But soon after, the bedroom received them once more.

Was it possible, Alison marvelled, that there could be anything more to be said between them! Yes, it was inexhaustible, the subject at issue. Their passion frightened her; it was horrible, murderous, and—the word pulled her up short.

That word meant something now. It was no mere hyperbole to be thrown about lightly.

Murderous. Shooting somebody in a passion—in a panic—not meaning to do it. For jealousy. For revenge. To free someone you loved beyond common sense. To free yourself of a tie you hated. Or just hate, blind hate. The subject was a maze in which Alison lost herself, searching, searching.

As the afternoon wore on she wished herself a thousand miles away, even back at her two-roomed flat at Kirribilli, with which she had become so discontented lately. At last, rousing herself to action, she went into the kitchen and, pulling forward the packing-cases that had been lumped in a corner, reached down Mrs. Pritchard's collection of tea-sets and dinner-sets. Dim with dust, they covered tables and benches.

Mrs. Pritchard, living here alone with all these disused possessions, with her gin and her brandy—— Had those few scrawled dying words of hers presaged this murder, or even in some fashion precipitated it?

Seizing newspapers, Alison started to wrap the pieces and put them into the case, glad that the crackle of paper and the rattle of china deadened the murmur of that fugue from the bedroom. Not a shred of comfort was to be found anywhere she turned her thoughts. Quarrels, suspicion, and separateness were on every side while Boris' killing remained unsolved.

Stephen Talbot. Three or four times in all she had seen him. He had come in once or twice with a message or a request from Miss Hocking, and had met the Pritchards, but an unnatural reticence had been maintained between them all. The subject of Boris' death hadn't been avoided, but had been discussed with a detachment that rang with falsity.

Not one of those meetings with him had furthered the promise of those first brief moments in the McEvoys' house with Boris dead on the floor of his room. That warm going-out-to-her glance of his didn't mean a thing, she told herself. She had read what she wanted into it.

Yet she couldn't rid herself of the feeling that she knew him with a kind of intuitive knowledge, so that every expression that crossed his face seemed to be an open book of his thoughts for her. What relationship, though, could advance toward happiness in this distracted atmosphere?

Even the weather outside carried a menace. In spite of the heavy clouds piling up, it was hotter than ever, and puffs of uneasy wind stirred and died again.

Limply, she went on wrapping plate after plate, saucers and cups, till her hands were black and her back was weary. She had almost finished the job when the bedroom door opened and Toby came striding into the kitchen.

His face like a thundercloud, he stood and looked at her as though she were of the conspiracy specially designed to drive him mad. He strode over to the bench, pulled a loaf out of the crock, and started to hack bread furiously, slapped butter and cold meat on it, and clapped the slices together.

Alison's silence seemed to goad him. He shot one or two hostile glances at her.

To appease him she asked: "Are you going out, Toby?"

"I am," he rapped back. "I'm going fishing."

"You're lucky! I'm staying here!"

"More fool you." He went to the refrigerator and took out a bottle of beer and stuffed it with the sandwiches into his fishing-bag.

She felt battered by the fury of his voice and his movements, and the clatter of the bread-crock lid as he dropped it back, the clang of the refrigerator door. A big man always, he seemed many sizes bigger at that moment.

Suddenly Alison saw with a feeling of shock that he looked changed. The easy-going Toby she had thought she knew had vanished, and here was someone who, cornered, could perhaps take violent action to free himself. Had he been cornered? By Virginia, by Boris threatening divorce? No. No. It was just that today he was the victim of the prevailing fear and suspense, and of Norah's possessive hate-love.

Alison said: "It won't be very good fishing with this storm coming on."

"I'm not seriously concerned with that. I'll be alone. And in silence."

"Then we won't wait dinner for you? I suppose you won't be back for it."

"No, I won't be back for it," he said savagely. "And if Norah asks where I am, tell her she's driven me out of the house by her nagging mania."

He stamped out, leaving Alison not quite sure whether she felt the better or the worse for his going.

Indignation now began to take the place of gloom in her, and, abandoning her efforts at usefulness, she threw down the paper she had been holding, washed her hands under the tap, and left the house, too, setting off along the beach in the other direction. Toby, she knew, had his own favorite fishing spot, a quiet cove to the left, a mile or so round the bay.

Quickly she walked round the uneven pebbly shore, beyond Jeffrey Cornwall's house, beyond Miss Hocking's. The tide was right in and still. The sky had grown darker, more even, and against it the gulls were chalk-white.

The clumsy shags perched, motionless, as though waiting for something to happen. The wind had dropped and the air was clammy. The shore was deserted.

Not quite deserted, though. Someone was coming toward her in the distance, eating up the distance between them with long strides. Someone wearing now rather crumpled flannel pants and shirt and a yellow tie, with dark straight hair and lean dark face. Nothing about him, maybe, that any unenchanted observer would have found particularly striking, but Alison's heart began to beat madly.

"You look very purposeful," Stephen said as he drew nearer. "Striding out on a long walk to shake off the blues. I recognise the signs. I've just done it."

"With any result?" she asked.

"A little, now," he said, and gave her a smile that made her know why she loved him.

"Then I'll turn back."

"Or sit down a minute," he suggested.

She seated herself on the rough grass in the sand a little way up the slope, and he threw himself down beside her. He took out cigarettes and lit them. The thin cloud of smoke wreathed itself between them like a barricade.

Now that she was alone with him, Alison found nothing to say, because of that one burning question that was the real barrier between them. She started half a dozen subjects; each one lived a little while and petered out: his job, his holiday, and hers, her reason for being here with the Pritchards; the sad beauty of the bay; even the weather at last.

He gave her little help but let her tangle herself in these nothings, smoked and idly peeled a stem of reedy grass. In desperation, she fell silent.

He threw the bit of grass away and sat up. "Go on, Alison," he said: "Say it. Ask me what you've been dying to ask me all the time."

The relief—the relief at last!

She turned and looked full at him. "Yes, then, I will. Why wouldn't you let me go into that room—or even let me see into it—but shut the door in my face both times?"

"Why do you think I did that?"

"Why? Well—it's hard not to think you knew Boris was dead in there."

"Hard not to think I shot him, eh?"

"No," she said slowly, "but very easy to think you thought Virginia had. Or perhaps even knew she had." She was horrified by her own daring in voicing this. "You asked me to say," she added excusingly.

"That's so. I asked you to say." Head thrown back, he blew a plume of smoke. "But you're wrong in both those guesses."

"Then what possible other reason could you have had for behaving so oddly, for keeping me out of there? You told the police you hadn't even noticed the state the room was in when you looked in earlier."

"That was a lie, of course," he admitted easily. "And they didn't believe it, any more than you do."

"No, it was too painfully thin. That chaos staring you in the face!"

"Quite. The moment I opened the door, looking for them—Ah! I thought, just like old times!"

"What do you mean?"

"Virginia up to her tricks again, I thought, with her second husband. She's a very fascinating girl, Virginia, but once in a while, when she loses her temper in a big way, liable to let fly with everything that comes to hand and then streak out. Breaking-up the happy home as freely as I'd snap this piece of twig."

He tossed the two pieces in his palm and let them fall and covered them with sand.

"Very big-hearted of me, you may say. But somehow I didn't want you to see what she'd been up to — a neighbor — I didn't know who you were. I thought she wouldn't want everyone knowing how things were between her and McEvoy."

"Yes, very big-hearted of you!" she echoed.

He read her thought. "No, it wasn't that I still loved Virginia. Not the smallest bit. It was just a lingering spark of husbandly loyalty, I suppose. Later, of course, when I heard Boris had been killed, I couldn't very well say I recognised that room at once as her handiwork, could I? It would've made things very much hotter for her with the police. And of course I couldn't blow out her story that it was me she'd been going up to town to meet, either, could I?"

She shook her head.

Neither spoke for a while. The silence of the place wrapped them round, a silence that grew and grew till it seemed it could never be broken. Wait, and he'll speak, she thought. Or she must. There was only one thing that mattered now, and until that was cleared up they were spellbound. They were nothing, she felt, either separately or together, but spectators waiting for this tragic play to end.

She was surprised to hear herself suddenly ask aloud, battering once again on the door that refused to open "Who did kill Boris? Oh, for heaven's sake! — Haven't you any idea?"

He came to life. "Yes. Who?" He rubbed his forehead and rumpled his hair, seemed to give the enigma all his mind, as though he were being presented with it for the first time. "I don't know whether the police have got a line on anybody at the moment," he pondered. "I know these chaps are doing their best, but they can make mistakes. Only too easily in a case where one motive stands out as so powerful." His glance followed the curve of the bay to the small house standing close to the water, and his worried expression deepened.

"I know appearances are heavily against her, but I don't think it was Miss Hocking." He stopped, went on again: "As for Virginia—Of course she and Boris had got appallingly on one another's nerves. She should never have married him. But then who should she have married? I don't think there's a man on earth she wouldn't get weary of after a very short time and want to get rid of — not that I mean — I mean, there are easier ways of getting rid of a husband than putting a bullet through him."

Once again he stopped and looked thoughtfully across the bay. "Virginia," he repeated. "No one knows better than I do that she's a bit of a law unto herself and that she can run amuck at times, but——" A slow headshake finished his sentence.

Alison said: "She and Dal—they're extraordinarily alike, physically. Does he run amuck, too? You must know him well, you must have seen a lot of him."

"Rather too much, I'm afraid." His tone was dry.

"And so, I believe, had Boris," she murmured.

"I shouldn't wonder. Dal practically lived with Virginia and me when we were married. He was always in and out of jobs, etc., etc. I expect you know the type."

She nodded. "With masses of charm. I know. You fall for him from the word go, but when you're away from him the spell is broken and you begin to wonder. And then people go to the other extreme and say the most damning things about him."

"Such as?"

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

FROM THE BIBLE

● If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally."

—James 1.5.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4933363

Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 77

"Well —" She hesitated, remembering Norah's strictures on Dal even before Boris' death. "That they wouldn't be surprised if he'd been in that payroll hold-up at Fordham a few weeks ago."

"Oh, I say, that's a bit harsh. He has been in one or two spots of trouble, but nothing like that. No, Dal is one of those lads that take the easy way. He must have someone and somewhere to run to. He had it with me, he had it with Boris. I'm told Boris was fed up with him, as you say, and might have shoved him out neck and crop into the cold world, but — well, surely it's another 'but,' isn't it?"

"Yes," she agreed doubtfully, and looked down and scooped up a handful of sand and let it trickle slowly through her fingers. "We're quite a little two-man jury, aren't we?"

"That's so. Let's go about it methodically. What about your friends the Pritchards? They—"

"Oh, let's 'but' them without any argument," she said, looking up quickly. "Not Toby! Not Norah!"

"All right, then, if you like. We'll acquit them. Though he does seem to have got pretty involved with Virginia, doesn't he? At least, knowing her, I feel he can hardly have escaped doing so."

Unwillingly, she agreed. "Yes, that's so."

"And Mrs. Pritchard — Norah — loves him to madness, doesn't she? That's obvious the moment one sees them together."

"True. No doubt about that. She's driving him crazy with what she's discovered. She'd die rather than have any scandal or divorce. But —" She, too, gave a slow headshake. "As for Jeffrey Cornwall—as snug as a bug in a rug down there on his little plot of ground—he's an old man, a peaceable and solitary sort of person. Of course, he and Boris did squabble a bit about Boris' irritating way of borrowing odds and ends and then forgetting to return them. Mr. Cornwall may have grown weary of his little 'touches'."

"Yes," Stephen said thoughtfully, "small enmities in a small place can lead to very poisoned relationships, rarely to murder, though, but —"

"Ditto 'but'," she said, "to Eddie and Jane Fry."

"Definitely ditto, I'd say, to Eddie and Jane. In spite of his having accidentally copped a slug in the leg from Boris, or so Miss Hocking heard from Jane an hour ago. I've only met them a couple of times, but I've heard tell of them. I understand their god is a quiet life. Their one aim appears to be to preserve unbroken their little egg of peace." He looked at his watch, smoothed his hair, and settled his tie.

"Have you got an appointment?"

"Well—I have, in a way. Nothing very important, but I've got to run in a minute."

"Anyhow," she said, "they're all acquitted."

"All except you and me."

"Me!"

"Yes. You could be guilty because, unknown to anyone, you were Boris' girl-friend, and the row between them had been over you. That was my first thought when I came round the corner of the passage the other day and saw you there, at that hour of the morning and all."

"No one has ever wrecked a room for me," she said ruefully

"There's time yet," he consoled her.

"And you could be guilty because you were still ready to do anything for Virginia."

"Luckily," he said, "this jury knows better than that." Another glance at his watch. "I'll have to run. Why do I have to be so damn punctual! Never mind, I'll be back. Don't go out, will you?—I mean or go to bed, or anything. I'll look in and see you about nine, if that's all right."

His glance on her face as he put out a hand and pulled her to her feet—— Surely now there was no mistaking the meaning in it.

But she wasn't even left with so small a doubt as that. He drew her to him and kissed her before turning away and running up the hill.

For a long time after he was out of sight she stood still. Kisses weren't so out of the ordinary, but this one was different, this was—something. The thought of it was warm, like some wonderful treasure nursed inside herself, safe and warm.

IT was the sound of sudden big drops of rain that brought her back to place and time. Great drops were falling all round her, plunging into the sand as though to bury themselves in its soft bed, splashing back from the rocks and sending their arrows striking down on to the water to dint and break its surface.

Making for the shelter of the boatshed, she ran the quarter-mile along the beach. Arrived there, she pushed open the door and went in.

Panting from the run, she sat down on the cane lounge and mopped herself with her handkerchief, her wet arms and face and neck, then lay back and watched the curtain of rain over the door.

In a few minutes it began to slacken; in a few more minutes it would be over; one of those brief storms.

She sat up to go. The string of corals she was wearing caught on an end of broken cane. The thread snapped and the beads flew around.

She hurried about retrieving them. A dozen under the chair . . . four more over there against the fishing-rods . . . more among the pile of old tins in the corner. Fifteen, twenty. Their color was easily seen on the grey boards of the salt-soaked floor. Twenty-five. There should be twenty-six. Where had that last one got to?

She went on searching, moved aside a coil of rotted rope among rubbish that hadn't been moved for years.

The rope had been moved, though. Underneath it the boards were rotted. They were splintery and loose against the wall, and on them the sand looked as though it had been brushed away, as though someone had lifted one board quite recently.

Curiosity made her explore farther. She put her fingers down and prised up the board.

Peering through, she could see a little mound in the sand where a hole had been made and covered over again. She burrowed with her hand and uncovered something—something wrapped in newspaper—a small packet. She drew it out and opened it, and sat staring at the contents.

To be concluded

Sunshine creates new delicacy of texture . . . a new quality of melting lightness . . . in this luscious Chocolate Fudge Cake. It's a chocolate dream . . . layered and lavished with caramel frosting fluffy as snowflake. Thrill someone with it soon—serve it to make dessert an occasion.

SUNSHINE

full-cream powdered milk

gives this cake its melting, delicate texture, its subtle richness. Sunshine puts full-cream richness into all your cooking.

SUNSHINE CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

(All spoon measures are level)

3 tablespoons Nestlé's Chocbits, 1¼ cups water, 1/3rd cup brown sugar firmly packed, 2¼ cups S.R. Flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup Sunshine Full-Cream Powdered Milk, 2/3rd cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs.

METHOD: Melt Chocbits in water over low heat, stir in brown sugar until smooth, cool. Sift flour, bicarbonate, salt and Sunshine. Cream butter and sugar, beat in eggs one at a time and vanilla. Add Chocbits mixture and dry ingredients alternately, mixing between each addition. Bake in 3 greased and floured 8" tins in moderate oven for 25-30 minutes.

CARAMEL FROSTING: Melt and brown 1/3rd cup sugar, remove from heat, add carefully 1/3rd cup boiling water, heat to dissolve, cool. Put 4 tablespoons caramel mixture, 2 egg whites, 1¼ cups sugar, 1 cup water, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar into double saucepan. Beat 1 minute, then 7 minutes over boiling water, remove from heat, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, beat 2 minutes. Fill and frost cake, decorate with toffee chips.

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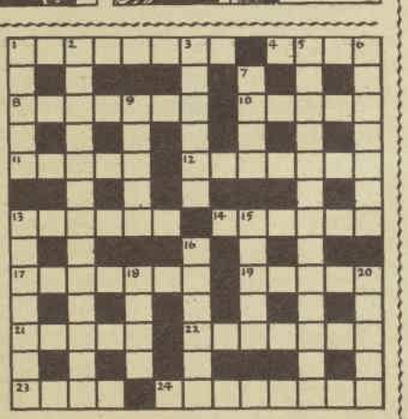
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE Chief of Police brings a mystery man, Mr. Briggs, to visit Mandrake, who amazes them with his hypnotic tricks when Briggs scoffs. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Soft drink in a magpie makes a fop (8).
4. Woman's name (4).
8. Direction in hospitals? (7).
10. In spite of inner decay it is faith (5).
11. From the country but not necessarily from Russia as indicated by its end (5).
12. Rum load (anagr. 7).
13. The most silent ends in a trial (6).
14. Charming, little thick-haired dog carrying a crib (6).
17. The egg of a louse on standard gives a fertiliser (7).
19. Female relations providing an article and broken nuts (5).
21. Ten million rupees (5).
22. Accurate in reasoning and outwardly local (7).
23. River separating Manhattan from Bronx (4).
24. Specimens with plenty inside (8).

DOWN

1. Man's name which is sometimes blue (5).
2. Main sources of our electricity (5-8).
3. To be pretentious as Muse (6).
5. Concerning a Greek philosophical school (13).
6. Given as a present for smokers only (7).
7. Button made of dust (4).
9. What actors have to learn (5).
13. My French nearly makes a single eyeglass with the French (7).
15. Resound (5).
16. Involuntary contraction of a muscle caused by a stimulus from without (6).
18. British port in the Middle East (4).
20. People tread on them (5).

Solution will be published next week.

R	E	D	D	E	N	S		P	A	R	I	S
	E		I		L		A		L		E	T
A	N	G	E	L	I	C		A	R	E	A	
L		S		E		R		T		D		R
I		U	R	N		O	V	E	R	E	A	T
S		P				S				T		
M	A	T	E	R	I	A	L	I	S	T	I	C
		H				N				E		A
E	N	E	R	G	I	C		M	A	R		U
M		P		O		T		E		D		S
B	R	A	I	N		I	N	T	R	A	N	T
E		S		E		T		A		Y		I
R	O	T	O	R		Y	O	L	K	S	A	C

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F7715.— High - waisted maternity frock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7716.— Three-quarter - sleeved shirt (shown here under pinafore) in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F7717.— Full skirt, collared jacket, and sleeveless blouse in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: skirt and jacket, 4½yds. 36in. material, blouse and jacket trimming, 1¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F7574.— Slim - fitting pinafore, with draw-string waist, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1⅞yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F7718.— Pencil-slim frock with motif trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3⅝yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7560.—Two-piece suit for girl, sizes 4, 6, 8, or 10 years. Requires 1¼ to 2⅞yds. 54in. material or 2⅞ to 4yds. 36in. material, plus 4½yds. braid, 1 tassel. Price 3/6.

F4143.—Trousers for young boy, 6, 8, 10, 12, or 14 years. Requires 1¼ to 1⅝yds. 54in. material, ½yd. 36in. lining. Price 3/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

No. 701. — MIU-MIU
Cut out ready to sew, with making instructions, miu-muu is polished cotton in colors of white with olive spots, white with green spots, royal with aqua spots, brown with tan spots, and charcoal with grey spots. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 38/6, 36 and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes.

No. 702. — SET OF POT-HOLDERS
Three pot-holders ready made and embroidered available in cotton material in assorted colors. Set is 9/9, plus 11d. postage, or 3/9 each, plus 5d. postage each.

No. 703. — SLACKS AND SUNTOP
Two-piece sports set, cut out to make in woven cotton in colors of white with olive, white with grey, hot-pink with white, or aqua with white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/6, 36 and 38in. bust, 37/6. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes.

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